SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

VOL. LXXV APRIL, 1924 NO. 4

The White Monkey

BY JOHN GALSWORTHY

PART I

I

PROMENADE

COMING down the steps of Snooks' Club, so well worn by the apostles of things as they were, on that momentous mid-October afternoon of 1922, Sir Lawrence Mont, ninth baronet, set his fine nose toward the east wind, and moved his thin legs with speed. Political by birth rather than by nature, he reviewed the revolution which had restored his party to power with a detachment not devoid of humor. Passing the Remove Club, he thought: "Some sweating into shoes, there! No more confectioned dishes. A woodcock—without trimmings, for a change!"

The captains and the kings had departed from Snooks' before he entered it, for he was not of "that catch-penny crew, now paid off, no, sir; fellows who turned their tails on the Land the moment the war was over. Pah!" but for an hour he had listened to echoes, and his lively twisting mind, embedded in the chalky deposits of the past, sceptical of the present, and of all political protestations and pronouncements, had recorded with amusement the confusion of patriotism and personalities left behind by the fateful gathering. Like most landowners, he distrusted doctrine. If he had a political belief, it was a tax on wheat; and so far as he could see, he was now alone in it—but then he was not seeking election; in other words, his principle was not in danger of extinction from the votes of those who had to pay for bread. Principles, he mused, *au fond* were pocket; and he wished the deuce people wouldn't pretend they weren't! Pocket, in the deep sense of that word, of course, self-interest as member of a definite community. And how the devil was this definite community, the English nation, to exist, when all its land was going out of cultivation, and all its ships and docks in danger of destruction by aeroplanes? He had listened that hour past for a single mention of the Land. Not one! It was not practical politics! Confound the fellows! They had to wear their breeches out—keeping seats or getting them. No connection between posteriors and posterity! No, by George! Thus reminded of posterity, it occurred to him rather suddenly that his son's wife showed no signs as yet. Two years! Time they were thinking about children. It was dangerous to get into the habit of not having them, when a title and estate depended. A smile twisted his lips and eyebrows which resembled spinneys of dark pothooks. A pretty young creature, most taking; and knew it too! Whom was she not getting to know? Lions and tigers, monkeys and cats—her house was becoming quite a menagerie of more or less celebrities. There was a certain unreality about that sort of thing. And opposite a British lion in Trafalgar Square Sir Lawrence thought: "She'll be getting these to her house next! She's got the collecting habit. Michael must look out—in a collector's house

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there's always a lumber-room for old junk, and husbands are liable to get into it. That reminds me: I promised her a Chinese Minister. Well, she must wait now till after the General Election."

Down Whitehall, under the gray easterly sky, the towers of Westminster came for a second into view. "A certain unreality in that, too," he thought. "Michael and his fads! Well, it's the fashion—Socialistic principles and a rich wife. Sacrifice with safety! Peace with plenty! Nostrums—ten a penny!"

Passing the newspaper hubhub of Charing Cross, frenzied by the political crisis, he turned up to the left toward Danby and Winter, publishers, where his son was junior partner. A new theme for a book had just begun to bend a mind which had already produced a Life of Montrose, "Far Cathay," that book of Eastern travel, and a fanciful conversation between the shades of Gladstone and Disraeli—entitled "Duet." With every step taken, from Snooks' eastward, his erect thin figure in Astrakhan-collared coat, his thin gray-mustached face, and tortoise-shell-rimmed monocle under the lively dark eyebrow, had seemed more rare. It became almost a phenomenon in this dingy back street, where carts stuck like winter flies, and persons went by with books under their arms, as if educated.

He had nearly reached the door of Danby's when he encountered two young men. One of them was clearly his son, better dressed since his marriage, and smoking a cigar—thank goodness—instead of those eternal cigarettes; the other—ah! yes—Michael's sucking poet and best man, head in air, rather a sleek head under a velour hat! He said:

"Ha, Michael!"

"*Hallo*, Bart! You know my Governor, Wilfrid? Wilfrid Desert. 'Copper Coin'—some poet, Bart, I tell you. You must read it. We're going home. Come along!"

Sir Lawrence went along.

"What happened at Snooks'?"

"*Le roi est mort.* Labor can start lying, Michael—election next month."

"Bart was brought up, Wilfrid, in days that knew not Demos."

"Well, Mr. Desert, do *you* find reality in politics now?"

"Do you find reality in anything, sir?"

"In Income Tax."

Michael grinned.

"Above knighthood," he said, "there's no such thing as simple faith."

"Suppose your friends came into power, Michael—in some ways not a bad thing, help 'em to grow up—what could they do, eh? Could they raise national taste? Abolish the Cinema? Teach English people to cook? Prevent other countries from threatening war? Make us grow our own food? Stop the increase of town life? Would they hang dabblers in poison gas? Could they prevent flying in war-time? Could they weaken the possessive instinct—anywhere? Or do anything, in fact, but alter the incidence of possession a little? All party politics are top-dressing. We're ruled by the Inventors, and human nature; and we live in Queer Street, Mr. Desert."

"Much my sentiments, sir."

Michael flourished his cigar.

"Bad old men, you two!"

And, removing their hats, they passed the Cenotaph.

"Curiously symptomatic—that thing," said Sir Lawrence; "monument to the dread of swank—most characteristic. And the dread of swank——"

"Go on, Bart," said Michael.

"The fine, the large, the florid—all off! No far-sighted views, no big schemes, no great principles, great religion, great art—æstheticism in cliques and backwaters, small men in small hats."

"As panteth the heart after Byron, Wilberforce, and the Nelson Monument. My poor old Bart! What about it, Wilfrid?"

"Yes, Mr. Desert—what about it?"

Desert's dark face contracted.

"It's an age of paradox," he said. "We all kick up for freedom, and the only institutions gaining strength are Socialism, and the Roman Catholic Church. We're frightfully self-conscious about Art—and the only art development is the Cinema. We're nuts on Peace—and all we're doing about it is to perfect poison gas."

Sir Lawrence glanced sideways at a young man so bitter.

"And how's publishing, Michael?" he said.

"Well, 'Copper Coin' is selling like hot

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cakes; and there's quite a movement in 'A Duet.' What about this for a new ad: 'A Duet, by Sir Lawrence Mont, Bart. The most distinguished Conversation ever held between the Dead.' That ought to get the psychic. Wilfrid suggested 'G. O. M. and Dizzy—broadcasted from Hell.' Which do you like best?"

They had come, however, to a policeman holding up his hand against the nose of a van horse, so that everything marked time. The engines of the cars whirred idly, their drivers' faces set toward the space withheld from them; a girl on a bicycle looked vacantly about her, grasping the back of the van, where a youth sat sideways with his legs stretched out toward her. Sir Lawrence glanced again at young Desert. A thin, pale, dark face, good-looking, but a hitch in it, as if not properly timed; nothing *outré* in dress or manner, and yet socially at large; less vivacious than that lively rascal, his own son, but as anchorless, more sceptical—might feel things pretty deeply! The policeman lowered his arm.

"You were in the war, Mr. Desert?"

"Oh, yes."

"Air service?"

"And line. Bit of both."

"Hard on a poet."

"Not at all. Poetry's only possible when you may be blown up at any moment, or when you live in Putney."

Sir Lawrence's eyebrow rose. "Yes?"

"Tennyson, Browning, Wordsworth, Swinburne, could turn it out; *ils vivaient, mais si peu.*"

"Is there not a third condition, favorable?"

"And that, sir?"

"How shall I express it—a certain cerebral agitation in connection with women?"

Desert's face twitched, and seemed to darken.

Michael put his latch-key into the lock of his front door.

II

HOME

THE house in South Square, Westminster, to which the young Monts had come after their Spanish honeymoon two years before, might have been called "emancipated." It was the work of an architect whose dream was a new house perfectly old, and an old house perfectly new. It followed, therefore, no recognized style or tradition, and was devoid of structural prejudice; but it soaked up the smuts of the metropolis with such special rapidity that its stone already respectably resembled that of Wren. Its windows and doors had gently rounded tops. The high-sloping roof, of a fine sooty pink, was almost Danish, and two "ducky little windows" looked out of it, giving an impression that very tall servants lived up there. There were rooms on each side of the front door, which was wide and set off by bay-trees in black-and-gold bindings. The house was thick through, and the staircase, of a broad chastity, began at the far end of a hall which had room for quite a number of hats and coats and cards. There were four bathrooms; and not even a cellar underneath. The Forsyte instinct for a house had co-operated in its acquisition. Soames had picked it up for his daughter, undecorated, at that psychological moment when the bubble of inflation was pricked, and the air escaping from the balloon of the world's trade. Fleur, however, had established immediate contact with the architect—an element which Soames himself had never quite got over—and decided not to have more than three styles in her house: Chinese, Spanish, and her own. The room to the left of the front door, running the breadth of the house, was Chinese, with ivory panels, a copper floor, central heating, and cut-glass lustres. It contained four pictures—all Chinese—the only school in which her father had not yet dabbled. The fireplace, wide and open, had Chinese dogs with Chinese tiles for them to stand on. The silk was chiefly of jade-green. There were two wonderful old black tea-chests, picked up with Soames' money at Jobson's—not a bargain. There was no piano, partly because pianos were too uncompromisingly occidental, and partly because it would have taken up too much room. Fleur aimed for space—collecting people rather than furniture or bibelots. The light, admitted by the windows at both ends, was, unfortunately, not Chinese. She would stand sometimes in the centre of this

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room, thinking—how to "bunch" her guests, how to make her room more Chinese without making it uncomfortable; how to seem to know all about literature and politics; how to accept everything her father gave her, without making him aware that his taste had no sense of the future; how to keep hold of Sibley Swan, the new literary star, and to get hold of Gurdon Minho, the old; of how Wilfrid Desert was getting too fond of her; of what was really her style in dress; of why Michael had such funny ears; and sometimes she stood not thinking at all—just aching a little.

When those three came in she was sitting before a red lacquer tea-table, finishing a very good tea. She always had tea brought in rather early, so that she could have a good quiet preliminary "tuck in" all by herself, because she was not quite twenty-one and this was her hour for remembering her youth. By her side Confucius was standing on his hind feet, his tawny fore paws on a Chinese footstool, his snubbed black-and-tawny muzzle turned up toward the fruits of his philosophy.

"That'll do, Fusy. No more, ducky! *No more!*"

The expression of Confucius answered:

"Well, then, stop yourself, confound you! Don't subject me to torture!"

He was a year and three months old, and bought by Michael out of a Bond Street shop-window on her birthday eleven months ago.

Two years of married life had not lengthened Fleur's short dark chestnut hair; they had added a little more decision to her quick lips, a little more allurement to her white-lidded, dark-lashed hazel eyes, a little more poise and swing to her carriage, a little more chest and hip measurement; had taken a little from waist and calf measurement, a little color from cheeks a little less round, and a little sweetness from a voice a little more caressing.

She stood up behind the tray, holding out her white round arm without a word. She avoided unnecessary greetings or farewells. She would have had to say them so often, and their purpose was better served by look, pressure, and slight inclination of head to one side.

With a circular movement of her squeezed hand, she said:

"Draw up. Cream, sir? Sugar, Wilfrid? Fusy has had too much—don't feed him! Hand things, Michael. I've heard all about the meeting at Snooks'. You're not going to canvass for Labor, Michael—canvassing's so silly. If any one canvassed me, I should vote the other way at once."

"Yes, darling; but you're not the average elector."

Fleur looked at him. Very sweetly put! Conscious of Wilfrid biting his lips, of Sir Lawrence taking that in, of the amount of silk leg she was showing, of her black-and-cream teacups, she adjusted these matters. A flutter of her white lids—Desert ceased to bite his lips; a movement of her silk legs—Sir Lawrence ceased to look at him. Holding out her cups, she said:

"I suppose I'm not modern—am I, Wilfrid?"

Desert, moving a bright little spoon round in his magpie cup, answered without looking up:

"As much more modern than the moderns, as you are more ancient."

"'Ware poetry!" said Michael.

But when he had taken his father to see the new cartoons by Aubrey Greene, she said:

"Kindly tell me what you meant, Wilfrid."

Desert's voice seemed to leap from restraint.

"What does it matter? I don't want to waste time with that."

"But I want to know. It sounded like a sneer."

"A sneer? From me? Fleur!"

"Then tell me."

"I meant that you have all their restlessness and practical get-thereness; but you have what they haven't, Fleur—power to turn one's head. And mine is turned. You know it."

"How would Michael like that—from *you*, his best man?"

Desert moved quickly to the window.

Fleur took Confucius on her lap. Such things had been said to her before; but from Wilfrid it was serious. Nice to think she had his heart, of course! Only, where on earth could she put it, where it

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wouldn't be seen except by her? He was incalculable—did strange things! She was a little bit afraid—not of him, but of that quality in him. He came back to the hearth, and said:

"Ugly, isn't it? Put that dam' dog down, Fleur; I can't see your face. If you were really fond of Michael—I swear I wouldn't; but you're not, you know."

Fleur said coldly:

"You know very little; I *am* fond of Michael."

Desert gave his little jerky laugh.

"Oh, yes; not the sort that counts."

Fleur looked up.

"It counts quite enough to make one safe."

"A flower that I can't pick."

Fleur nodded.

"Quite sure, Fleur? Quite, quite sure?"

Fleur stared; her eyes softened a little, her eyelids, so excessively white, drooped over them; she nodded. Desert said slowly:

"The moment I believe that, I shall go East."

"East?"

"Not so stale as going West, but much the same—you don't come back."

Fleur thought: "The East? I should love to know the East! Pity one can't manage that, too. Pity!"

"You won't keep me in your Zoo, my dear. I shan't hang around and feed on crumbs. You know what I feel—it means a smash of some sort."

"It hasn't been my fault, has it?"

"Yes; you've collected me, as you collect everybody that comes near you."

"I don't know what you mean."

Desert bent down, and dragged her hand to his lips.

"Don't be riled with me; I'm too unhappy."

Fleur let her hand stay against his hot lips.

"Sorry, Wilfrid."

"All right, dear. I'll go."

"But you're coming to dinner to-morrow?"

Desert said violently:

"*To-morrow?* Good God—no! What d'you think I'm made of?"

He flung her hand away.

"I don't like violence, Wilfrid."

"Well, good-by; I'd better go."

The words "And you'd better not come again" trembled up to her lips, but were not spoken. Part from Wilfrid—life would lose a little warmth! She waved her hand. He was gone. She heard the door closing. Poor Wilfrid!—nice to think of a flame at which to warm her hands! Nice—but rather dreadful! And suddenly, dropping Confucius, she got up and began to walk about the room. To-morrow! Second anniversary of her wedding-day! Still an ache when she thought of what it had not been. But there was little time to think—and she made less. What good in thinking? Only one life, full of people, of things to do and have, of things wanted—a life only void of—one thing, and that—if people had it, they never had it long! On her lids two tears, which had gathered, dried without falling. Sentimentalism! No! The last thing in the world—the unforgivable offense! Whom should she put next whom to-morrow? And whom should she get in place of Wilfrid, if Wilfrid wouldn't come—silly boy! One day—one night—what difference? Who should sit on her right, and who on her left? Was Aubrey Greene more distinguished, or Sibley Swan? Were they either as distinguished as Walter Nazing or Charles Upshire? Dinner of twelve, exclusively literary and artistic, except for Michael and Alison Charwell. Ah! Could Alison get her Gurdon Minho—just one writer of the old school, one glass of old wine to mellow effervescence? He didn't publish with Danby and Winter; but he fed out of Alison's hand. She went quickly to one of the old tea-chests, and opened it. Inside was a telephone.

"Can I speak to Lady Alison—Mrs. Michael Mont. . . . Yes. . . . That you, Alison? . . . Fleur speaking. Wilfrid has fallen through to-morrow night. . . . . Is there any chance of your bringing Gurdon Minho? I don't know him, of course; but he might be interested. Really? . . . That'll be ever so delightful. Isn't the Snooks' Club meeting rather exciting? Bart says they'll eat each other now they've split. . . . About Mr. Minho. Could you let me know to-night? Thanks—thanks awfully! . . . Tol-lol!"

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Failing Minho, whom? Her mind hovered over the names in her address-book. At so late a minute it must be some one who didn't stand on ceremony; but except Alison, none of Michael's relations would be safe from Sibley Swan or Nesta Gorse, and their subversive shafts; as to the Forsytes—out of the question; they had their own subacid humor (some of them), but they were not modern, not really modern. Besides, she saw as little of them as she could—they dated, belonged to the dramatic period, had no sense of life without beginning or end. No! If Gurdon Minho was a frost, it would have to be a musician, whose works were hieroglyphical with a dash of surgery; or, better perhaps, a psychoanalyst. Her fingers turned the pages till she came to those two categories. Hugo Solstis? A possibility; but suppose he wanted to play them something recent? There was only Michael's upright Grand, and that would mean going to his study. Better Gerald Hanks—he and Nesta Gorse would get off together on dreams; still, if they did, there would be no actual loss of life. Yes, failing Gurdon Minho, Gerald Hanks; he would be free—and put him between Alison and Nesta. She closed the book, and, going back to her jade-green settee, sat gazing at Confucius. The little dog's prominent round eyes gazed back; bright, black, very old. Fleur thought: "I *don't* want Wilfrid to drop off." Among all the crowd who came and went, here, there and everywhere, she cared for nobody. Keep up with them, keep up with everything, of course! It was all frightfully amusing, frightfully necessary! Only—only—what?

Voices! Michael and Bart coming back. Bart had noticed Wilfrid. He *was* a noticing old Bart. She was never very comfortable when he was about—lively and twisting, but with something settled and ancestral in him; a little like Confucius—something judgmatic, ever telling her that she was fluttering and new. He was anchored, could only move to the length of his old-fashioned cord, but he could drop on things disconcertingly. Still, he admired her, she felt—oh! yes.

Well! What had he thought of the cartoons? Ought Michael to publish them, and with letter-press or without? Didn't he think that the cubic-called "Still Life"—of the Government, too frightfully funny—especially the "old bean" representing the Prime? For answer she was conscious of a twisting, rapid noise; Sir Lawrence was telling her of his father's collection of electioneering cartoons. She did wish Bart would not tell her about his father; he had been so distinguished, and he must have been so dull, paying all his calls on horseback, with trousers strapped under his boots. He and Lord Charles Cariboo and the Marquis of Forfar had been the last three "callers" of that sort. If only they hadn't, they'd have been clean forgot. She had that dress to try, and fourteen things to see to, and Hugo's concert began at eight fifteen! Why did people of the last generation always have so much time? And, suddenly, she looked down. Confucius was licking the copper floor. She took him up: "Not that, darling; nasty!" Ah! the spell was broken! Bart was going, reminiscent to the last. She waited at the foot of the stairs till Michael shut the door on him, then flew. Reaching her room, she turned on all the lights. Here was her own style—a bed which did not look like one, and many mirrors. The couch of Confucius occupied a corner, whence he could see himself in three. She put him down, and said: "Keep quiet, now!" His attitude to the other dogs in the room had long become indifferent; though of his own breed and precisely his coloring, they had no smell and no licking power in their tongues—nothing to be done with them, imitative creatures, incredibly unresponsive.

Stripping off her dress, Fleur held the new frock under her chin.

"May I kiss you?" There was Michael's image behind her own reflection in the glass.

"My dear boy, there isn't time! Help me with this." She slipped the frock over her head. "Do those three top hooks. How do you like it? Oh! and Michael! Gurdon Minho may be coming to dinner to-morrow—Wilfrid can't. Have you read his things? Sit down and tell me something about them. All novels, aren't they? What sort?"

"Well, he's always had something to say."

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"Oh! Have I made a gaff?"

"Not a bit; jolly good shot. The vice of our lot is, they say it pretty well, but they've nothing to say. They won't last."

"But that's just why they will last. They won't date."

"Won't they? My gum!"

"Wilfrid will last."

"Ah! Wilfrid has emotions, hates, pities, wants; at least, sometimes; when he does, his stuff is jolly good. Otherwise, he just drivels—like the rest."

Fleur tucked in the top of her undergarment.

"But, Michael, if that's so, we—I've got the wrong lot."

Michael grinned.

"My dear child! The lot of the hour is always right—you've got to watch it, and change it quick enough."

"But d'you mean to say that Sibley isn't going to live?"

"Sib? Lord, no!"

"But he's so perfectly sure that almost everybody else is dead or dying. Surely he has critical genius!"

"If I hadn't more judgment than Sib, I'd go out of publishing to-morrow."

"You—more than Sibley Swan?"

"Of course, I've more judgment than Sib. Why! Sib's judgment is just his opinion of Sib—common or garden impatience of any one else. He doesn't even read them. He'll read one specimen of every author and say: 'Oh! that fellow! He's dull, or he's moral, or he's sentimental, or he dates, or he drivels'—I've heard him dozens of times. That's if they're alive. Of course, if they're dead, it's different. He's always digging up and canonizing the dead; that's how he's got his name. There's always a Sib in literature. He's a standing example of how people can get taken at their own valuation. But as to lasting—of course he won't; he's never creative, even by mistake."

Fleur had lost the thread. Yes! It suited her—quite a nice line! Off with it! Must write those three notes before she dressed!

Michael had begun again.

"Take my tip, Fleur. The really big people don't talk—and don't bunch—they paddle their own canoes in what seem backwaters. But it's the backwaters that make the main stream. By Jove, that's a *mot*, or is it a bull; and are bulls *mots* or *mots* bulls?"

"Michael, if you were me, would you tell Frederic Wilmer that he'll be meeting Hubert Marsland at lunch next week? Would it bring him or would it put him off?"

"Marsland's rather an old duck, Wilmer's rather an old goose—I don't know."

"Oh! do be serious, Michael—you never give me any help in arranging— No! Don't maul my shoulders, please."

"Well, darling, I *don't* know. I've no genius for such things, like you. Marsland paints windmills, cliffs, and things—I doubt if he's heard of the future. He's almost a Mathew Maris for keeping out of the swim. If you think he'd like to meet a Vertiginist——"

"I didn't ask you if he'd like to meet Wilmer; I asked you if Wilmer would like to meet him."

"Wilmer will just say: 'I like little Mrs. Mont, she gives damned good grub'—and so you do, ducky. A Vertiginist wants nourishing, you know, or it wouldn't go to his head."

Fleur's pen resumed its swift strokes, already becoming slightly illegible. She murmured:

"I think Wilfrid would help—you won't be there; one—two—three. What women?"

"For painters—pretty and plump; no intellect."

Fleur said crossly:

"I can't get them plump; they don't go about now." And her pen flowed on:

"DEAR WILFRID,

"Wednesday—lunch; Wilmer, Hubert Marsland, two other women. Do help me live it down.

Yours ever,

FLEUR."

"Michael, your chin is like a boot-brush."

"Sorry, ducky; your shoulders shouldn't be so smooth. Bart gave Wilfrid a tip as we were coming along."

Fleur stopped writing. "Oh!"

"Reminded him that the state of love was a good stunt for poets."

"*A propos* of what?"

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"Wilfrid was complaining that he couldn't turn it out now."

"Nonsense! his last things are his best."

"Well, that's what I think. Perhaps he's forestalled the tip. Has he?"

Fleur turned her eyes toward the face behind her shoulder. No, it had its native look—frank, irresponsible, slightly faun-like, with its pointed ears, quick lips, and nostrils.

She said slowly:

"If *you* don't know, nobody does."

A snuffle interrupted Michael's answer. Confucius, long, low, slightly higher at both ends, was standing between them, with black muzzle upturned. "My pedigree is long," he seemed to say; "but my legs are sho[illegible]-what about it?"

III

MUSICAL

According to a great and guiding principle, Fleur and Michael Mont attended the Hugo Solstis concert not because they anticipated pleasure, but because they knew Hugo. They felt, besides, that Solstis, an Englishman of Russo-Dutch extraction, was one of those who were restoring English music, giving to it a wide and spacious freedom from melody and rhythm, while investing it with literary and mathematical charms. And one never could go to a concert given by any of this school without using the word "interesting" as one was coming away. To sleep to this restored English music, too, was impossible. Fleur, a sound sleeper, had never even tried. Michael had, and complained afterward that it had been like a nap in Liége railway station. On this occasion they occupied those gangway seats in the front row of the dress-circle of which Fleur had a sort of natural monopoly. There Hugo and the rest could see her taking her place in the English restoration movement. It was easy, too, to escape into the corridor and exchange the word "interesting" with side-whiskered cognoscenti; or, slipping out a cigarette from the little gold case, wedding present of Cousin Imogen Cardigan, get a whiff or two's repose. To speak quite honestly, Fleur had a natural sense of rhythm which caused her discomfort during those long and "interesting" passages which evidenced, as it were, the composer's rise and fall from his bed of thorns. She secretly loved a tune, and the impossibility of ever confessing this without losing hold of Solstis, Baff, Birdigal, MacLewis, Clorane, and other English restoration composers, sometimes taxed to its limit a nature which had its Spartan side. Even to Michael she would not "confess"; and it was additionally trying when, with his native disrespect of persons, accentuated by life in the trenches, and a publisher's office, he would mutter: "God! Get on with it!" or: "Cripes! Ain't he took bad!" especially as she knew that Michael was really putting up with it better than herself, having a more literary disposition, and a less dancing itch in his toes.

The first movement of the new Solstis composition—"Phantasmagoria Piémontesque"—to which they had especially come to listen, began with some drawn-out chords.

"What oh!" said Michael's voice in her ear: "Three pieces of furniture moved simultaneously on a parquet floor!"

In Fleur's involuntary smile was the whole secret of why her marriage had not been intolerable. After all, Michael was a dear! Devotion and mercury—jesting and loyalty—combined, they piqued and touched even a heart given away before it was bestowed on him. "Touch" without "pique" would have bored; "pique" without "touch" would have irritated. At this moment he was at peculiar advantage! Holding on to his knees, with his ears standing up, eyes glassy from loyalty to Hugo, and tongue in cheek, he was listening to that opening in a way which evoked Fleur's admiration. The piece would be "interesting"! She fell into that state of outer observation and inner calculation very usual with her nowadays. Over there was L. S. D., the greater dramatist; she didn't know him—yet. He looked rather frightening, his hair stood up so straight. And her eye began picturing him on her copper floor against a Chinese picture. And there—yes! Gurdon Minho! Imagine *his* coming to anything so modern! His profile *was* rather Roman—of the Aurelian period! Passing on from that antique, with the

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pleased thought that by this time to-morrow she might have collected it, she quartered the assembly face by face—she did not want to miss any one important.

"The furniture" had come to a sudden standstill.

"Interesting!" said a voice over her shoulder. Aubrey Greene! Illusive, rather moonlit, with his silky fair hair brushed straight back, and his greenish eyes—his smile always made her feel that he was "getting" at her. But, after all, he was a cartoonist!

"Yes, isn't it?"

He curled away. He might have stayed a little longer—there wouldn't be time for any one else before those songs of Birdigal's! Here came the singer Charles Powls! How stout and efficient he looked, dragging little Birdigal to the piano.

Charming accompaniment—rippling, melodious!

The stout, efficient man began to sing. How different from the accompaniment! The song hit every note just off the solar plexus, it mathematically prevented her from feeling pleasure. Birdigal must have written it in horror of some one calling it "vocal." Vocal! Fleur knew how catching the word was; it would run like a measle round the ring, and Birdigal would be no more! Poor Birdigal! But this was "interesting." Only, as Michael was saying: "O, my Gawd!"

Three songs! Powls was wonderful—so loyal! Never one note hit so that it rang out like music! Her mind fluttered off to Wilfrid. To him, of all the younger poets, people accorded the right to say something; it gave him such a position—made him seem to come out of life, instead of literature. Besides, he had done things in the war, was a son of Lord Mullyon, would get the Mercer Prize probably, for "Copper Coin." If Wilfrid abandoned her, a star would fall from the firmament above her copper floor. He had no right to leave her in the lurch. He must learn not to be violent—not to think physically. No, she couldn't let Wilfrid slip away; nor could she have any more sob-stuff in her life, searing passions, *cul de sacs*, aftermaths. She had tasted of that; a dulled ache still warned her.

Birdigal was bowing, Michael saying: "Come out for a whiff! The next thing's a dud!" Oh! ah! Beethoven. Poor old Beethoven! So out of date—one did *rather* enjoy him!

The corridor, and refectory beyond, were swarming with the restoration movement. Young men and women with faces and heads of lively and distorted character, were exchanging the word "Interesting." Men of more massive type, resembling sedentary matadors, blocked all circulation. Fleur and Michael passed a little way along, stood against the wall, and lighted cigarettes. Fleur smoked hers delicately—a very little one in a tiny amber holder. She had the air of admiring blue smoke rather than of making it; there were spheres to consider beyond this sort of crowd—one never knew who might be about!—the sphere, for instance, in which Alison Charwell moved, politico-literary, catholic in taste, but, Michael always put it, "Convinced as a sanitary system that it's the only sphere in the world; look at the way they all write books of reminiscence about each other!" They might, she always felt, disapprove of women smoking in public halls. Consorting delicately with iconoclasm, Fleur never forgot that her feet were in two worlds at least. Standing there, observant of all to left and right, she noted against the wall one whose face was screened by his programme. "Wilfrid," she thought, "and doesn't mean to see me!" Mortified, as a child from whom a sixpence is filched, she said:

"There's Wilfrid! Fetch him, Michael!"

Michael crossed, and touched his best man's sleeve; Desert's face emerged, frowning. She saw him shrug his shoulders, turn and walk into the throng. Michael came back.

"Wilfrid's got the hump to-night; says he's not fit for human society—queer old son!"

How obtuse men were! Because Wilfrid was his pal, Michael did not see; and that was lucky! So Wilfrid really meant to avoid her! Well, she would see! And she said:

"I'm tired, Michael; let's go home."

His hand slid round her arm.

"Sorry, old thing; come along!"

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They stood a moment in a neglected doorway, watching Woomans, the conductor, launched toward his orchestra.

"Look at him," said Michael; "guy hung out of an Italian window, legs and arms all stuffed and flying! And look at the Frapka and her piano—that's a turbulent union!"

There was a strange sound.

"Melody, by George!" said Michael.

An attendant muttered in their ears: "Now, sir, I'm going to shut the door." Fleur had a fleeting view of L. S. D. sitting as upright as his hair, and with closed eyes. The door was shut—they were outside in the hall.

"Wait here, darling; I'll nick a rickshaw."

Fleur huddled her chin in her fur. It was easterly and cold.

A voice behind her said:

"Well, Fleur, am I going East?"

Wilfrid! His collar up to his ears, a cigarette between his lips, hands in pockets, eyes devouring.

"You're very silly, Wilfrid!"

"Anything you like; am I going East?"

"No; Sunday morning—eleven o'clock at the Tate. We'll talk it out."

"*Convenu!*" And he was gone.

Alone suddenly, like that, Fleur felt the first shock of reality. Was Wilfrid truly going to be unmanageable? A taxi-cab ground up; Michael beckoned; Fleur stepped in.

Passing a passionately lighted oasis of young ladies displaying to the interested Londoner the acme of Parisian undress, she felt Michael incline toward her. If she were going to keep Wilfrid, she must be nice to Michael. Only!

"You needn't kiss me in Piccadilly Circus, Michael!"

"Sorry, ducky! It's a little previous—I meant to get you opposite the Partheneum."

Fleur remembered how he had slept on a Spanish sofa for the first fortnight of their honeymoon; how he always insisted that she must not spend anything on him, but must always let him give her what he liked, though she had three thousand a year and he twelve hundred; how jumpy he was when she had a cold—and how he always came home to tea. Yes, he was a dear! But would she break her heart if he went East or West to-morrow?

Snuggled against him, she was surprised at her own cynicism.

A telephone message written out, in the hall, ran: "Please tell Mrs. Mont I've got Mr. Gurding Minner, Lady Alisson."

Oh! how restful. A real antique! She turned on the lights in her room, and stood for a moment admiring it. Really pretty! A slight snuffle from the corner—Confucius, tan on a black cushion, lay like a Chinese lion in miniature; pure, remote, fresh from evening communion with the Square railings.

"I see you," said Fleur.

Confucius did not stir; his round black eyes watched his mistress undress. When she returned from the bathroom he was curled into a ball. Fleur thought: "Queer! How does he know Michael won't be coming?" And slipping into her well-warmed bed, she too curled herself up and slept.

But in the night, contrary to her custom, she awoke. A cry—long, weird, trailing, from somewhere—the river—the slums at the back—rousing memory—poignant, aching—of her honeymoon—Granada, its roofs below, jet, ivory, gold; the watchman's cry, the lines in Jon's letter:

"Voice in the night crying, down in the old sleeping
Spanish city darkened under her white stars.
What says the voice—its clear, lingering anguish?
Just the watchman, telling his dateless tale of safety?
Just a road-man, flinging to the moon his song?
No! 'Tis one deprived, whose lover's heart is weeping,
Just his cry: 'How long?'"

A cry, or had she dreamed it? Jon, Wilfrid, Michael! No use to have a heart!

IV

DINING

Lady Alison Charwell, born Heathfield, daughter of the first Earl of Campden, and wife to Lionel Charwell, K.C., Michael's somewhat young uncle, was a delightful Englishwoman born and brought up in a set accepted as the soul of Society. Full of brains, energy, taste, money, and tinctured in its politico-legal ancestry by blue blood, this set was linked to, but apart from, Snooks' and the duller haunts of birth and privilege. It was gay, charming, free-and-easy, and, according

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to Michael, "Snobbish, old dear, æsthetically and intellectually, but they'll never see it. They think they're the top notch—quick, healthy, up-to-date, well-bred, intelligent, they simply can't imagine their equals. I'll tell you. It's their imagination that's deficient. Their really creative energy would go into a pint pot. Look at their books—they're always *on* something—philosophy, spiritualism, poetry, fishing, themselves; why, even their sonnets dry up before they're twenty-five. They know everything—except mankind outside their own set. Oh! they work—they run the show—they have to; there's no one else with their brains, and energy, and taste. But they run it round and round in their own blooming circle. It's the world to them. And it might be worse. They've patented their own golden age; but it's a trifle flyblown since the war."

Alison Charwell—in and of this world, so spryly soulful, debonair, free, and cosey—lived within a stone's throw of Fleur, in a house pleasant, architecturally, as any in London. Forty years old, she had three children and considerable beauty, wearing a little fine from mental and bodily activity. Something of an enthusiast, she was fond of Michael, in spite of his strange criticisms, and his matrimonial venture had piqued her from the start. Fleur was dainty, had quick natural intelligence—this new niece was worth cultivation. But though adaptable, and assimilative, Fleur had remained curiously unassimilated; she continued to whet the curiosity of Lady Alison, accustomed to the close borough of choice spirits. She found, too, a certain poignancy in contact with the New Age, on Fleur's copper floor. She met with an irreverence there, which, not taken too seriously, flipped her mind. On that floor she almost felt a back number. It was stimulating.

Receiving Fleur's telephonic inquiry about Gurdon Minho, she herself rang up the novelist. She knew him, if not well. Nobody seemed to know him well; amiable, polite, silent, rather dull and austere; but with a disconcerting smile, sometimes ironical, sometimes friendly. His books were now caustic, now sentimental. On both counts it was rather the fashion to run him down, and yet—there he was!

She rang him up. Would he come to a dinner to-morrow at her young nephew Michael Mont's, and meet the younger generation? His answer came, rather high-pitched:

"Rather! Full fig, or dinner jacket?"

"How awfully nice of you! they'll be ever so pleased. Full fig, I believe. It's the second anniversary of their wedding." She hung up the receiver with the thought: "He must be writing a book about them!"

Conscious of responsibility, she arrived early.

It was a Grand Night at her husband's Inn, so that she brought nothing with her but the feeling of adventure, pleasant after a day spent in fluttering over the decision at Snooks'. She was received only by Confucius, who had his back to the fire, and took no notice beyond a stare. Sitting down on the jade-green settee, she said:

"Well, you funny little creature, don't you know me after all this time?"

Confucius' black shiny gaze seemed saying: "You recur here, I know; most things recur. There is nothing new about the future."

Lady Alison fell into a train of thought: The new generation! Did she want her own girls to be of it? She would like to talk to Mr. Minho about that—they had had a very nice talk down at Beechgroves before the war. Nine years ago—Sybil only six, Joan only four then! Time went, things changed! A new generation! And what was the difference? "I think we had more tradition!" she said to herself softly.

A slight sound drew her eyes up from contemplation of her feet. Confucius was moving his tail from side to side on the hearth-rug, as if applauding. Fleur's voice, behind her, said:

"Well, darling, I'm awfully late. It *was* good of you to get me Minho. I do hope they'll all behave. He'll be between you and me, anyway; I'm sticking him at the top, and Michael at the bottom, between Pauline Upshire and Amabel Nazing. You'll have Sibley on your left, and I'll have Aubrey on my right, then Nesta Gorse and Walter Nazing; opposite them Linda Frewe and Charles Upshire. Twelve. You know them all. Oh! you mustn't mind. The Nazings and

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Nesta smoke between the courses. Amabel will do it, of course. She comes from Virginia, it's the reaction. I do hope she'll have some clothes on; Michael always says it's a mistake when she has; but having Mr. Minho makes one a little nervous. Did you see Nesta in 'The Bouquet'? Oh, too frightfully amusing—clearly meant for L. S. D.! Fusy, my Fusy, are you going to stay and see all these people? Well, then, get up here or you'll be trodden on. Isn't he Chinese? He does so round off the room."

Confucius laid his nose on his paws, in the centre of a jade-green cushion.

"Mr. Gurding Minner!"

The well-known novelist looked pale and composed. Shaking the two extended hands, he gazed at Confucius, and said:

"How nice! How are *you*, my little man?"

Confucius did not stir. "You take me for a common English dog!" his silence seemed to say.

"Mr. and Mrs. Walter Nazon, Miss Lenda Frow."

Amabel Nazing came first, clear alabaster from her fair hair down to the six inches of gleaming black above her waistline, shrouded alabaster from four inches below the knee to the gleaming toes of her shoes; the eminent novelist mechanically ceased to commune with Confucius.

Walter Nazing, who followed a long way up above his wife, had a tiny line of collar emergent from swathes of black, and a face, cut a hundred years ago, that slightly resembled Shelley's. His literary productions were sometimes felt to be like the poetry of that bard, and sometimes like the prose of Marcel Proust.

Linda Frewe, whom Fleur at once introduced to Gurdon Minho, was one about whose work no two people ever agreed. She had made her name with "Trifles," but it was "Furious Don" which had so divided opinion. Genius according to some, drivel according to others, that book always roused an interesting debate whether a slight madness enhanced or diminished the value of art. She herself paid little attention to criticism—she produced.

"*The* Mr. Minho? How interesting! I've never read anything of yours."

Fleur gave a little gasp.

"What—don't you know Mr. Minho's dogs? But they're wonderful. Mr. Minho, I do want Mrs. Walter Nazing to know you. Amabel—Mr. Gurdon Minho."

"Oh! Mr. Minho—how perfectly lovely! I've wanted to know you ever since my cradle."

Fleur heard the novelist say quietly:

"I could wish it had been longer," and passed on in doubt to greet Nesta Gorse and Sibley Swan, who came in, as if they lived together, quarrelling over L. S. D., Nesta upholding him because of his "panache," Sibley maintaining that wit had died with the restoration: this fellow was alive!

Michael followed with the Upshires and Aubrey Greene, whom he had encountered in the hall—the party was complete.

Fleur loved perfection, and that evening was something of a nightmare. Was it a success? Minho was so clearly the least brilliant person there; even Alison talked better. And yet he had such a fine skull; she did hope he would not go away early. Some one would be almost sure to say: "Dug up!" or "Thick and bald!" before the door closed behind him. He was pathetically agreeable, as if trying to be liked, or at least not despised too much. And there must, of course, be more in him than met the sense of hearing. After the crab soufflé he did seem to be talking to Alison, all about youth. Fleur listened with one ear.

"Youth feels . . . main stream of life . . . not giving it what it wants. Past and future getting haloes. . . . Quite! Contemporary life no earthly just now. . . . No . . . only comfort for us—we'll be antiquated, some day, like Congreve, Sterne, Defoe . . . have our chance again. . . . . *Why?* What *is* driving them out of the main current? Probably surfeit . . . newspapers . . . photographs. Don't see life itself, only reports . . . reproductions of it; all seems shoddy, lurid, commercial. . . . Youth says 'Away with it, let's have the past or the future.'"

He took some salted almonds, and Fleur saw his eyes stray to the upper part of Amabel Nazing. Down there the conversation was like Association football—no one kept the ball for more than one kick. It shot from head to head. And after every set of passes some one would

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reach out and take a cigarette, and blow a blue cloud across the unclothed refectory table. Fleur enjoyed the glow of her Spanish room—its tiled floor, richly colored fruits in porcelain, its tooled leather, copper articles, and Soames' Goya above a Moorish divan. She headed the ball promptly when it came her way, but initiated nothing. Her gift was to be aware of everything at once. "Mrs. Michael Mont presented" the brilliant irrelevancies of Linda Frewe, the pricks and stimulations of Nesta Gorse, the moonlit sliding innuendoes of Aubrey Greene, the upturning strokes of Sibley Swan, Amabel Nazing's little cool American audacities, Charles Upshire's curious bits of lore, Walter Nazing's subversive contradictions, the critical intricacies of Pauline Upshire; Michael's happy-go-lucky slings and arrows, even Alison's knowledgeable quickness, and Gurdon Minho's silences—she collected them all, showed them off, keeping her eyes and ears on the ball of talk lest it should touch earth and rest. Brilliant evening; but—a success?

On the jade-green settee, when the last of them had gone and Michael was seeing Alison home, she thought of Minho's "Youth—not getting what it wants." No! Things didn't fit. "They don't fit, do they, Fusy?" But Confucius was tired, only the tip of one ear quivered. Fleur leaned back, and sighed. Confucius uncurled himself, and putting his fore paws on her thigh, looked up into her face. "Look at me," he seemed to say, "I'm all right. I get what I want, and I want what I get. At present I want to go to bed."

"But I don't," said Fleur, without moving.

"Just take me up," said Confucius; "come on!"

"Well," said Fleur, "I suppose— It's a nice person, but not the right person, Fusy."

Confucius settled himself on her bare arms.

"It's all right," he seemed to say. "There's a great deal too much sentiment and all that, out of China. Come on!"

V

EVE

THE Honorable Wilfrid Desert's rooms were opposite a picture-gallery off Cork Street. The only male member of the aristocracy writing verse that any one would print, he had chosen them for seclusion rather than for comfort. His "junk," however, was not devoid of the taste and luxury which overflows from the greater houses of England. Furniture from the Hampshire seat of the Cornish nobleman, Lord Mullyon, had oozed into two vans, when Wilfrid settled in. He was seldom to be found, however, in his nest, and was felt to be a rare bird, owing his rather unique position among the younger writers partly to his migratory reputation. He himself hardly, perhaps, knew where he spent his time, or did his work, having a sort of mental claustrophobia, a dread of being hemmed in by people. When the war broke out he had just left Eton; when the war was over he was twenty-three, as old a young man as ever turned a stave. His friendship with Michael, begun in hospital, had languished and renewed itself suddenly, when in 1920 Michael joined Danby and Winter, Publishers, of Blake Street, Covent Garden. The scattery enthusiasm of the sucking publisher had been roused by Wilfrid's verse. Hobnobbing lunches over the poems of one in need of literary anchorage had been capped by the firm's surrender to Michael's insistence. The mutual intoxication of the first book Wilfrid had written and the first book Michael had sponsored was crowned at Michael's wedding. Best man! Since then, so far as Desert could be tied to anything, he had been tied to those two; nor, to do him justice, had he realized till a month ago that the attraction was not Michael, but Fleur. Desert never spoke of the war, it was not possible to learn from his own mouth an effect which he might have summed up thus: "I lived so long with horror and death; I saw men so in the raw; I put hope of anything out of my mind so utterly, that I can never more have the faintest respect for theories, promises, conventions, moralities, and principles. I have hated too much the men who wallowed in them while I was wallowing in mud and blood. Illusion is off. No religion and no philosophy will satisfy me—words, all words. I have still my senses—no thanks to them; am still capable—I find—of passion; can still grit my teeth and grin; have

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still some feeling of trench loyalty, but whether real or just a complex, I don't yet know. I am dangerous, but not so dangerous as those who trade in words, principles, theories, and all manner of fanatical idiocy to be worked out in the blood and sweat of other men. The war's done one thing for me—converted life to comedy. Laugh at it—there's nothing else to do."

Leaving the Concert Hall on the Friday night, he had walked straight home to his rooms. And lying down full length on a monk's seat of the fifteenth century, restored with down cushions and silk of the twentieth, he crossed his hands behind his head and delivered himself to these thoughts: "I am not going on like this. She has bewitched me. It doesn't mean anything to her. But it means hell to me. I'll finish with it on Sunday—Persia's a good place. Arabia's a good place—plenty of blood and sand! She's incapable of giving anything up. How has she hooked herself into me? By trick of eyes, and hair, by her walk, by the sound of her voice—by trick of warmth, scent, color. Fling her cap over the windmill—not she! What then? Hang about her Chinese fireside and her damned little Chinese dog; and have this ache and this fever because I can't be kissing her? I'd rather be flying again in the middle of Boche whiz-bangs! Sunday! How women like to drag out agonies! It'll be just this afternoon all over again. 'How unkind of you to go, when your friendship is so precious to me! Stay, and be my tame cat, Wilfrid!' No, my dear, for once you're up against it! And—so am I, by God!" . . .

When in that Gallery which extends asylum to British art, those two young people met so accidentally on Sunday morning in front of Eve smelling at the flowers of the Garden of Eden, there were present also six mechanics in various stages of decomposition, a custodian and a couple from the provinces, none of whom seemed capable of observing anything whatever. And, indeed, that meeting was inexpressive. Two young people, of the disillusioned class, exchanging condemnations of the past. Desert with his off-hand speech, his smile, his well-tailored informality, suggested no aching heart. Of the two Fleur was the paler and more interesting. Desert kept saying to himself: "No melodrama—that's all it would be!" And Fleur was thinking: "If I can keep him ordinary like this, I shan't lose him, because he'll never go away without a proper outburst."

It was not until they found themselves a second time before the Eve, that he said:

"I don't know why you asked me to come, Fleur. It's playing the goat for no earthly reason. I quite understand your feeling. I'm a bit of 'Ming' that you don't want to lose. But it's not good enough, my dear; and that's all about it."

"How horrible of you, Wilfrid!"

"Well! Here we part! Give us your flipper."

His eyes — rather beautiful — looked dark and tragic above the smile on his lips, and she said stammering:

"Wilfrid—I—I don't know. I want time. I can't bear you to be unhappy. Don't go away! Perhaps I—I shall be unhappy too; I—I don't know."

Through Desert passed the bitter thought: "She *can't* let go—she doesn't know how." But he said quite softly: "Cheer up, my child; you'll be over all that in a fortnight. I'll send you something to make up. Why shouldn't I make it China—one place is as good as another? I'll send you a bit of real 'Ming,' of a better period than this."

Fleur said passionately:

"You're insulting! Don't!"

"I beg your pardon. I don't want to leave you angry."

"What is it you want of me?"

"Oh! no—come! This is going over it twice. Besides, since Friday I've been thinking. I want nothing, Fleur, except a blessing and your hand. Give it me! Come on!"

Fleur put her hand behind her back. It was too mortifying! He took her for a cold-blooded, collecting little cat—clutching and playing with mice that she didn't want to eat!

"You think I'm made of ice," she said, and her teeth caught her upper lip: "Well, I'm not!"

Desert looked at her; his eyes were very wretched. "I didn't mean to play up your pride," he said. "Let's drop it, Fleur. It isn't any good."

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Fleur turned and fixed her eyes on the Eve—rumbustious-looking female, care-free, avid, taking her fill of flower perfume! Why not be care-free, take anything that came along? Not so much love in the world that one could afford to pass, leaving it unsmelled, unplucked. Run away! Go to the East! Of course she couldn't do anything extravagant like that! But, perhaps— What did it matter?—one man or another, when neither did you really love!

From under her drooped, white, dark-lashed eyelids she saw the expression on his face, and that he was standing stiller than the statues. And suddenly she said: "You will be a fool to go. Wait!" And without another word or look she walked away, leaving Desert breathless before the avid Eve.

(To be continued.)

Rintintin

BY THOMAS BOYD

Author of "Through the Wheat"

Illustrations by C. LeRoy Baldridge

I DO not know whether you remember them or not, or even whether you ever saw them—those strange little dolls which some of the French soldiers carried in the pockets of their tunics or wore about their uniforms? They were inconspicuous enough, no longer than your finger, made of cloth-wrapped cotton batting, with dots for eyes, a dab for a nose, and a dash for a mouth, and shapeless little arms and legs. Yet, somehow, and it might have been the sentiment attached to them and for which they stood, you never forgot them. It might have been the plaintive quality of those absurd little eyes, eyes like periods made by the point of a pencil over which the writer had paused sorrowfully, knowing that he had not put in his sentence that which was in his heart.

As I say, they were a creation of the French, and they had not a little to do with love, which is more of a wild, hectic emotion in war-time than it is at more peaceful moments. There were two of them, fastened together by a string; and of course one was male and the other female. The one which courtesy bids us name the gentler, seemed, were she alive, as if she would be a flighty-headed creature, constantly taking an attitude of rapturous abandon. Rintintin himself looked as if he had been blown silly by the winds of irresistible passion. I don't think that the wearer ever bought them—purchase would have destroyed their charm—rather were they given by a French girl to her sweetheart at the front as a symbol that she was with him wherever he went, that she loved him and that, presumably, she would remain faithful in the course of his absence.

They were French, purely, but now and again a pair of them found its way into the American Army, carried by one of the soldiers who had been back of the lines for some time among the native people, or who had lived in France before the war. And when one of them did appear among the combat troops, brought to the rest billets by the returned wanderer, there was always a group of soldiers to gather around with jeers on their tongues, envy in their hearts, and curiosity in their manners. For it was the carefully preserved fiction that the person who had been any place but the front lines had been enjoying life to its utmost. The jeers were borne by the soldier who had not been back of the lines comparing his lot with the man who had, and finding himself to be

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of firmer stuff, more heroic, more deserving of commiseration. The cause of the envy is obvious. The curiosity came in the desire to know what the newcomer had seen, what he had brought along with him.

That was the sole reason for their crowding about Tommie Wann when he came back. Wann had left just after we had had our first casualty, before we had got to the front. During bombing practice one of the men had withdrawn the pin from his grenade and then, becoming frightened, had held it in his hand until it exploded. A few days later Wann fell and hurt his knee. When we returned to quarters that night we learned that he had been sent to the hospital.

That was back in March, and it was now October. A scant handful of the men of the original company remained, and some of them had almost forgotten Wann. The ever-arriving new men with whom we had filled up the company after each attack, had never known him. And I remember how he stood in the middle of the main billet, his heavy pack depending from one arm, the lighted tallow candles illuminating his burly form, looking uneasily around for some familiar face to greet him. Little wonder that he did feel out of place. The first sergeant and most of the other non-commissioned officers were from replacement battalions, and the soldiers themselves, lying around in the main billet, huddled in groups, must have made him wonder whether he had not come back to the wrong company.

For my part, I would rather he had. He was simply a man I couldn't like. His eyes were impolite, they were always trying to violate your individuality, to make you feel that you would have to give room for them in your thoughts; his manner, too, was obtrusive: whenever he talked he would lean toward you, lay his hand on your shoulder, or, if you were seated at table, he would thrust his dark face close to yours.

He must have stood there a couple of minutes before Hannah, beside me, got up and broke the silence with:

"Well, I'll be damned, if it ain't old Tommie Wann."

Shortly, nearly every man in the billet was standing around him asking questions, scanning the equipment he had brought back, wondering if he had a supply of cigarettes somewhere hidden about him. As Wann stooped over to unstrap his pack, he started to grumble against its weight and to curse at the long march which he had had to take to get back to the company.

Hannah looked at him scornfully. "If you hadn't laid back there on your dead hams ever since March you wouldn't be so soft; you'd be able to stand a little hike. You ought to have been with us, hikin' up to Soissons, or standing in the mud for two days at Saint Mihiel. You ain't got much to bellyache about."

Everybody expected Wann to protest, to sound the hardships back of the lines. In our opinion he couldn't have said much that would be valid, but we at least expected him to defend himself. He was, however, not that kind. He never defended himself, because he always tried to make you feel that whatever happened to him was better, more interesting than that which happened to you.

"You're right, Hannah, old kid, I wouldn't. I sure had one great time back there. Beaucoup chow and beaucoup cognac. I et till I almost busted. Yuh git up in the morning and have a big yellah omelette and cocoa. At noon you have steak or rabbit, and at night it's chicken. Boy, an' they know how to cook, too! Nawsir, Hannah, you're right. If I'd a been up here with you guys I wouldn't a met my little French gal neither." He thrust his hand into one of his copious pockets and withdrew it, holding triumphantly for all to see a small cloth object which dangled ludicrously from his large fist.

By this time nearly everybody had arisen and all were grouped around Tommie Wann, examining the new Enfield rifle which the quartermaster corps had issued to him, the new shoes strapped to his pack, each man covetously wondering whether they were of a size that would fit his own feet. The Rintintin, to which Wann had directed every one's gaze, looked lonely without its customary partner, but Wann didn't seem to mind that. His protuberant brown eyes glistened as he held the little thing above his head.

"See this?" he asked loudly. "From

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mah sweet baby Jeanne." He nodded his head as if to give weight to his assertion. "Some gal, too. None of these damned cocottes for Mr. Wann. No, sir! 'Is gal's the daughter of one of them French dukes that live in castles, an' she was waitin' all her life for her uncle Tommie Wann. An' boy, did I cop her off! Well, did I!"

"Give him another shot and he'll say he's Pershing," suggested one of the new men with high, fine sarcasm.

Wann remained unabashed. "Do you want to know how I met her?" he challenged.

Nobody did.

"I was walkin' along one of them rue de rues one day an' I come to what I thought was a park, a great big place, an' lousy with trees and flowers. Well, in I goes, bustin' along like the lord of creation when I come to this little pond. The grass was as high as your ankles and the bushes looked like they hadn't been trimmed, an' on I steps wonderin' why the city don't keep the place in better order, when I run plumb into the little woman. She's sittin' there on an iron bench lookin' kinda absent-minded. 'Hello!' I says, 'ain't you 'fraid you'll get lost, way out here?' 'Comprends pas,' she says, straightenin' up an' shakin' her little head. 'Comprom pah pah pah?' I asks, plantin' myself beside her. Well, she give me a smile for that and the first thing I knowed we was pearty good friends." Wann paused a moment, lost in contemplation. "Some gal she was. I usta see her every day after that. She lived in a big castle an' this park was the front yard. An' when I went away she gives me this little thing." He admonished our incredulous eyes with another shake of Rintintin.

"Where's the one that goes with it?" asked Hannah.

"She kep that," smiled Wann broadly. "When this damn war's over," he broke out vehemently, "I'm a-goin' back an git it an' her too an' take her back to my folks."

"She was probably the gamekeeper's daughter," snorted Wendell from Harvard.

Wendell could not be blamed for his scepticism. Wann's boasting, before he went away, had become notorious throughout the entire battalion. He had told of his family, of their garage full of motor-cars, their servants, their dinners, in such a blatant and preposterous way that if you believed him you had to consider him to be, at least, the son of a Midas, and also to accept as fact that the American upper middle class was more preposterous than you had supposed. He had, he said, taken degrees at half of the better-known universities in America, he had been every conceivable place, from Siam to Nome. And he was not yet thirty. He never said simply that he knew any one. If you happened to name a person of national importance he would say: "Yes, I know him. I know him personally." His pretensions were palpably false, his speech, his name, yet you always had a feeling of hesitancy in believing his tales to be lies. What if they weren't lies, you wondered. For you felt, perhaps, that anything could happen in America.

But this last, this affair with the French girl of royal blood, on which he was always elaborating as we waited back there in our billets ready to return to the front, seemed to contain no truth at all. He was unattractive physically, and his head was a hodgepodge of misinformation. His shoulders were as graceless as a half-filled sack of potatoes, his large nose splattered all over his face, and his hair was never combed. How, one wondered, would it be possible for a woman to have any feeling for him at all? We had, though, a degree of sentiment for Rintintin, so we were loath to accept the fact that Wann had bought it. It was one of those stubborn, disagreeable facts like admitting that people bought Croix de Guerre and said they had been decorated. Yet, in the end, we all did agree that Wann's story was sheer cock-and-bull. And there the matter rested.

We were supposed to have been withdrawn from the front lines to rest, but announcement of our daily activities, put up each morning on the bulletin-board on the old French house which was being used as headquarters, did away with this supposition. Reveille sounded at seven o'clock, the equivalent of taps went at nine. Between seven in the morning and nine in the evening we went through

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setting-up exercises, close-order drill, skirmish drill, practised rushing machine-gun nests, washed our clothes, stood inspection—in short, our legs were given exercise and our tongues something to grumble about, making the front seem pleasant in comparison with our arduous rest camp.

One morning, as we were standing in formation in the company street, between the rows of mutilated stone houses, squatting low beneath the steel-gray corrugated sky, the command "Squads right," which sent us in a column of fours down the street to the level drill grounds beyond, did not come. And, shivering in the late October air, we waited, growing more restless every moment. The company had been reported all present or accounted for, the brief inspection was over, and the ranks were closed; but still we waited, moving our feet about, turning our heads to the right and left, mumbling to one another in indistinct voices. Sharply, the warning voice of the first platoon commander bawled out: "Platoon 'shun," and a scraping of feet was heard all along the line as the men straightened the company front. By tilting the body forward it could be seen that our vulturous friend the brigade commander was paying us a visit. Slowly and measuredly he tramped along our front, his chin tucked in the collar of his coat, his hands behind his wide back, his wiry eyebrows meeting in a bristling line above his bulbous nose.

Silence.

"Give your men 'At ease,' Mr. Powers," he called out to the company commander.

Reluctantly, we assumed nonchalant positions, sensing some kind of a trap. "Company attention," the brigade commander called in his slovenly way. Prepared, our heels came together with a click.

The brigade commander seemed a very stern, very important personage as he stood there before us, his feet apart, one hand still behind his back, the other holding a paper in front of him, in his Napoleonic way. The manner in which he cleared his throat was ominous.

"When you men came over here, nearly a year and a half ago, you weren't fit to be called parade-ground soldiers even, except for the scant number of regulars which made up the basis of the regiment to which you belong. Eight months later, when I took charge of the brigade, you didn't look much better. But since that time, at Château-Thierry, Soissons, and Saint Mihiel, and Blanc Mont, you have had your test. You fooled us all; the Germans, too. From time to time you have been read citations of your valor, from the commander-in-chief of the American Expeditionary Force, from the divisional commander, and from French generals also. I've got a message from the divisional commander for you here now. It says:

"'*Men of the Dash Division: You are about to go into action again, to action on a front where one division has already signally failed to advance one foot. . . . The eyes of every division in France are upon you.*'"

The brigade commander cleared his throat, placed the piece of paper in his pocket, and walked away. Shortly, Captain Powers addressed the company with the announcement that there would be no drill that day, but that we were to remain in our billets, ready to leave at any moment.

"Company dismissed." Slowly we wandered back to our billets.

In our own billet every one was so deathly still I felt that if some one didn't soon speak it would be hard telling what might happen. "Well, it's up and at 'em again," I said to Hannah at last. But Hannah was lugubrious in the extreme, and my careful, jocularly intended little phrase struck him unpleasantly. "Yeh," he said solemnly, owlishly. "And if we come back it's up an' at 'em again. That's all we've been doin': blood and corruption ever since last April." Not to be a Pollyanna, but merely to assure myself, I suggested: "It will be winter soon and then, if the war's not over, they'll take all the good divisions down in Southern France to get ready for the spring drive." Hannah looked at me blankly, then wearily. "Be yourself," he chided. "We'll never get any rest this side of hell."

"Snap out of it," I pleaded. "I thought you were a soldier. If Tom Wann hears you he'll start running and never stop."

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Hannah looked toward a corner of the billet where Wann was half kneeling on the floor, fumbling with the straps of his combat pack. The perception may have been false, but every contour of his Leviathan-like body seemed to be quivering with nervousness. All of the men were busy at their packing, judiciously eying their equipment in the interests of lightening their load, but Wann seemed obsessed with the task. Keeping his back to all of us in the room, he continued to play with the buckles and straps of the khaki-colored carrier, rolling and unrolling his blanket, visibly puzzling over whether he would take along his extra pair of shoes or whether he would give them to some one else.

"I'll bet his heart's between his teeth this very minute," said Hannah, and chuckled. "The great big dummy."

Having exhausted the resources of his pack as a means for employing his time, Wann turned around while we were still unobtrusively regarding him. Fear of death was stamped as plainly on his face as if it had been kicked there by a Prussian boot.

It was as if he knew without doubt that he would be killed soon.—Page 376.

Hannah nudged me, speaking under his breath: "He looks kinda peaked." And I thought of Hilaire Belloc's verse of the bad little boy who detested being eaten by the bears.

The time came for our midday ration of blood-colored stew, but still the order had not been given for us to be ready to be on the march. We were all a little nervous. Conversation was as forced as if each suspected the other of being General Pershing in disguise. After a while talk was entirely abandoned, the men sit-

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ting stiffly and glumly beside their equipment.

It was four in the afternoon and beginning to grow dark when the order came for us to fall in within five minutes. The clatter of hobnailed shoes on the old stairways of the houses in which the men were billeted was not very brisk. And as we swung off, down the unlighted street, we were all silent except for one of the men who called out despairingly: "My God, are we going to walk!"

When midnight came and the sky, the horizon, and the earth were all welded fast into an impenetrable sable sheet, we were still on the dogged, silent march. And as we proceeded through the solid blackness—it was so dark you couldn't see the man in front of you—we heard muttering from the side of the road on which we were moving. The owners of the voices, of course, could not be discerned. The voices themselves seemed to come from nowhere, yet almost at our sides. It was irritating to hear those strange half-intelligible mutterings, to feel presences, thick about us, and not to know who they were. It gave an eerie quality to the night. And as we advanced through the blackness, grown almost palpable, a feeling of dread, of horror, wrapped itself about us like a heavy cloak. When I would raise my foot from the ground in a forward stride I would have this peculiar sensation of something ghastly being between my foot and the ground. It made me squeamish, caused me to hesitate, sweatily, to put my foot back on the ground. Now and again some one, fearing that he had become lost from the line of march, would cry out chokingly, begging to be assured that he was near his companions. Then, too, from our right and left, and sometimes from behind us, would come the sharp red flash of a shell leaving one of our pieces of artillery and hurtling over to the German lines. The ear-drum-battering explosion was frightening, shocking, and we would recoil, in fear, with the gun, but the flash of light would give us momentary orientation. Then blackness again, and the timorous plodding of weary feet on the road which was somewhere beneath. It was a cold night, almost November, but for some odd reason drops of sweat kept creeping down my face from the padding of my steel helmet. And, queerly, I fancied the perspiration to be red in color. When, in the name of God, I wondered, would the night ever cease? Where were we going? And from that time onward I had the illusion that we all were walking blindly into the German front line in close order.

It lightened, but no more than the suggestion of a shade. Only light enough for me uncertainly to apprehend the narrowness of our path and the tangled tree limbs clutching at one another overhead. The trees were jammed together in an unbroken wall on either side, it appeared, and the lack of air was so stifling that I felt like a man in a vault the immense door of which had slammed shut. I was brought to a sudden halt by bumping into the man in front of me, the shock of contact being so great that my throat closed and I could only whisper: "What is it?" And while I was waiting for an answer, the command was passed back for us all to stand fast. The order meant but one thing to me. That was that our guiding officer had lost his way and had just discovered that he was leading us directly and precipitately into the German lines.

You could feel the tremor and the tension of the line as it stood there waiting in the night. The damned fools, I ragingly thought, why don't they do something, why don't they give us about face and let us get out of this? And as I stood there wondering, I felt the line swaying, moving to the right of the path, and heard one of the officers coming, reiterating a command in a low voice. "Deploy in the woods and swing forward," I made out as he approached and passed me, going on down the line.

Somehow, as I prepared to follow out the order and wormed my way through the woods, I found myself beside Tommie Wann, who grasped at my arm and hoarsely asked: "What's up, fellah, what's up?"

He knew as much as I about the manœuvres, and I told him so.

"You think I'm yellah, doncha? You think I'm nothin' but wind?"

He embarrassed and exasperated me. "Shut up. I don't think it of you any more than I do of myself."

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With a start, I saw an olive-drab uniformed body lying motionless not ten feet from me.—Page 377.

"Then why won't you tell me where we're goin'? You think I've got no guts, that's why."

"You damned idiot!" I fairly shouted. "Because I don't know where we are going any more than you do."

He caught my arm and turned me toward him, reaching out his other hand. "Shake," he said solemnly. And as he spoke, with his face close to mine, I could smell enough cognac on his breath to have run an automobile to Jericho.

"Come on," I said, "and shut up, we're on some kind of a reconnoitring party and we've got to keep quiet. Can you remember that?" By this time I knew

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well enough that we were in attack formation and that it was only a matter of minutes before we sighted the enemy. But I feared to tell him that.

Each moment it was growing lighter; I could now see the buttons on Wann's jacket, and in a short while it would be daylight. Ahead of us the woods thinned a little, and as Wann and I broke through the thickness we saw a second lieutenant from one of the other platoons who tightened his wabbling chin long enough to tell us to halt on the line.

There was no dawn that morning; rather the sky attenuated itself until the light showed through its thinness, the sagging sky so easily pierced by the tall-topped trees. We stood waiting for about ten minutes. I was able sufficiently to detach myself from the fear of the following to think of Wann. In spite of his drunkenness, his face was already the mask of death. It was as if he knew without doubt that he would be killed soon. Had I felt as he seemed to feel I believe I should have run like a rabbit; but perhaps not; perhaps there is a fascination, a kind of hypnotism that comes with the sight of your own death.

From off near the road came the long shrill blast of an officer's whistle, commanding us to begin the advance. Before the piercing sound had fully died, several violent gusts of Maxim bullets tore at our line. Half gasping, screamingly fearful, I hurried through the woods with the rest of the men, with the muzzle of my rifle pointing in front of me, the stock tightened securely between my arm and side.

Undoubtedly, our attack was a surprise to the Germans. The barrage had been laid back of their support lines, cutting off any means of their sending reinforcements; the attack itself had so quickly followed the barrage and had begun at such an early hour that they were still lying unprepared, pig-like in their dumbness and amazement, when we came upon them. All of them that I could see were heads, helmets, and shoulders, massive shoulders without necks, and helmets which looked like shorn cuspidors turned upside down. Those helmets made an infuriating picture, and I was conscious of putting new clips of shells in my rifle several times before we passed their outposts. It was certain that we would soon encounter their main line of defense, the place where they had dug themselves in, and seeking friendly support I looked back for Wann, calling: "Come on, soldier, don't fall down now." But Wann was not behind me. It came to my mind that he had sprawled to the ground in his drunkenness or else that he had scampered back to safety. "Desertion in the face of the enemy," I thought. "Well, he'll get his for that, the big coward." It seemed strange that my mind could be so detached from the actual danger before me, so that I was regarding my own actions as if I had been the proverbial innocent bystander looking at another person charge through a wood.

I was not wrong in apprehending their strong line of resistance in spite of their surprise. Coming to a thinning of the woods where the grass grew high, our line was struck by a furious fire of bullets whining nastily about our legs. As those of us who were still unmaimed crossed through the grass we saw a short way beyond a long breastwork of yellow, freshly dug clay and, peeping over the top of the new ground, the muzzles of rifles and those thick, hood-like helmets. There was nothing to do but to go forward, to go at them, firing everything you had to fire. Though it did seem impossible that I would ever pass beyond them or that they would retreat.

But the attack had been exceedingly well planned, and admirably carried out. As we were going on, every second winging us to certain death, we heard boisterous shouting on our left, heard the snapping of twigs and the cracking of tree limbs as a great many eager-footed doughboys pushed through the woods upon the enemy in a flank attack. It was the Ninth Regular Infantry and as they swept in, cursing and yelling in a curious mixture of tongues, the Germans rose as one man with their hands above their heads, and crying Kamerad.

The sight of the infantry was glorious, and for a moment I became a spectator. While they herded the quaking prisoners together, sending one American back with ten or twenty Germans, I sat down on a tree stump and looked back over the

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ground which we had just passed, thinking of Wann. "The damned yellow-belly," I thought, "if he had only stuck it out!" With a start, I saw an olive-drab uniformed body lying motionless not ten feet from me. There was something very familiar in the body, in the large hunched shoulders, with one arm thrown in front of him, the other doubled up under him. I turned the body over and saw the face. It was Wann, with a grin on his face that could only be described as beatific. "What the hell!" I thought, knowing now that he had got to the Germans before I had. I turned his body clear over, unbuttoned his jacket, and pressed my ear against the pocket of his khaki-colored shirt to listen to his heart. There was not the slightest murmur. Another way of determining death came to my remembrance—the mirror before the lips. But I had no mirror, and, detaching my bayonet from the muzzle of my rifle, I held the blade before his blue blood-drained lips, hoping to see its whiteness become clouded. Evidently Wann was dead; there was not the least moisture on the bayonet blade although the day was cold.

I was sorry, ashamed at having misunderstood him. My only atonement was to collect his valuable possessions, his keepsakes, his mementos, his watch, and send them to his family with a brief account of his death. Otherwise some ghoul robber would take them himself, and Wann's family would have nothing to remember their son by, not even his watch or his bill-fold. From his inside jacket pocket I took a sheaf of letters, postmarked from a lower Indiana town, and addressed, one in pencil and two in ink, in straggly unscholarly hands. The watch in his pocket was of cheap gold plate, stopped running long ago, and fastened to the heavy brass chain was one of those nickel cigarette-lighters purchased from the French. In another pocket were two French post-cards, of broad-hipped nude cocottes, the kind that are sold in cafés by fat old hags. Where, I wondered, was Rintintin? Or was the story but a momentary fancy with him, permitting him to throw away the doll after he had exhausted its dramatic value? Something stiff and clinching about his arm, the one thrown forward in front of him, caused me to look at his hand. It was tightened into a fist, and protruding from it, the hand already blue, was this bit of gay-colored cloth unquestionably being a part of Rintintin. The button of the left pocket of his jacket was unfastened. With that to assist me I could easily visualize that his last act had been to clutch at this doll, and hold it tight no matter what happened. Gently I straightened his big fingers, and dropped the doll into the khaki handkerchief into which I had deposited the watch, the post-cards, and the letters.

Nine days later the armistice was signed, the actuality of which was manifested to us only in the following ways: we knew that the artillery of both sides was silent, that we were permitted to build bonfires to keep ourselves from freezing in the damp November weather, and that we could smoke at night if we could get the tobacco. But I give you my word that the armistice meant very little to us. Where was the release from a year and a half of privation, of hunger, cold, and misery? In lying on the damp ground under shelter tents, chilled and with less than half enough to eat? In listening to new officers, recently come to the battalion from some training-school in the service of supplies, thinking up disagreeable duties for us merely to show their authority? In thinking of a lonely hard march to the Rhine while the bells were ringing in New York and Paris? No, we would rather have reached Berlin with our rifle-barrels hot and smoking.

It was not enough, apparently, that we were combat troops. At least that fact was not sufficient to prevent us from being mustered into the service of grave-diggers. Five days after the signing of the peace found us with picks and shovels, making deep rectangular holes in the stiff clay ground for the proper burial of the dead. Our only consolation was that we were doing it for our own men and not for the fallen of some other division.

For bleakness the day will remain unsurpassed. The sky was granite, the earth was a vast continuance of drabness, even the stones which our picks occasionally turned up were of a dull mouldiness.

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And on top of it all were the bodies in boxes which had been lifted from their transient graves to be put in a place of greater permanence. It was the kind of weather during which the cost of inactivity is shivering, yet it was not bracing enough for one to wish to work hard. Another discomfort was our not having gloves; the moist clay would get into the chapped places on the backs of our cold hands. The distaste, the loathing with which we regarded those wooden boxes! Most of the dead we had not known, but now and again we would find an identification disk of aluminum, fastened to the box, which bore the name of a soldier who had been with us long. And then it was worse than ever. Here was a man who was among us once—dead and gone, and we had stopped fighting apparently to dig graves.

"All right, you hear me, snap it up," called out the new sergeant, now in command of our pleasant little excursion. "We gotta git this done some time."

We continued working, plunking with the picks and scraping with the shovels, and whenever the depth of the hole satisfied the officious sergeant, we dropped our tools and lowered one of the boxes into the freshly dug grave. We continued steadily for some time, saying little, causing the sergeant to believe that he had dominated our spirits completely. As we were finishing one of the holes the sergeant commanded: "All right, that's deep enough. Drop it in."

We dropped our picks and grappled with the box. By this time we had become pretty tired, and, as we were lazily taking hold of the box, little Brown called: "Hey, wait a minute. This is got Tommie Wann's name on it. I didn't know he got bumped off."

"Then I don't know where you could have been all this time," I said. "He was the first to get it. The day we began the attack."

"The hell you say! That's too bad. I'll bet his folks'll take it pretty hard." Philosophically: "Money don't help you none if you git up to the front."

"That's the joke of it," offered Sanderson, who had just been relieved from his job of company clerk in favor of some diabetic friend of the first sergeant that had joined the company after the armistice; "he didn't have any money or any family either."

"You mean to say all that stuff he was handin' us was bull?" asked Brown.

"Well," said Sanderson, "when he kicked off there was nobody to notify but an uncle of his who wrote back that he would like to see Wann get a decent burial but that he hadn't a red to help."

"All right, you birds, get a move on," prompted the sergeant.

We glared at him sourly. Some one told him, very precisely, where to go.

"What do you think of that?" I muttered blankly. "What—do—you—think—of—that!" I felt in my pocket where my hand encountered the handkerchief which held Wann's last possessions. There was Rintintin. And the question arose as to what I should do with it. I could send the letters and the watch to the uncle, but what to do with the doll?

"I don't like to talk mean of the dead, but he certainly was a louse if there ever was one," said Kirk solemnly.

"He died jist as hard as the best man in the regiment," said Brown, as we lowered the box to the grave.

Soon shovelfuls of dirt were scattering dismally on the boards. It was covered up. A mound was made and a home-fashioned Christian cross was placed at the head. The sergeant started to nail the identification disk to the juncture of the cross.

"Here, wait a minute," I said to him. And rather sheepishly I untied the handkerchief and put the doll under the piece of metal.

"Can that," objected the sergeant, "that ain't in the regulations."

"Regulations be damned!" I said. "You leave it there."

Later on Captain Bell, wrapped in a warm army overcoat, strolled among us and, after watching for some moments in silence, ordered the sergeant to give us an hour's rest. A short distance away, halfway over the brow of the hill, was a small café out of which the Germans had been driven and which was now being gleefully operated by its original French proprietor. There was coffee, wine, and, if you knew the owner, cognac. We lost no time in getting to it.

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It was a girl that entered, a tired, timid-looking girl as she stood there in the half-light of the café.—Page 380.

It was warm in the café, and, seated around the rough table on a board or a three-legged stool, we were prepared to enjoy our hour. The sergeant sat alone, with no one to talk to him; most of us had a great deal in common. Brown withdrew a fifty-franc note from his pocket, flourishing it above his head. "What shall I buy?" he asked excitedly, "what shall I buy?"

"Mussear," he called to the short, fat, smiling proprietor, "Cinquante francs pour soif, tres bon, savvy?"

The proprietor clapped his hands and bowed. "Oui, m'sieur, oui oui, toute de suite." He rushed toward the kitchen.

"Where's he goin'?" asked Brown.

He returned in a minute with three cob-webbed champagne bottles, and from his gesticulations and his pleased talk we

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made out that these bottles had been in his cellar ever since the Germans had taken that territory two years before but that he had kept them hidden from them.

We all were properly impressed. Brown handed him the money, which he refused with a fine gesture.

As we were sitting there drinking, the door opened. Mechanically we hid the bottles under the table. But it was a girl that entered, a tired, timid-looking girl as she stood there in the half-light of the café. In her black dress, small black hat, and small, high black shoes, half covered with mud, there was something pathetic about her, too.

"Soldat Américaine, monsieur?" she asked Brown fearfully.

"Yes, ma'am," Brown answered with emphasis.

"Connaissez-vous le Capitaine Wann?"

"Who did you say?" asked Brown.

She looked about imploringly, her eyes growing brighter as the proprietor appeared from the kitchen. They talked like magpies for a minute and then the proprietor came over to me.

"Madame . . . mari . . . Capitaine Américaine . . . Tomass Wann."

"Captain?" I asked blankly. Another one of his lies. The girl must have walked twenty miles. How the devil did she get through? So this was the answer. "Capitaine Wann?" I asked, endeavoring to be impressively polite. Brandishing one of my few French words, I added: "Certainement."

She followed me out of the café like an eager little terrier. And as we walked up the hill and she saw the white crosses she clutched at my arm several times, attaining composure almost immediately.

"Voilà," I said, as we stopped before the grave. Very gently she tiptoed to the cross, reading the name, then stopped and began excitedly to clasp and unclasp her small frail hands. "Rintintin!" she cried. "Rintintin," pointing to the doll. For a space she sought among the things in her small hand-bag, then brought out the companion doll, Ninette, which she triumphantly swung before my eyes. She looked at Rintintin again.

Suddenly she crumpled up, as if she had been cut in two, and sat down on the ground so violently that I reached out my arms to assist her.

She was still sitting on the fresh grave, her small head in her lap, her arms about her knees, crying softly to herself, when I slipped back down the hill to the café.

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The Makings of a Cow-Horse

BY WILL JAMES

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM DRAWINGS BY THE AUTHOR

[I been wanting to tell you that I wouldn't be at all surprised if some time you'd hear from some one *claiming* to be a cowboy, and saying that this or that in my articles is not so. Of course I know that's not worrying you any nor me either, and this party doing the knocking may be right, not that I'm wrong cause I'm careful not to be—but first, he may not be no cowboy—second, if he is he might be of another country and of different time—like I say in "Cowboys, North and South." There's a lot of difference in the ways of the cowboy, in each State even.]

A MONTH or so before the round-up wagons pull out, the raw bronc (unbroke range horse) is enjoying a free life with the "stock horses" (brood-mares and colts). He's coming four years old marked by the first signs of spring. A few warm days starts him shedding, and just as the green grass is beginning to peek out from under the snow and living is getting easier, why here comes a long lanky rider on a strong grain-fed horse and hazes him and the bunch he's with into the big corrals at the home-ranch.

He's cut out with a few more of his age and put into a small round corral—a snubbing post is in the centre—and showed where, according to the rope marks around it, many such a bronc as him realized what they was on this earth for.

The big corral gate squeaks open and in walks the long lanky cowboy, he's packing two ropes, one of them ropes sneaks up and snares him by the front feet just when he's making a grand rush to get away from it. He's flattened to the ground and that other rope does the work tying him down. A hackamore is slipped on his head while the bronc is still wondering what's happened, and from the time he's let up for a sniff at the saddle he's being eddicated, so that when the wagon pulls out a few weeks later his first promotion comes, and he's classed as "saddle stock."

From then it's most all up to what kind of a head that pony's got whether he'll get on further than being just a saddle-horse. He may have to be pulled around a lot to get anything out of him towards what he should do, or on the other hand, he may take to it easy and get down to learning of his own accord after his bucking spells are over with.

He'll get all the time he needs to catch onto the new ropes of cow work, and only one thing at a time will be teached to him so that he'll not be rattled, but first, his bucking is what the rider'll object to and try to break him out of, and every time he bogs his head for that perticular kind of orneriness that bronc is apt to get his belly-full of the quirt.

But the cow-foreman has no place on the outfit he's running for any such hombre what don't treat the ponies right, and if a cowboy is kept on the pay-roll what naturally is rough on horse-flesh he'll get a string of horses cut to him that's just as mean as he is and fight him right back, or even go him one better whenever the chance shows up.

There's horses though that has to be rough handled, born fighters what'll do just the opposite of what they should do to be good; they want to be ornery and them kind calls only for the real rough bronco fighter what'll fight 'em to a finish.

Them's the kind of horses what makes up a "rough-string"; every cow outfit has 'em. Them horses'll range in age from five-year-old colts what craves fighting on up to fifteen and twenty-year-old outlaws; they most always keep one man in the hospital steady, and when he comes

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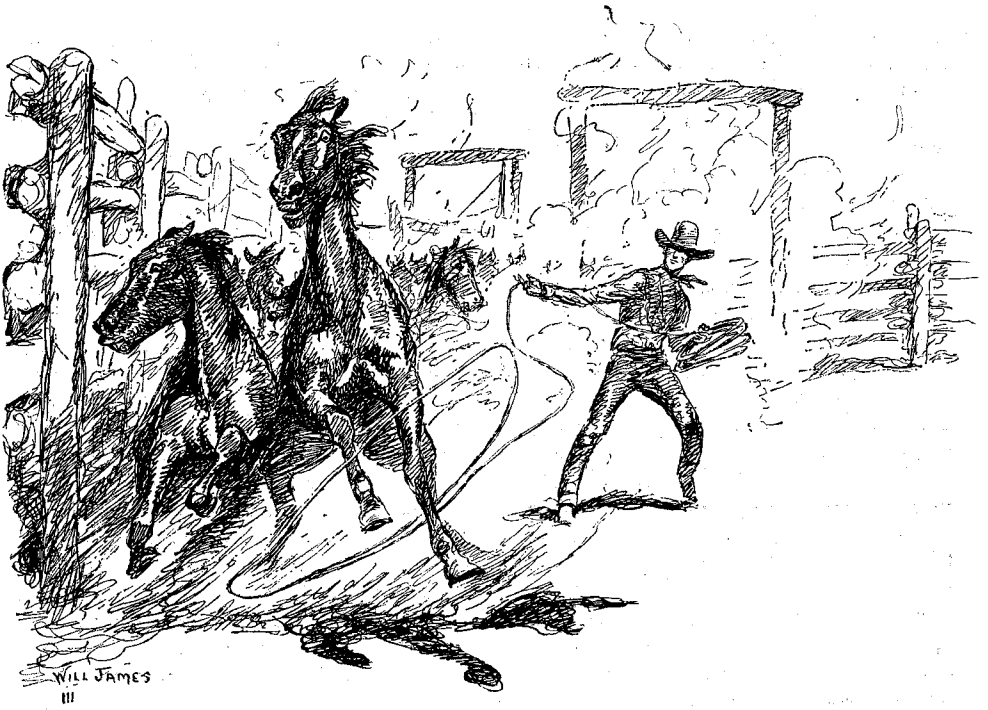

One of them ropes sneaks up and snares him by the front feet just when he's making a grand rush to get away from it.—Page 381.

out the other man is about due to take his place either with the nurses or the angels.

The good, patient "bronc twister" what takes pains to teach the bronc to be good and be a real cow-horse don't as a rule have anything to do with the "rough-string"; his patience and ability with horses is too valuable to the company to have it go to waste on outlaws. So his work comes in on the uneddicated colt (the raw bronc), trying in all ways to hold the good what's in him, at the same time keeping his spirit intact, and talk him out of being ornery, if he can.

Like for instance, that long lanky cowboy and the raw bronc I mentioned in the first part of this writing; they both have a mighty good chance of getting along fine with one another. If they do, that same bronc'll be rode out on circle and learn the ways of the critter, when later on he'll be turned over to another hand. The older cowboy, what's past hankering for "rough edges" on them broncs, will then take him and proceed to ride and help him along with his learning.

Then's when the good or the bad in him will come out to stay; at that time he knows the human enough to tell what to expect, and if he wants to be good he's got a mighty good chance, the same if he wants to be bad, for this older hand is not hankering to get in no mix-up; the pony feels that, and *if* he's bad at heart he'll sure take advantage of it and buffalo the older cowboy to turning him loose or else buck him off in the hills somewhere.

If he succeeds in running his bluff once he'll feel sure that he can do it with every man what tries to handle him, and if he can fight wicked enough it might be hard to show him different. Consequences is, if that confidence ain't taken out of him right sudden it'll take hold on him with the result that he lands in the "rough-string" and the promotion stops there, one more what has to be tied down before he can be saddled.

But, being as I said before that this raw bronc and the long lanky cowboy had mighty good chances of getting along fine, I'll let the good win out the same as it did

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with this perticular little horse I been trying to write about ever since I started this.

This little horse weighed around eleven hundred pounds and all in one hunk; what I mean is each part of him knowed what the other part was going to do and followed up according, without a kink nowheres. In bucking, or running, he'd make you wonder if he was horse-flesh or dynamite. Just an ordinary horse to look at though, chunky, short back and short ankles, but with a deep chest, and that head promised a lot either way he went.

That day I run him in, throwed him and slipped the hackamore on his head, a name for him came to me just as natural as though I'd been thinking of one for hours. "Brown Jug," and that sure fit him all the way through even to the color; also like the jug he had plenty of "kick" in him.

From the first saddling he didn't disappoint me none, for he went after me and sure made me ride; in order to stay I had to postpone fanning him for a spell and thought I was doing real well to be able to do that much. It was just my luck that none of the boys was around to see me put up such a ride on such a horse; I told 'em about it, but, to the way it struck me, that was mighty tame compared to how it really was, and the next day when some of them boys happened around just as I was climbing Brown Jug again, the little son of a gun just crow-hopped around and acted like he loved me and my rigging most to death.

He bucked at every setting each day after that for about ten days; then one day as I was going through the corral gate to give him his daily "airing," he "went to pieces" right there at the gate, and where it was slick with ice he fell hard and flat on his side and smashed one of my stirrups.

Naturally the first thing came to my mind was to hold him down for a spell and see if I was caught anywheres in the rigging. I wasn't. Then I thinks that now would be a good time to teach *his kind* of a horse how bucking wasn't at all nice, so I proceeds to tie him down. That don't hurt a horse, only his feelings, specially so when interrupted that way in the middle of the performance.

I'd whipped him some while bucking a few days before and I found out before I was through that his kind had to be handled different, cause he bucked and showed fight all the way through and never let up till he was tired out, then he went to sulking. After that I watched my chance for some other way to break him out of it.

My chance came when he fell and I didn't let it slip by. I gave him a good half-hour to think it over, and when I let him up, me a-setting in the saddle, he was

I gave him a good half-hour to think it over.

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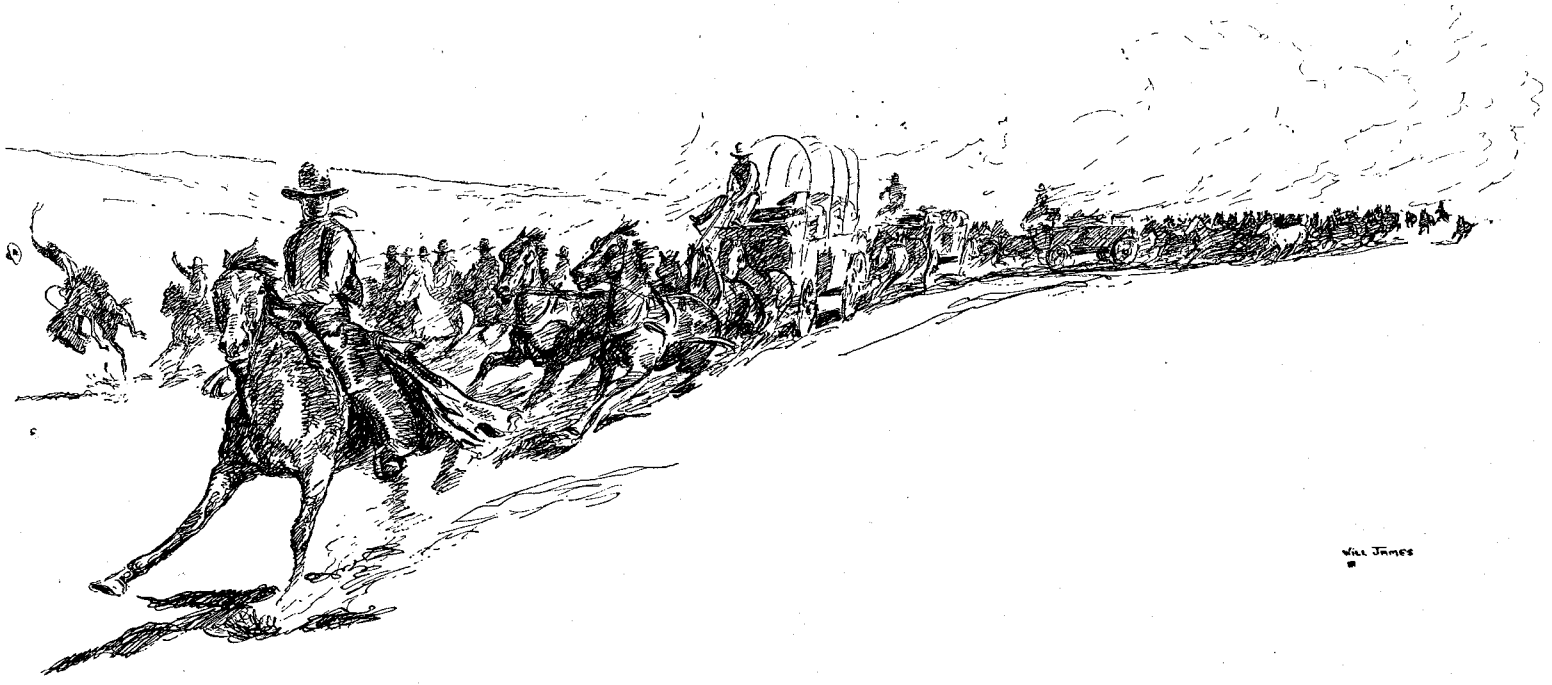

Two more such outfits was to start out soon for other directions and on other ranges.—Page 386.

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glad to get away from the forced rest and be able to stand on his pins again; but he was sure took down a peg and, when I loped him out sudden he seemed to've forgot that was the time he liked to buck best.

There was twelve broncs in my string, each was getting short rides on "inside circle," or at the cutting grounds. Their teaching came right along with the cattle and the average of them colts was coming fine, but Brown Jug was ahead of 'em all and naturally I helped him all the more.

He'd bucked only once since I tied him down and that second time he didn't get to buck like he wanted to then; he'd only made a half a dozen jumps, when I reached down on one rein, pulled his head up and jerked his feet out from under him, laying him down again just when he wanted to be in action the most.

That fixed him for good, and I figgered if he'd ever buck again it'd be when he got cold and wanted to warm up, or when somebody'd tickle him with the spur at the wrong time. Well, if he did it'd only show he had feelings and the kind of spirit that makes the cow-horse.

It was a couple of weeks since Brown Jug'd bucked last; it was out of his system by now and he was beginning to take a lot of interest in the ways of handling the critter. I kept him in my string long as I could; then one day the foreman who'd been watching with an eagle eye the work of every colt I'd been breaking, figgered the "raw edge" was pretty well took off them broncs and fit to be divided up amongst the boys for easy work.

The next morning I'm ready to leave the wagon behind, also the ponies I'd broke, and hit back for the home-ranch on a gentle horse, where I'm to round up another string of raw broncs and start in breaking fresh. But before leaving I manages to get the foreman to one side. "Now Tom," I says, "there's one special little horse in them broncs I'm turning over what has the makings of a 'top-horse' and I'd sure like to see a real good man get him, a man that'll make him what he promises to be. I know Flint Andrews would sure like to have him, and I'm asking as a favor if you'd see that Flint gets Brown Jug."

"You surprise me, Bill," he says, squinting over Brown Jug's way, then back at me, "why I thought all horses was alike to you no matter how good or bad they be; but I guess I thought wrong, and if you'd like to see Flint get the brown horse don't worry about it, he'll get him."

"That's the trouble being a bronc peeler and working for them big cow outfits," I says to my horse as I'm riding along back to the ranch; "a feller don't no more than begin to get interested in the way the colts are learning; and just about the time the orneriness is took out of 'em and they're behaving fine they're took away and scattered along in the other boys' strings, and another bunch of green, raw, fighting broncs takes their place."

I'm at the ranch near three weeks and coming along pretty fair with the new bunch when the wagons begin pulling in. The spring round-up was over with, and three of the four "remudas" was being corralled one after another; cow-horses, night-horses, and circle-horses was being cut out and turned on the range to rest up till the next spring, over five hundred head of 'em, and the other two hundred was put in the pasture to keep going till fall round-up. Them was the colts what'd just been "started" that spring along with the "spoiled horses" what belonged most to the "rough-string," and needed steady setting on in order to make 'em good.

Brown Jug came in with one of the remudas and was looking fine, Flint couldn't get to me quick enough to tell me what a great little horse he was, and how near he could come to being human. "Never kettled (bucked) once," he says, "and I never saw a horse getting so much fun out of beating a critter at her own game as he does; he sure camps on their hocks from start to finish."

A few days later I had a chance to watch him at work. Flint was a-talking away to him and that little son of a gun of a horse seemed to understand everything he said and talk right back with them ears and eyes of his. I was getting jealous of what Flint could do with Brown Jug, and it set me down a peg to see that he sure had me beat in teaching him something. I was alright when it come to starting a colt and taking the rough off

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him, but after that I sure had to take a back seat from Flint.

The boys was rounding up fresh horses and the wagons was getting ready to pull out again, all the corrals was being used and every rider was topping off the horses cut to him; from ten to fifteen head of the big fat geldings is what made a "string," and the company saw that each cowboy had all he needed far as horse-flesh was concerned.

And when the four and six horse teams was hooked on the "chuck," "bed" and "wood" wagons and the big corral gates was opened to let the remuda follow, every cowboy was on hand and ready. "The pilot" (rider piloting the wagon through the roadless plains and breaks) started, the cook straightened out his team and followed with the chuck wagon, then the "flunky" next with the bed wagon, and the "nighthawk" (night herder for the saddle-horses) on the wood wagon took up the swing, then last came the day wrangler bringing up the rear with upward of two hundred head of saddle stock, the remuda.

Fifteen or more of us riders rode along the side, doing nothing in perticular but keeping our ponies right side up till we come to the country where the work begins. The whole outfit moved on a fast trot and sometimes going down a sag you could see the cook letting his team hit out on a high lope, and the rest was more than aching to keep up.

Two more such outfits was to start out soon for other directions and on other ranges. I went along with the first; the broncs I'd just started a few weeks before was in the remuda and on the trail of eddication to the ways of the critter, the same as the bunch I'd took along early that spring.

In this new string of broncs I was putting through the ropes, there was another special little horse what promised to come up along with Brown Jug as a cow-horse. But I was kinda worried, he was *too* good, never bucked once and seemed to try too hard to learn. His kind of a horse was hard for me to make out, cause they was few. I always felt they was waiting for a chance to get you, and get you good whenever that chance showed up.

I figgered a horse with a good working set of brains like he had ought to've done *something*, but all he did do was to watch me like a hawk in every move I'd make; and he was so quiet when I was around that I naturally felt kind of nervous, thinking he might explode and tear up the scenery most any minute.

But he stayed good and kept a-learning fast, and even though I figgered he might be one example of a horse in a thousand, I was still dubious when I turned him and a few others of my broncs over to the boys. I wished he'd bucked, once anyway.

I kept my eye on him, and every time it was his turn to be rode I was always surprised to see how docile he was. The new hand what was riding him made an awful fuss over "Sundown," as he'd called him (he was too much of a puzzle for *me* to name) and the two was getting along better than I ever expected.

With Brown Jug, he was showing a little orneriness now and again, but that was to be expected, and Flint could most always talk him out of it. He done the work though, and was getting so he could turn a "bunch-quitting" critter so fast she'd think she was born that way.

And, if you'd asked me right quick which one of them two ponies, Brown Jug or Sundown, would make the best cow-horse I'd said Brown Jug; on the other hand, if you'd let me think it over for a spell it'd been that to my way of thinking that the two horses don't compare; they're both working fine, but I trust Brown Jug and I can't as yet trust Sundown. Anyway, to put myself in the clear I'd said "let's wait and see."

My broncs being all took away but four, a string of "cut," "circle," and "night" horses are turned over to me and I gets in on circle day-herd and night-guard with the rest of the boys, so now I can watch the colts I'd started get their finished eddication.

Fall was coming on and the air was getting crimpy; the light frosts was turning the grass to brown, and the old ponies was developing a hump in their backs and had to have their bucking space to warm up in before straightening out and tending to business.

For, the good old honest hard-working cow-horse does buck, and buck mighty hard sometimes, specially on cold mornings, but he's never "scratched" for it.

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All that could be got of him was buck, fight, sulk, and stampede.—Page 389.

The cowboy a-setting atop of him will only grin at the perticular way the pony has of unlimbering for the work what's ahead of him on the "cutting grounds." He'll be talked to a lot and kidded along for his "crooked ways," while he's tearing up the earth and trying to be serious in his bucking, and never will either the quirt or the spur touch that pony's hide while he's acting on that way, for him being a cow-horse and at the top of the ladder in saddle stock gives him a lot of privilege.

The cow-horse I'm speaking of here is the *real one*, the same you'd find anywheres, some years ago, even to-day on the big cow outfits to the east of the Rockies and on the plateaus stretching from Mexico to Canada. This cow-horse done nothing but cow work where it'd need a pony of his kind. He never was rode out on circle or straight riding and never was used anywheres outside of on the cutting grounds. All the action, strength, endurance and intelligence that pony has was called for *there*, and the horse that could do that work and do it well was worth near his weight in gold to the country.

I well remember the time, and not so long ago, when you could buy any amount of mighty saddle-horses for from five to twenty dollars a head, well-reined horses

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that could turn a Sonora "yak" quicker than you could wink; and I'll leave it to any cowman what savvies them cattle that that's saying a lot. But there was something them same ponies lacked to make 'em real cow-horses; what they lacked was intelligence, knowing where to be ahead of time when the snaky critter side-winded here or there, and put 'er out of the "main herd" before she had time to double back. Them same ponies depended too much on the touch of the rein; they couldn't see themselves what they should do, and far as they'd get in saddle stock was "dayherd," "circle," or "rope horse."

Where with the real cow-horse, he's the kind what'll work *with* the man, he's got to be able to see what should be done and do it without waiting for the feel of the rein, for sometimes things are done so quick in working a herd or cutting out a critter that the human eye or hand may be too slow, and that's where the instinct of the cow-horse comes in, to pick up the slack. He's got brains enough to know what the cowboy wants done, and he goes ahead and does it.

Man is not all responsible for making the cow-horse what he is; you got to give the pony half the credit, for after all, man only shows him the work and coaches him along some, but the horse himself does that work and will take enough interest in it as to sometimes bite a hunk of rawhide and beef right off some critter's rump if that critter happens to act ornery.

You can see feelings and wisdom all over that pony as he winds in and out through the herd. He goes along with his head straight from the body, not paying no attention to any of the bellering herd around him. The cowboy leaves the reins hanging loose and then, of a sudden the horse is given a sign which is really *no sign at all*, but anyway the pony knows *somehow* that the rider has a critter located and to be cut out; and even though there may be some cattle between him and that certain critter, he has a strong hunch just which one it is; that's enough for the cow-horse to work on.

Such a horse couldn't be bought at all, and many a time I've seen two hundred dollars or more (that was a lot of money then) offered and turned down for the likes, when the other well-reined kind could be got in trade for only a saddle blanket or a box of cartridges. Yessir, you'd had to buy the whole kaboodle, cattle, horses, range, and all, in order to get the cow-horse I'm speaking of here.

And Brown Jug, he was turning out to be just that kind of a horse. That fall after his first summer of eddication with the cow, he showed strong where in a couple more years he'd be a top cow-horse, the kind what's talked about around the cow camps from the Rio Grande to the Yellowstone. Flint was always raving about him and I'd always chip in with "well, look who started him."

Sundown was coming up right along with Brown Jug, and the new hand what was riding him sure used to get into some long sizzling arguments with Flint over them two ponies, but the argument kept neck to neck, same as it did with the horses.

They was both turned out that fall together with the rest of the remuda. That winter was easy on all stock, and the horses was all packing a big fat when spring broke up.

The spring horse round-up brought in near a thousand head of saddle stock, and in one of the corrals with other horses I got first glimpse of Brown Jug and Sundown. They'd been pals all winter and where one went the other followed; if one got into a scrap the other helped him and they sure made a dandy pair.

Flint'd been complaining of getting old and stiff for a week or so past, and when he seen Brown Jug acting snorty he mentioned it again, and a little stronger this time. Finally I took the hint and told him I'd top him off for him if he wanted me to. "Sure," he says, "I don't mind."

Well sir, that little horse gave me a shaking up the likes I never had before or since, and when he finally quit and I got off, I was beginning to feel old and stiff myself, but I rode him again that afternoon and took it out of him easy enough. The next day he was all right and Flint rode him away.

In another corral something was more than raising the dust, and soon as I see what causes it, I don't lose no time to climb the poles and get there. Sundown had "broke in two" *at last.* The new

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After he put a couple of boys in the hospital and come damn near getting me, he was put in the "rough-string."—Page 390.

hand was having it out with him but he had no chance. Somehow he stayed on though and when the horse quit he fell off like a rag.

I takes a turn at that horse and tired as he is he sure makes it interesting, and I don't find no time to use the quirt. He finally quits again and I was mighty glad of it. He's standing with legs wide apart, fire in his eyes and puffing away like a steam-engine and when I tries to move him out of his tracks, all I gets is a couple more hard stiff jolts. He's mad clear through and I know there's no use trying to make him do anything just then.

From then on he was just as bad this spring as he was good the spring before. All that could be got of him was buck,

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fight, sulk, and stampede. He was no more interested in anything else, and after he put a couple of boys in the hospital and come damn near getting me, he was put in the "rough-string."

I wasn't surprised to see him turn out that way; if anything, I kind of expected it. For even though I've seen a *few* what never bucked on first setting and stayed good all the time, I always figgered there was something wrong with 'em and could never trust 'em till I knowed for sure.

I quit the outfit that year, right after the spring round-up was over, and it was a couple of years later when I rode back into that country. The spring round-up was in full swing and a herd was being "worked" a little ways from camp.

I rides over, and there was Flint and Brown Jug working *together*, and doing the prettiest job of cutting out I ever saw. A long-legged and long-horned staggy-looking critter was being edged to the outside of the herd, and I could see that critter had no intentions of being put out of that herd, none at all.

Pretty soon an opening shows up, and Brown Jug come pretty near seeing it quicker than Flint. Anyway that critter was stepped on from there and put out before she knowed it. She tries to turn back, but the little horse was right on hand at each side step, when of a sudden Brown Jug stumbles. His foot had gone down a badger hole and he come near turning over. Flint quits him, and when the little horse straightens up the bridle is off his head. All was done quicker than you could think and the critter hadn't had time to get back to the herd.

Then, Brown Jug sees 'er, and, transformed into a lightning streak, he lands on 'er; the fur is flying off that critter's rump and that little horse without man or bridle keeps on as though nothing happened and puts 'er out of the herd, and heads 'er for the cut.

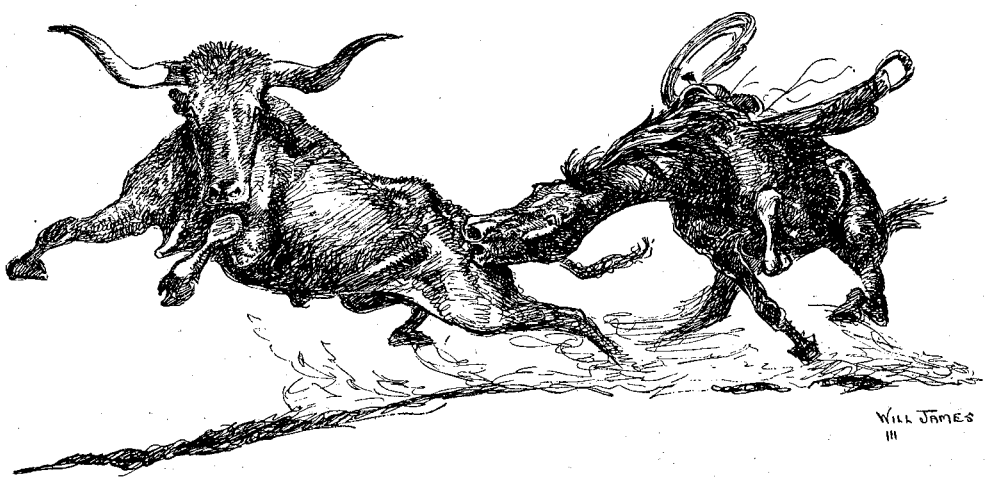
Nobody says anything for a spell, but the expressions means a lot. Then the foreman who'd seen it all kinda grins and says: "If I had a few more horses like that I wouldn't need no men."

A few days later that same foreman piles his rope on Brown Jug, leads him out and puts his own saddle on him. That sure set me to thinking, for even the boss is not supposed to ride any horse the company furnishes you with in your string, and still wondering I looks over at Flint, who's leading out the boss's top horse and putting *his* saddle on him.

I finds out afterwards that they'd swapped, and that Flint was to get his wages raised to boot, but I could see that Flint wasn't any too happy over the trade and I says to him, "I guess you feel about the same now as I did when *I had* to turn him over to you three years ago."

"Yes," he answers, "and worse."

But even at that, we was both mighty proud that we'd helped make Brown Jug what he was, *the top cow-horse of four remudas*.



That little horse without man or bridle puts 'er out of the herd, and heads 'er for the cut.

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Reconstruction in France

WHAT HAS BEEN DONE AND WHAT REMAINS

BY RAYMOND RECOULY
Author of "Foch: The Winner of the War," etc.

THERE are two methods of getting at an accurate idea of the amount of destruction wrought in France by the war and of how much reconstruction has been accomplished during the five years of peace since, together with the manner in which that reconstruction has been effected. The first is the statistical method—an enumeration of the houses, factories, railroads, bridges, highways which have been destroyed, the presentation of interminable lists of figures. This method is undoubtedly the easier, but it is certainly not the better one. Its great drawback is that it is dry, abstract, mechanical. The other method, much more vital, more concrete, consists in taking as an example one or more of those cities which have the most greatly suffered, and reviewing, step by step, its restoration. I should like to begin with Rheims, since Rheims undoubtedly affords the most typical and striking example of the work of reconstruction.

I saw Rheims in all her glory and beauty only a few months before the war. It was in the spring of 1914 while I was passing a few days with a friend, a big wine merchant, who had invited me to visit him. In the galaxy of the most beautiful and the most distinctive cities of France Rheims deserves a special place. Besides the beauty of her public buildings, above all of her cathedral, and the splendid memories of her glorious past, there was something about the place, a leisureliness, an indescribable charm of existence found nowhere else.

Rheims was very old and, at the same time, very modern. In this city of old houses, old streets, old landmarks, her merchants, thanks to the great wool and wine industries, had amassed huge fortunes, which they put to the best uses. Their liberality overflowed to charitable institutions, to civic enterprises, to those associations which had for aim the revival of all forms of sport. Thanks to those generous donors, aviation in France took its start in Rheims. It was at the famous meeting there, toward the end of the summer of 1909, that this new-born science and the progress it had already made were first revealed to an astounded public. Shortly afterward the Marquis de Polignac, head of one of the largest champagne houses of Rheims, built at his own expense an immense "Collège des Sports" near the gates of the city.

Of this magnificent and flourishing city the war, as we know, left literally nothing. Bombarded day and night throughout four years with an unprecedented ferocity, not a house, not a wall was left standing. One could say of Rheims also: *Etiam periere ruinæ.*

Several days before the battle of the Marne, the 30th of August, 1914, I had passed through Rheims with my division in retreat before the Germans. Twelve days afterward I found myself with this same division, now happily victorious, on the vine-covered hills that dominate the city and the valley. It was from that vantage-point that I witnessed, a short time afterward, the burning of the Cathedral, set on fire by German shells dropped upon it all day long with the express intention of destroying it. A scaffolding, which covered one entire side of the Cathedral undergoing repairs, became ignited, and as night drew on began to flame skyward like some gigantic torch. It was a sight that was magnificent and at the same time unutterably horrible.

Shortly afterward my division left to take part in the battle of the Yser, and I did not see Rheims again until the end of the war, when absolutely nothing of it

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remained. Looking at it then, one could not help asking oneself if it were really worth while to try to restore it, if the undertaking were not beyond human power. For, before attempting its reconstruction, it was necessary to clear away the ruins, and this task alone appeared perfectly colossal, terrifying. There were mountains of broken stonework, of bricks and earth and rubble which had to be carted away. But the inhabitants of Rheims, like those of Soissons, of Arras, of Saint-Quentin, of Verdun, did not hesitate an instant. They put their shoulders to the wheel. For more than four years now, at first without even shelter and in spite of insufficient funds and the greatest difficulty in procuring labor and necessary materials, they have been working without a let-up. At the present time at least two-thirds of the work is done.

I have seen Rheims lately and I was amazed at the results achieved. Whole streets have been remade, and those not entirely finished soon will be. Unemployed workmen from all parts of France, from every corner of Europe, from Belgium, Italy, Poland, etc., have been brought to Rheims. Even Chinese, Japanese, Montenegrins, Turks, Brazilians, Argentinians, and Mexicans can all be seen at work there.

In 1914 Rheims had 120,000 inhabitants. Of these 10,000 are dead, 6,000 as a result of the bombardment, 4,000 in military service. By March of 1921 already the population numbered 77,000, 13,000 of whom were foreigners, all workmen living in huts and wooden shacks.

How has this reconstruction been accomplished? The law regulating war indemnities provides that the sufferer shall first present himself, with all the documents bearing on his case, before a county commission which shall pass upon and estimate the damages he has sustained. When this has been done he is given a certificate of indemnity that carries with it the obligation to spend the sum allotted to him for the replacement of what has been destroyed—personal property, factories, etc. This sum is called "*le remploi.*" With it, therefore, he begins the labor of reconstruction and as the work advances the state reimburses him.

This, in theory, is the way it is done. In practice, however, the thing is not so simple, and especially not so quickly accomplished as it seems. To begin with, endless negotiations are necessary in order to determine the losses by the county commission. This estimate having been finally made, the claimant finds himself in possession of "a scrap of paper." Now it isn't paper but money, in the form of bricks, mortar, cement, joists, labor, that he wants. How is he to exchange this piece of paper for all those precious materials which he has need of?

If he has only himself and his own slender resources to rely on, he finds the task extremely difficult, almost impossible, in fact. However, should he be able to begin the work, which presupposes that he has some money at least to start with, difficulties immediately arise when that money has been spent and he presents himself at the "*guichet de l'État*" to be reimbursed for it. It frequently happens that he cannot immediately collect from the government, because, unfortunately, the government does not always possess sufficient funds to pay all indemnities at one and the same time. Far from it, in fact. The claimant is therefore obliged to wait and construction work is halted too, which means a loss, not only of time, but of money.

In order to remedy these serious inconveniences, the interested parties have got more and more into the habit of associating themselves together in co-operative groups, and nowhere are these *co-opératives* as powerful and flourishing as at Rheims, nowhere else do they render such effective service. Their aim is to further, in the interests of their members, all work relative to the reclamation of their lands, the preparation of their petitions, the payment of damages, the execution and oversight of all reconstructive work. The most important of these co-operative groups is the one of which the Marquis de Polignac is president. It was incorporated October 7, 1919, with a membership of 2,500 war victims, owners of 4,500 buildings, of which 2,500, capable of being restored, and 2,000 to be entirely reconstructed, represented a total value of 400,000,000 francs.

At the beginning of the year the state advises each union of the amount which

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can be advanced to it quarterly, and as the disbursement of the loan is accounted for the state renews it. The money in hand, the *co-opérative* divides it equitably among its members, sometimes resorting to a drawing of lots to decide who shall be the first beneficiary.

These associations have a corps of experts, legal counsel, contractors, and architects, who, instead of working for their clients separately, group them and work for one group after the other. In that way they can cut down considerably on the total expense—an economy by which all members profit. They know that, once the work is under way, they will be repaid in full on a certain day and they are sure that the work will not be stopped or even delayed.

These co-operative associations, so advantageous for the war sufferers, are not less so for the state itself. They relieve the state by assuming entire responsibility for all work undertaken. The government realizes this so fully that it has legalized the organization of these unions in all the devastated regions under two laws, that of August 15, 1920, and that of July 12, 1921.

The Marquis de Lubersac, senator from the Department of the Aisne and president of the General Federation of Co-operatives, recently declared that, "without these associations, I am convinced that the greater part of our cities and villages would never have been rebuilt."

These unions are, in every respect, the result of private initiative. Individuals, those deeply interested, conceived and realized the idea. The state limited itself, under a uniform law, to legalizing what had already been done everywhere. These co-operative associations, grouped by *arrondissements*, have formed unions, and these unions in turn constitute departmental federations which banded themselves into a vast general confederation in January, 1921, of which M. de Lubersac is president.

At the present moment there exist more than 1,600 of these regularly organized *co-opératives*. They are always in touch with the minister of the *Régions Liberées*, the Union of Associated Architects and the National Building Federation. Each is autonomous, but all work together in harmony, closely united in method and action, the result of which is to make them immensely effective.

It is the first time that it has been possible to form so powerful and well-organized a labor-union in France. Up to the present time, France has remained the stronghold of individualism, especially among the agricultural and peasant classes. Only a frightful cataclysm, unprecedented in history, could force them to abandon that individualism and make them realize the necessity and the benefits of co-operation. Even when the reconstruction of the devastated regions shall have been accomplished, it is certain that the results of this great lesson in united effort will continue to be felt. And, having once experienced the benefits of co-operation, the French will infallibly introduce it into other branches of industry —production, the marketing of manufactures, etc. Undoubtedly there will be, in that respect, a considerable change in the habits, the methods, and the character of the French middle classes.

Perhaps no government was ever confronted with a problem of such magnitude as was the French Government at the end of the war, in November, 1918, when it faced the necessity of reconstructing the devastated regions. From the economic point of view those devastated areas alone represented a fifth part of all France; they paid a fifth of the taxes. Now, everything had to be done for them; factories, railroads, highroads, houses had to be remade, fields reclaimed. Just how was the government to tackle this tremendous problem? Where should it begin? What was the best method to follow?

The adoption of a plan of work was, of itself, immensely important. On it depended, in great part, the speedy accomplishment of results. Obviously each victim of the war wanted the work of reconstruction to begin with himself. Those whose houses had been destroyed set up a great cry to have houses built for them, or, in default of houses, shelters of some sort, at least. The peasants were eager to go back to their villages, even if they had to live in caves, under the earth, like troglodytes. The manufacturers whose plants had been destroyed, and

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the men whom they employed, were no less anxious to see the factories rebuilt.

The government, inspired above all by M. Loucheur (Minister of Industrial Reconstruction), decided to concentrate all efforts and all financial aid first on the replacement of manufacturing machinery. As a result of the destruction of this machinery, production of French goods had greatly declined, and quantities of merchandise had to be imported that formerly had been articles of domestic manufacture. It was therefore decided to rebuild, as quickly as possible, the destroyed industrial plants. This decision was the wise and logical one, for by putting the factories into commission once more, not only would the balance of commerce be restored, which had been constantly unfavorable to France during the war, but it would tend to relieve unemployment everywhere. From the economic as well as the social point of view, therefore, the results were bound to be most advantageous.

In practice, however, certain abuses crept in, as is always the case in the manipulation of such large sums of money. For example, certain factories were rebuilt that, perhaps, were not absolutely necessary, simply because economic conditions had so greatly altered during and after the war. But both in principle and in detail the plan of M. Loucheur, as well as the method of its accomplishment, for which he was responsible, were beyond criticism.

Now, all the factories in the northern and eastern parts of France had been destroyed, some by the fortunes of war, others—a very large number—by the express design of the Germans, anxious by such means still further to hamper the French economic revival.

This wanton, systematic destruction, of which numberless and irrefutable proofs could be cited, attested, moreover, by eye-witnesses—French, English, American, neutral—is a fact which cannot be too greatly stressed. It constitutes the moral factor in the material problem of reparations. It creates a solemn obligation on the part of Germany to make reparation according to her ability and, on the part of France, a certain right to demand and obtain such reparation. Everything that the Germans did not destroy they took out of the country with them. Machinery, looms, taken apart, piece by piece and carefully packed, were forwarded by a special organization from the other side of the Rhine.

As soon as the plan for reconstruction was settled on, work was begun. The government made the first advance loans and the work was pushed rapidly forward. Here are some striking figures in regard to it:

The number of factories destroyed reached a total of 22,900. At the present moment more than 20,000 have been put into working order—which means that reconstruction of that particular kind is almost entirely finished. Since the first of November, 1921, that is to say, less than three years after the Armistice, half the number of laborers usually employed were at work once more in the reconstructed factories.

At the same time that the factories were in process of being rebuilt, it was necessary to repair all facilities for transportation so that commercial intercourse might be resumed. The number of kilometres of roads to be repaired reached the formidable total of 53,976—about 33,000 miles. By the first of October, 1921, less than two years after beginning work, more than half of these roads had been remade. The number of bridges, viaducts, tunnels, etc., destroyed or damaged was 4,077. At the present time almost all have been restored, and the same is true in regard to the canals and navigable waterways.

Agriculture, as every one knows, is, together with manufactures, one of the principle sources of wealth in France. The even balance between agricultural production and manufacturing production, which in other countries, England and Germany, for example, does not exist, in France, on the contrary, is perfectly maintained. That is one of the things on which one can most surely rely for the economic revival of the country.

All who visited the devastated regions shortly after the Armistice know the melancholy, lunar-like aspect of the countryside, with its bare fields, destitute of all vegetation and ploughed into deep craters by German shells. Tons of metal, in-

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extricable tangles of barbed wire buried in the earth or lying along the surface, not to mention the numberless unexploded shells constituting a perpetual danger to the farmer, all rendered the land unfit for cultivation.

It was face to face with this scene of desolation that the unfortunate victims of the war found themselves when, immediately after the German retreat, on the very heels of the Allied armies, as it were, they returned to the villages which many of them had not seen for four years. Everything they had left was gone. Houses, furniture, all, even to the fields themselves, had disappeared.

The French novelist Roland Dorgelès, author of one of the most beautiful books of the war, "Les Croix de Bois" (Wooden Crosses), has also written one of the most beautiful books of the post-war period—"Le Réveil des Morts" (The Awakening of the Dead). Above and beyond its literary merit, this book is, in a way, a historical document. The life of the devastated regions, that agitated, feverish, tumultuous life, thrilling with cries of suffering or of anger, or outbursts of joy, has been delineated for us by this author, preeminently skilful in picturing crowds and stirring the masses. In this respect there is something about Roland Dorgelès which recalls Zola—the Zola of the best epoch, of "Germinal," for example.

Dorgelès has taken the trouble to study at first hand the *milieu* which he proposed to depict. He mingled with the throngs of peasants and workmen who, immediately after the Armistice, swarmed into the devastated regions. He paints no rosy pictures—they are vitriolic, on the contrary. Every revolutionary instinct in him, every ardent feeling of revolt, drove him to scourge injustice and abuse. But the impression that we get of the picture as a whole is that of a splendid reflowering of life. After having been for four years the field of battle, the domain of desolation and of death, these devastated regions, only just abandoned by the soldiery, are invaded by civilians of all sorts and conditions, some swayed by greed, some by love of their native soil, who all throw themselves into the work with savage intensity, triumphing over all obstacles, restoring to prosperity, little by little, all that appeared forever lost and abandoned.

Feel the force of this picture in Dorgelès's novel:

> The beginning of this springtime of peace in the devastated countries was tragic. It seemed as if Misfortune had enthroned herself there, having found in these ruins a setting to her taste.
>
> The sufferers had nothing, knew nothing. One only waited.
>
> All, on arriving, seemed like emigrants setting foot on foreign shores. For them it was the commencement of a new life. Confidence gave them strength, and they longed to set themselves to the work so that it might the sooner be finished. But their poor efforts were of so little avail in this immense chaos that discouragement quickly overtook them. . . . Even more than the barrenness of the land and the inclemency of the seasons, their complete isolation—that terrible feeling that the soldiers at the front experienced of being cut off from the rest of the world, of forming a people apart, far from the happiness of ordinary men—reduced them to utter despair. No one went near them to assure them that others were working for them. . . .
>
> They might have risen in revolt or, at the end of their courage, have left it all and gone away, no matter where. But not one faltered, not one turned back. . . .
>
> Without the barest necessities, warming themselves in their huts by the aid of trench stoves, moving the bed from one corner to the other out of the way of the rain trickling through the leaky roof, the fountains no longer flowing, most of the streams dried up or turned from their channels—in spite of all, they clung to their desert with a sort of despair, a blind expectancy.
>
> Nothing could destroy their courageous endurance. Craonne was reoccupied, the farms at Laffaux were once more tilled, Berry-au-Bac revived, and at Sancy, where a man was head and shoulders taller than the highest wall left standing, they dragged the corpses from the cellars that the living might sleep in them.
>
> Looking at these pygmies attacking veritable mountains of ruins, at these peasants unearthing shells to drill their furrows straight, one asked oneself if the spirit of the fallen soldiers did not animate them, if they had not breathed in their dauntless courage with the wind of the front!

In this splendid evocation of Dorgelès, we behold all the tragedy of the devastated regions, the very existence of those peasants who found themselves once again in the midst of their ruined farmlands.

The day on which the law pertaining to war indemnities was passed saw a wave of joy and gladness sweep over that ravished country. Every one believed that the government largess would fall like manna from heaven, that houses would spring from the ruins and that life would

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bloom once more, there where there was only death.

As may easily be imagined, there were many disappointments, many misunderstandings, as a result. But how could it have been otherwise?

Taken as a whole, nothing is comparable with the efforts of the peasants and the results achieved. Those efforts were the more meritorious because they were, for the most part, the efforts of individuals. Often the peasant had nothing to give but his courage and his strength, and he gave of both without counting the cost. Less than a year after the Armistice the fields everywhere were green with crops.

At the end of the war the devastated acreage amounted to 3,170,000 hectares (about 8,000,000 acres). By the first of January, 1922, 2,900,000 hectares, or more than five-sixths of the devastated area, were ready for cultivation, and by the 30th of June, 1923, 3,150,000 hectares, or almost the whole acreage, were under cultivation.

These figures need no commentary. Roughly speaking, all the territory fought over is once more prosperous and fertile.

It is in that part of the front called *la zone rouge* that the efforts of the peasants have been the most wonderful. This "red zone" was the battle-ground, during months and years, over which the most sanguinary engagements of the war were fought. It comprised, for example, the country about Verdun, the Chemin des Dames. The earth, hammered without cessation, day and night, by shells, mines, projectiles of all sorts, was so torn up, so shot to pieces, that the layer of arable land had almost entirely disappeared. Only rock and clay were left. It really seemed utterly impossible that this land could ever again be susceptible of cultivation. At one time it was decided to leave this "red zone" a desert, to make of it a sort of "No Man's Land" where nothing in the future would ever grow.

At the time the boundaries of "the red zone" were fixed—it comprised about 100,000 hectares (nearly 250,000 acres), which was to be bought up by the state—a politician, who knows the French peasant down to the ground, said these prophetic words to me: "You will see that, in a few years, this *zone rouge* will have almost entirely disappeared. The peasants will take over these fields and till them like the rest."

This prophecy is now being fulfilled. On the demand of the rural population, an important part of this land has been turned over to its former owners, who have put it under cultivation once more. At the present time more than half of it is cultivated. Where there is no arable land, trees and evergreens are being planted to form another layer of humus.

After the factories and the farms, the houses. As one sees, the plan of reconstruction followed consists in taking up first the necessary things, then going on to the superfluous ones—if a roof and four walls to protect one from the rain and cold can be considered in the light of a superfluity! But, lacking houses, it was possible to exist, for a time at least, in wooden shacks or huts, and that was, in fact, what most of the war victims did.

When the Armistice was signed, the number of houses destroyed was about 742,000. By January 1, 1922, 355,000 had been rebuilt entirely or in part. Since then efforts in that direction have been redoubled. By June 30, 1923, 590,000 houses, or about five-sevenths of the total number destroyed, had been reconstructed.

The house-building programme has been carried out more slowly, as one can see, than that for the reconstruction of factories or the reclamation of the land. Every one realized that factories and productive farms, the sources of industrial and agricultural wealth, were more important than the housing problem and consequently should take precedence.

The total population of the devastated area before the war amounted to 4,609,286. When the Armistice was signed that number had been reduced to less than half as many—2,075,000. At this moment it is double that, and not more than 400,000 inhabitants are lacking throughout the reclaimed regions to equal in number the pre-war population.

Such, on the whole, is the work done, such are the net achievements. They are the resultant of two forces: governmental co-operation and individual initiative working together harmoniously. One

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could have accomplished nothing without the other.

The state, that is to say the French nation, through her representatives has assumed the entire burden of the losses sustained by the peoples of those particular localities which formed the theatre of war. Such a decision is fundamentally unassailable. It is assuredly not just that a war, participated in by the whole nation, should affect more disastrously certain of the population, simply on account of their geographical position. Why should an inhabitant of Rheims or Verdun who has had his house destroyed, his furniture carried off, suffer this disaster alone—without some citizen of Marseilles or Toulouse coming to his aid? It is only fair that the losses and sacrifices occasioned by a war should be borne, not alone by the inhabitants of three or four departments but by the whole country. Besides this reason founded on principle, other reasons, weighty, convincing reasons founded on facts, rendered it obligatory for the state to see to it that the peoples of the north and east of France should not sustain alone the burden of the war.

During the hundred years that elapsed between 1814 and 1914 France had suffered three invasions. The last of all, that of 1914, was peculiarly frightful because of its destructiveness. If the people who were its victims had been abandoned, left to themselves without help, it is certain that the north and east of France would have remained forever deserted. The inhabitants of those areas would have forsaken them to establish themselves elsewhere in France, in the colonies, or in foreign countries. But those regions are among the richest and most productive in France. It would have been an unpardonable error, a veritable crime, not to reclaim them as rapidly as possible. This restoration, which has been pushed with all speed, constitutes in itself not only a good deed but also good business!

Certain it is that at the time the peace treaty was negotiated, when the law concerning war indemnities was voted, the majority of Frenchmen believed in good faith that it would be Germany who would pay the total cost of reconstruction. And, for the matter of that, Germany could perfectly well have paid the amount, if she had wished to do so. The losses in the devastated regions reached a total of a hundred thousand million francs (paper)—that is to say, about twenty-five billion marks (gold). It is almost exactly the sum which Poincaré, in one of his despatches to the British Government, published by the "Yellow Book," demanded of Germany, aside from the interallied debts.

When it is pretended—a pretense often put forward in German and sometimes in English propaganda—that, first, France has never agreed to any reduction of the indebtedness owing to her, and, second, that she has never definitely fixed the amount of that indebtedness, then one is either genuinely deceived or is trying to deceive others. France has consented to a considerable reduction in her world claims, since, aside from the interallied debts, she only demands of Germany twenty-six billion marks (gold); in other words, just about what she has spent or will spend for the reconstruction of the devastated regions.

The great blunder of the peace treaty was in estimating too highly Germany's ability to pay, and, above all, in having, contrary to the advice of the American Government, included in the payment she was to make not only war damages but war costs—a very grave mistake. But it must be remembered that France was not solely responsible for that mistake—far from it. It was at the urgent demand of England, of Lloyd George, that the costs of the war were added to the losses entailed by the war. Clemenceau and his counsellors were greatly to blame for giving in to Lloyd George on that point, as upon so many others—for example, the question of seizing and hanging the Kaiser, Lloyd George's slogan in the elections of 1919.

The intervention of the French Government in the devastated regions was notable in two ways: first, by the work of cleaning up, of sanitation, and the reconstruction of highways, undertaken immediately after the Armistice; second, by the passage of the law of war indemnities, which automatically placed at the disposition of the victims necessary funds for the work of reconstruction.

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One day lately, meeting Reibel, deputy of Seine-et-Oise and minister of the *Régions Liberées*, I asked him exactly how far reconstruction had progressed. This is his reply, verbatim: "If we work during 1924 and '25 at the same rate and with the same government credit that we have enjoyed this year and the year before, we are safe in saying that in two years' time reconstruction will be about entirely finished."

In five or six years, therefore, France will have brought to a successful termination this formidable task of the reconstruction of the devastated regions—a task that at first appeared to be superhuman. Aside from reimbursements in kind, reparation payments from Germany have scaled down to an exceedingly small amount, as every one knows. For a year now Germany has been paying nothing. And it is just because she has not paid, and has not wished to pay, that France and Belgium, in order to reimburse themselves in part, have been obliged to lay hands on what security they could find, and have, therefore, taken over the Ruhr.

Since no money, or almost none, has come from Germany, it is therefore France, and France alone, who has had to bear the whole cost of her devastated regions. The sum which she has had to advance, up to this time, amounts to about fifty-six billion francs.

It is a stupendous, a crushing burden, which weighs and will continue to weigh heavily on the shoulders of the taxpayers. Moreover, the expense is not through with, for, during the next two or three years, it will still be necessary to supplement constantly the budget of the *régions devastées* in order to finish the work already begun.

Many people, especially abroad, imagine that France, with her great resources, can, after all, carry this burden without sinking under it. They belong in the category of those fortunate ones whom Heaven has endowed with a nature fitted to support the sorrows of others with equanimity!

Now, in this case things are not at all as people imagine. If France has to bear this burden entirely alone—that is to say, if, during the years to come, she receives nothing from Germany—one may be sure that in ten or fifteen years her condition, economic, financial, and even social, will be infinitely worse than that of Germany. It would be practically impossible to prevent a considerable depreciation of the franc, entailing a higher cost of living, which, in a country of small landholders, of small tradesmen, would have consequences much more serious, much more greatly to be feared, than in Germany. I talked of all this recently with Marshal Foch, whom I visit every week or two in his office, Boulevard des Invalides.

Foch is not only a great soldier, he is a profound student of history. Problems of politics, of economics, interest him as much as do military affairs. He weighs them with the same vigorous good sense, the logic, and the clarity which he brings to all questions. Foch, who of a surety is no pessimist (he proved it during the most critical, the most forlorn moments of the war), said this to me:

"I often hear those about me assert that *security* means more to France than *reparations*. Undoubtedly security is essential to us. As long as we hold the Rhine we have nothing to fear from Germany, no matter whether she remains democratic or whether, after a brief delay, she becomes once more monarchist, imperialist, or militarist, which, judging by the way things are going, is apparently not far off. The day that we leave the Rhine we will be in as bad a fix as we were in 1914—perhaps worse, since on the other side of Germany there is no longer a powerful Russia to act as a counterbalance.

"But the payment of reparations is as important to our country as security. One million five hundred thousand dead! France, whose birth-rate is low, has been terribly bled! A formidable debt, which will increase from year to year; nearly all public resources dedicated to the payment of the arrears of this debt; almost no money for public utilities and the costs of production; a manufacturing equipment, worn out, behind the times, not in any way up to the standards of world competition; railroads, canals, harbors, all in bad condition because there is no money for their upkeep; in brief, a country stunted, living on itself, practising Malthusianism, renouncing all possibility of

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development—that is what France risks becoming if she does not obtain all, or part, of the reparations Germany owes her. Let us beware—our race faces extinction!"

These remarks of Foch, which I have quoted almost word for word, certainly set one to thinking. He added this anecdote, which, coming from him, has an especial significance:

"In March, 1918, when the Allies bestowed upon me the supreme command of their forces, at the Mairie de Doullens, our situation was anything but brilliant. At first the English, General Haig, General Wilson, Lloyd George, were constantly asking me: "Supposing you are unable to withstand the German offensive, if you are obliged to retreat, in which direction will you withdraw? Will it be toward Paris or toward the Channel and ocean ports? Which are you ready to sacrifice—Paris or the ports?"

"'I refuse,' I replied with energy, 'to reply to your question, put that way. I shall not impale myself on the horns of this dilemma. I shall sacrifice neither. I will defend *both* Paris and the ports.'

"The English insisted in vain. My reply was always the same—'I shall defend both.'

"I defended both, and it is because I did that we won the war. And," he added, "the French ought to make the same reply when we are asked to choose between reparations and security. We ought to insist on both because one is as indispensable as the other."

All thinking, clear-sighted French people are of the same opinion as the marshal on that matter.

It is because they are of that opinion that the whole country is so deeply interested in the Ruhr question. As for those outsiders who disapprove of this step, who claim that it is not a good plan for obtaining restitution from Germany, let them be reminded of one important thing—that, at the time France decided to occupy the Ruhr, she had no choice. That plan, however many drawbacks it had, was the only one that remained to France. Either she had, under pretext of a moratorium, to consent to receiving nothing from Germany for a long period or she had to risk the occupation of the Ruhr.

But if to-morrow any one, in the old or new continent, should come forward and propose any other method more productive, more practicable, by which France could reimburse herself, rest assured that she would adopt it with joy!

Alfalfa Coming

BY MARK VAN DOREN

RAIN last night has left the field
  Bare as though a goblin kept it;
Inch by inch the fellow kneeled
  And picked it clean; and his wife swept it.

To-morrow morning when I pass
  A million particles will shine,
As if the sky had been of glass,
  And had fallen, shattered fine.

But on the third day will appear,
  Green between me and the sun,
Behind each clod a mouse's ear—
  I shall go softly, lest they run.

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The Apollo d'Oro

BY CLARKE KNOWLTON

ILLUSTRATIONS (FRONTISPIECE) BY CLARENCE ROWE

WHAT should one say to a dying father? Robert Brewster MacKay sat bolt upright in the jouncing taxi and pondered:

At college, when the team had lost, the fellows said: "Better luck next time, old man!" But, somehow, one couldn't say that. . . . What had the boys said when the telegram came? Oh, yes, "Awfully sorry, you know, old chap!" But that didn't sound exactly right either; especially if he were really going to die. . . . Aunt Harriet wouldn't have wired the way she had, though, if it hadn't been pretty serious. . . . Right now in the middle of football season, too. . . . Deuced inconvenient time to get away . . . but of course duty to a father should come first, even if one didn't know him very well. . . . Still, a fellow couldn't be blamed for wishing that the governor had picked some other time . . . no, that wasn't fair! It wasn't the governor's fault.

Wonder what was the matter with him, anyway? Aunt Harriet hadn't said. Come to think of it, the old man had looked pretty stooped and tired lately; but then that was nothing new; why, as far back as a chap could remember he'd been that way! That was the way one always thought of the governor—sitting at the head of the dinner-table sort of quiet and fagged. . . . Probably a fellow ought to have paid him more attention, but somehow one was always so busy. . . . Well, now he was going to die . . . and something had to be said to him. . . . But what was there to say?

Last year, with one's mother, it had been different—but then one naturally knew one's mother better. Besides, she was a Brewster, and there was never any difficulty in knowing what to say to a Brewster. . . . Reliable, that's what the Brewsters were—all of them. They never surprised one—one knew what to expect from them.

But, the governor—he wasn't a Brewster. . . . Always had seemed odd, one's mother having married him anyway. . . . Queer bird, the governor! Always being amused when nobody else could see anything to be amused about. . . . Never could quite tell whether he was joshing or not. . . . And that way he had of looking at people, as if he could tell what they were thinking; it made one uncomfortable, somehow. . . . And the things he liked to talk about—dull things like the books he read that nobody else ever seemed to have heard of. . . . Still, he was one's father . . . and something would have to be said to him.

Now, with a mother it had been all right to go in and kiss her and hold her hand. . . . But a father! A man couldn't kiss a father! . . . "Thirty cents for the first quarter mile and ten cents for each additional quarter mile." And what did the lower part of the sign say? Oh yes, something about extra passengers and baggage. No one ever remembered that part. It was always a dollar twenty to the house. . . . The meter read ninety cents now—that meant a quarter of the way left to go. There was Monahan's grocery—the chauffeur ought to turn here—yes, he was going to. How natural it all looked! There wasn't a prettier street in the town! The places all looked so clean and well-kept—decent, somehow. Anyone would know that the right sort of people lived here. . . . There was Uncle James Brewster's house, solid and substantial like Uncle James. He would probably be up at the house. Some of the Brewsters were bound to be there. Aunt Harriet and Aunt Aggie of course because they lived there. There never seemed to have been a time when Aunt

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Aggie and Aunt Harriet hadn't lived there—it wouldn't be home without them. But then one's mother's sisters naturally would have lived with her while she was alive. . . . It seemed as though they ought to live with Uncle James now. . . . Still, somebody had to keep house for the governor.

Aunt Ellen would probably be there, too, though a chap couldn't help sort of hoping she wouldn't, after the wet and public way she'd mauled him last year when his mother died. . . . But of course there was no reason why she should be cut up about the governor. . . . Anyway, one hoped she wouldn't be there—she was too damned emotional! Why, if she'd been anybody but a Brewster one might have thought she was putting on last year . . . having to be almost carried to and from the grave and all that! . . . There was the house. . . . No, there wasn't any crepe on the door. . . . Wonder if they knew what time the train got in? Yes, some one was opening the front door.

Aunt Harriet met him on the porch. She gave him one of those quick, birdlike pecks on the cheek. He remembered wondering if Aunt Harriet knew any other way to kiss. Aunt Ellen was waiting tearfully for him inside the door. She threw her arms around him, crying, "Poor motherless boy!" It seemed that her sympathetic nature and the memory of "poor dear Mary" were going to necessitate a certain exaggeration of Aunt Ellen's personal sense of loss in the anticipated bereavement. Uncle James Brewster and Cousin Willie Brewster Smith came out of the dining-room and shook hands with gravity befitting the occasion. There was a subdued sense of expectancy, of waiting, about the whole house. People talked in hushed whispers. Mysterious preparations seemed to be going on behind closed doors. Brewsters went to and fro on secret and hurried missions. A trained nurse carrying a tray came down the stairs and went into the butler's pantry.

Aunt Aggie appeared noiselessly from upper regions.

"You're just in time," she said, "the doctor says *he*"— with a jerk of her head toward the second floor—"can't last another hour."

The Brewsters always referred to Robert's father as "he," "Mary's husband," or, if pressed, as "Mister MacKay."

Aunt Harriet and Aunt Aggie accompanied the boy up to his father's room. Aunt Harriet bustled ahead and approached the bed.

"Here's Robert to see you," she said with affected cheerfulness.

The figure on the bed stirred slightly. Robert moved forward awkwardly and took the long thin hand that lay outside the counterpane. He murmured something quite unintelligible.

It seemed utterly inconceivable to Robert that anything as important as death was about to take place in this pleasant familiar room, with its gay cretonne curtains and the correct gray walls with their three French prints and the portrait of Mary Brewster MacKay. In fact, it was inconceivable to imagine anything happening here. Yet there was something of the incongruous about that tired, worn figure; it seemed so uncomfortably long in the conventional limits of the bright brass bed.

Robert looked at the face out of the corner of his eye. Somehow it's embarrassing to look too closely at a person who one knows is going to die. Yes, the governor was changed. Those strange hollows with the purple shadows—had they always been there? They seemed to be in such queer places, too! Startling, that's what they were! And the governor's hair—how gray it was, almost white, spread out on the pillow like that!

Aunt Aggie placed a chair for Robert beside the bed and then retreated to the door, where she and Aunt Harriet stationed themselves like statues, one on either side of the opening. The little clock on the table ticked loudly. Robert felt more self-conscious and awkward than he ever remembered to have been before in all his life.

"Well, governor?" he managed to murmur at length.

For a moment the gaze of the dying man turned to the brown eyes of the portrait of Mary Brewster MacKay, then he fixed his glance on the very brown eyes of his son, and from them his attention trav-

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elled to the equally brown eyes of Aunt Aggie and Aunt Harriet. There was a long pause during which he and the aunts seemed to regard each other resentfully, as if a sort of challenge passed between them.

Would the governor never say anything?

At last the man on the bed sighed and turned to Robert:

"Stupid of me—to do this—in football season, eh?"

Robert started and flushed.

"We've hardly time to get acquainted now"—then he added wistfully, "as I would have liked."

Miss Aggie looked at Miss Harriet. Robert looked at the floor.

"There's just one thing I want you to do for me," the voice went on. "In the locked drawer of the dresser you'll find a package wrapped in white silk. Get it. The key's on top of the picture mould—over there in the corner."

Robert found the parcel. It was wrapped in worn white silk, now yellow with age. At a sign from the bed he removed this covering and disclosed an oddly shaped book bound in fine Florentine leather and illumined in gold.

"A diary," said his father. "Open it at about the middle. Find 'Rome, May twenty-first,' and read to me, beginning at the top of the page."

Miss Harriet made a step forward, but was stopped by a stern glance from the bed.

Robert turned the closely written, faded pages, and then asked:

"'The Soirée at the Villa Medici'—is that right?"

His father nodded, and he began:

ROME, May twenty-first.

The Soirée at the Villa Medici.

Thurston returned from London today. He dined with me to-night and gave me all the news, including several messages from the Duchess about my proposed visit to Wrenham. He says Lady Charlotte is to be married, and they want me in Ireland for the ceremony. I wonder!

After dinner we sat on my balcony and watched the light fade on the dome of St. Peter's in the distance. Thurston is usually enthusiastic about that view, which he says is the finest of the subject in Rome; but to-night he was in a very bad humor and took me to task on several scores. Seems to think I'm playing the fool generally. Says some day I'll wake up to the fact that I've wasted my youth, thrown away my money, and—how did he express it?—"been ruined generally by a lot of pretty women that go crazy over my yellow curls." Personally I can't imagine a pleasanter way of being ruined. But he says I'll find it's not enough and that it will be harder for me than for most. He ended with a long peroration as to "giving the color from your cheeks, the blue from your eyes, and the gold from your hair—and then finding that it has all been wasted!" And there was something more about "the spark in a man that dooms him to go on and on, forever seeking, never satisfied, giving up all the joys of life to follow a phantom." He calls it the divine spark—says I have it and that it will never let me rest. Seems to think I have a duty to perform—some sort of a career, a future that I am evading. Poor Thurston! He takes life so seriously. I tried to laugh him out of it, but just then my man brought up a note. I recognized the handwriting and went inside to read it, leaving Thurston leaning on the parapet moralizing on "the grandeur that was Rome."

Pasted in the diary was a faded letter, the writing of which was stiff and curious. It was partly in English, partly in French:

MARDI.

MON CHER:

Le monde parle de nous. We must show care. To-day I have gone to a "tea" where the people demanded me of you—too knowingly, it has seemed to me. They demanded that I give them your news. Do you know that they call you the "Apollo d'Oro"—which is to say in your so strange english, "the Apollo of Gold"?

I have been most indiscreet. Yesterday night it was not wise to drive with you under the stars, even though I wore my veil until we were in the open Campagna. I should not have went. It was not discreet.

Also you must not arrive chez moi by

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From a drawing by Clarence Rowe.

"Always it should be like this!" said Bianca with a sigh.—Page 405.

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the garden gate. I fear you have been seen to arrive. I love you, mais, que veux-tu? I must not be seen to love you.

To-night we meet, is it not? The so grand soirée at the Villa Medici? I go surrounded by my mother-in-law—is it thus you say it? I pray of you, do not look at me—do not address me—save only to say, perhaps, "Bon soir, Madame la Comtesse!" Is it not to laugh? Thou who hast held me so many nights in thy arms?—Mais, il faut que nous soyons sages, my dear—my so very dear!

Je t'embrasse.

BIANCA.

As Robert finished reading the letter Miss Harriet interrupted.

"Your father had better rest now," she said. "You can go on later."

"Read on!" the man in the bed ordered with a note of authority in his voice.

Aunt Harriet retreated to the doorway. Robert heard her whisper to Aunt Aggie: "That book must be burned—immediately——"

The "afterward" was so obvious that the lips of the dying man twitched slightly.

Robert stole a glance at the wasted figure. Yes, that long frame might once have been powerful, and those pale eyes looking out from deep caverns—what an odd effect they gave one—unexpected! It was like finding water in the craters of extinct volcanoes—that was what they were like . . . nothing else! He wanted to go on reading, but Aunt Harriet seemed to think he ought to stop. Embarrassed, he fumbled at the book.

"Go on, son," said his father.

And Robert read:

May twenty-second.
One A. M.

I have just returned from the Villa Medici. The night is too gorgeous to sleep, and the world too beautiful. There is madness in the soft air that drifts in at the window. Is there anywhere such velvet darkness? "City of Domes and Fountains," I love you! At day you wear a mask of modern tawdriness, but at night you are yourself. The lights upon the Alban Hills are like a magic circle drawn around you, and here you lie embowered in roses, sparkling with diamond lights, adorned for love. And you have taken me for lover! To-night at the Villa Medici, before all Rome, I was toasted as "the Apollo d'Oro." City of a thousand loves, I—last of all, I, "the Apollo d'Oro," take you for my mistress!

The carriage was ordered for nine, but I was late in starting. My new evening things had arrived from Paris. Laroux has outdone himself—they fit like a glove. As we clattered through the echoing streets, the palaces were all barred and shuttered, but the sound of voices and mandolins reached me from beyond walled gardens. The soft night air swept over me like sorcery bearing the ever-present fragrance of the roses, which, spiced with a hint of lingering decay, seems to float at this season, layer upon layer, over Rome's seven hills. I took off my hat to let the breeze kiss my forehead, and stretched my tingling body in the magic of its embrace. Ah, but it is good to be alive, to be young, and feel strength rippling in one's body!

In the brightly lighted Corso gay crowds gave way to let us pass. They smiled up at me and I smiled back. At the foot of the Spanish Steps an old woman with a tray of flowers darted out and ran along beside the carriage, offering her wares. When she saw I would not buy, she flung a bouquet into the carriage, crying out something in Italian about her compliments to the signorina and her offering to the "god of love," which of course won her all my pocket-money, and we left the old bandit gathering it up as she chanted praises to her madonna.

At the Villa Medici, in the coat room, I encountered Prince Chigi and we mounted the winding stairs together. The festivities were well under way. Signora Ricci of the Opera was singing, and we waited in the reception room until she had finished before entering the salon. Inside we found the great room crowded with people. About the walls stood most of the men in dark evening clothes, relieved by a scattering of bright uniforms, forming an effective background for the glowing bouquet of women, who, seated closely together, occupied all the centre of the huge room.

It happened that as we entered we found ourselves in a most conspicuous position directly across the assembly from the singer. She smiled at us, then bent

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and spoke a word to the accompanist, who broke into the music of "Fili d'Oro," which the signora proceeded to sing straight across the crowd at me. Every one turned to look. It was a compliment I could well have dispensed with; I could feel all the blood in my body surge to the surface. At the close of the song she blew me a kiss, and exited amidst much applause. I quickly sought refuge in a group of men from the Embassy.

I could see Bianca seated in a fauteuil near the door leading to the loggia. She was all in white and wearing apparently all the Pontalis diamonds, which glittered like dew on her hair, neck, and arms. Yet even as a pearl appears most lovely when encrusted with diamonds, so Bianca's beauty was only enhanced by the flashing of her jewels. She has never seemed more desirable. Careful of her warning, I kept at the farther end of the room, and even after the music was over and people were moving about, I did not go near her. At last some one brought me the message that she demanded my presence. I hastened to her and, most surprisingly, was met only with reproaches and allusions to the Russian princess, my attentions to whom, it seemed, had appeared altogether too ardent.

"Lean down," said Bianca, "I wish to whisper something to you!" I bent. She raised her large ostrich feather fan and behind it pretended to whisper something in my ear. Just for a moment her cheek rested against mine and her lips, like the touch of a butterfly's wing, lightly brushed my cheek—then the fan was down and she was laughing gaily about a matter of no importance.

We had supper in the great loggia, with wine like golden sunshine. At the height of the gaiety our host rose and in fluent Italian, of which I only understood a part, proposed a toast. Every one began to look at me, and then I understood that I was the subject of this badinage. It seemed that since the Signora Ricci had so definitely singled me out, he, too, wished the assembled company to join him in drinking to the one who he understood was called "the Apollo d'Oro." They made a crown of flowers and put it on my head, and everybody rose and drank the toast. I made some sort of a reply, but my Italian is so bad I don't believe any one understood me. There was much laughter and we were all very gay.

At last I persuaded Bianca to stroll for a bit in the garden. Since others were doing it, she consented. From the parterre we looked back at the loggia. It is never so impressive as when illumined and full of people, for then, silhouetted against the golden light, both the statue of Mercury and the great arch above it gain an added height and enhanced majesty by contrast with the little human pigmies—a sea of tinted moths a-flutter below the god who truly flies.

"Always it should be like this!" said Bianca with a sigh.

We paused beside a fountain filled with lilies. Bianca would not venture farther, although I tried to draw her into the long, dark, hedged alleys beneath the trees.

"They talk already too much," she said.

So there we stood beside the fountain—I aching to hold her in my arms—she so soft—so near, yet worlds away by reason of the sauntering groups that passed and repassed. I pleaded my love and my need of her to-night, but she only laughed and tapped me with her fan. Finally she promised, "To-morrow night—at ten. The garden gate!"

An officer in the uniform of the King's Guard came to claim her and Bianca took his arm. She gave me just one long, lingering look that set my blood on fire.

"Au revoir, Monsieur!" she called back as they departed toward the loggia. Something in her tone, or the way she said it, seemed odd, and the lilies in the pool looked suddenly cold.

Bianca! Bianca! Thou lovely, elusive, bewildering woman! If I did not know you loved me—? "To-night at ten. The garden gate!" Twenty-one hours to wait! It seems an eternity!

As Robert came to the end of the page he looked up. The last rays of the setting sun streamed through the window and fell across the bed. Had the light dazzled him? Or was it a trick of his imagination? Had Aunt Harriet and Aunt Aggie noticed it—the color pour back into those pale eyes, the crimson into those lips? For to him, as he lowered the book, it was a glorious youth with flashing eyes

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Had the light dazzled him? Or was it a trick of his imagination?—Page 405.

of blinding blue who now raised himself in the bed, and with a gesture of charming grace laid his hand over Robert's:

"No, my son, it was not enough! But it is something—to have been the Apollo d'Oro!" The golden radiance faded, and the man sank back on the bed. "Go on," he said faintly, and Robert took up the book.

May twenty-third.
Three A. M.

All is over—all! As I was getting into my carriage to go to our rendezvous the letter was handed me. I must have read it. I scarcely remember. A hand put out the stars and all was dark. Hours must have passed. When I came to myself the carriage was standing in the Piazza of St. Peter's. Old Sandro lounged on the box asleep. It seemed to be raining, yet it was only the fountain spray drifting over us; the mist from one of the high white plumes of water flinging itself bravely toward the sky, then falling, falling, blowing over us to die away on the pavement. The moisture must have roused me—I

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don't know. All is over! Thurston was right! Why do I write? What does it matter?—What does anything matter?

Below was pasted a letter:

CARO:

You must not come. You will not find me. I go away. My husband, the so stupid man, is come back, and we go at once, now, this moment on a voyage to the country. When you have this it will be too late.

This I knew last night—my mother-in-law gave me the news. But it was not good to tell you. It is best that it is thus. I could not, perhaps, be so strong to go if I saw you now.

How last night you were charming! You, oh so delicious boy! And you would that I had gone away with you, n'est-ce pas? Almost—yes, almost I might have gone. Mais non, mon cher—it is not possible! A woman like me, a so bad, oh so bad a woman as me, does not go far away to strange and oh so disagreeable countries—even with the most adorable you. I should die, foolish one, of ennui. And after the littlest, oh so littlest, a time you, too, would regret—would grow tired. No, it is better not.

Do not try to see me. Do not write. It has been so very beautiful—but what would you? It is life! I love you! Yes—so much! But for me it is to rest toujours "Madame la Comtesse," and for you it is to go away, far away, where you will marry a most good, a most exceeding good, a english girl who—not like me—will understand your each so drôle word.

But you will think on me! You will not forget? Always? And so, you will never grow weary of me! And I—I, too! For me, always you will rest my oh so dear—my beautiful 'Apollo d'Oro.'

Je pleure.

Perhaps it was the fading afternoon light that made the writing blur before Robert's eyes. As he finished the letter on "je pleure" he choked, and there was a long silence in the room.

The man on the bed lay very still.

"Are you asleep?" Robert asked gently.

He had not seen Aunt Harriet approach the bed. Now she spoke.

"He is—dead."

Silver Poplars

BY GRACE NOLL CROWELL

GOD wrote His loveliest poem on the day
He made the first tall silver poplar tree,
And set it high upon a pale-gold hill,
For all the new enchanted earth to see.

I think its beauty must have made Him glad,
And that He smiled at it—and loved it so—
Then turned in sudden sheer delight, and made
A dozen silver poplars in a row.

Mist green and white against a turquoise sky,
A-shimmer and a-shine it stood at noon;
A misty silver loveliness at night,
Breathless beneath the first small wistful moon,

And then God took the music of the winds,
And set each leaf a-flutter and a-thrill—
To-day I read His poem word by word
Among the silver poplars on the hill.

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More Letters of Mrs. R. L. Stevenson

OCEAN TRAVELS IN THE PACIFIC

EDITED BY SIR SIDNEY COLVIN

OBEDIENT alike to medical orders and his own instincts, Stevenson with his wife and mother left England for America in 1887, as soon as the business of winding up his father's estate was completed. He spent the following winter, with his wife and stepson, at Saranac, a health station in the Adirondacks, on the Canadian border; but finding the experiment of a mountain cure once more a failure, he determined to try one of a totally different kind; namely, a sailing voyage among the tropic islands of the Pacific. While his wife went to San Francisco to search for and engage a yacht suitable for their purpose, Stevenson with the rest of his party passed a spring month at Manasquan on the Jersey coast. The schooner *Casco* having been duly found and chartered, he with his mother, stepson, and a French servant, Valentine Roch, joined his wife at San Francisco, whence the whole party embarked on their first Pacific voyage on the 28th of June, 1888. They made land first a month later at the Marquesan group. Of the letters received in England from Stevenson and his wife during the two years' voyages which followed, those of the wife told us most of their seeings and doings. Stevenson on his part let his mind run so much and so conscientiously on questions of island ethnology and geological structure and political history that as impressions of travel his records of the time, whether conveyed in his private letters or in his formal newspaper correspondence subsequently collected in the solid volume entitled "In the South Seas," lack something of the personal intimacy and vividness which we were all hoping to find in them. This defect occurred in spite of the most ardent expostulations of his wife; whose own letters, on the other hand, from which a selection here follows, will be found to narrate with rare spirit the human and humorous, the picturesque and romantic aspects of their voyages.

The first letter of the selection here given tells, not of the experimental trip taken on board the *Casco* in August, 1888, but of the cruise of the party on the trading schooner *Equator*, nearly a year later. During that cruise Stevenson touched for the first time at the Samoan, or Navigator, Islands, was enchanted by their scenery and climate, determined to settle among them at any rate for a part of each year, and bought a site for his projected habitation on a hill above the harbor of Apia, the chief town of the chief island, Upolu. The letters which follow were all written in the course of the next year, 1890, from quarters in or adjacent to Apia itself while the new home was being built. It was not until the family had settled into that home that Stevenson began regularly to entertain me with all the details of their island life in that series of monthly letters with which, under the title of "The Vailima Letters," the reading public has now long been familiar. For such details his friends had until then found themselves dependent on the correspondence of his wife. The main series of her letters to myself, as here printed, ends just at the point where the Vailima letters begin. By way of supplement I have added one characteristic letter from the days of her early widowhood, while she was still frequently revisiting her island home and keeping in close touch with its interests and associations.

TAIOHAE, HIVA OA, MARQUESAS ISL.
August 1888.

DEAR AND NEVER FORGOTTEN CUSTODIAN,

Oh that you and a few—a very few—friends were with us in these enchanted Isles to stay for ever and ever, and live and die with these delightful miscalled savages. That they are cannibals may be

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true, but that is only a freak of fashion like the taste for decayed game, and not much more unpleasant. Last evening we had a savage queen to dine with us; I say savage, because her son, who came with her, continually referred to themselves as "we savages." The old lady has presided at many a sacrificial feast, and ordered many a poor wretch to instant execution, and yet a more gracious affection-compelling person I do not expect to see until I again meet Lady Shelley, of whom she greatly reminded us. Not a word of any tongue could she speak but her own, and she was deaf besides, but we managed to pass more than three hours very pleasantly in her charming society. She wore a white dress made like a nightgown, of very fine material, no underclothes, and a white china crape shawl heavily embroidered and fringed. Her hands and what could be seen of her feet and legs were elaborately tattooed. Even Mrs. Stevenson has grown to dislike the look of untattooed hands. The queen, they say, is entirely covered with the most beautiful tattooing that has ever been done in the Islands. On Monday next Stanislas, the heir apparent, has invited us to a picnic. We are to go on horses, natives having gone on ahead to prepare a meal. I am rather curious as to what will take place, as the point of interest, a balancing rock, has been tabooed for many years, though it stands in full sight of the village, and even Stanislas has never been near it. He made a little speech to us last evening thanking us formally for our sympathetic treatment of "his savages."

It was a sad business when we left Anahoe. We had eight particular friends there whom, I suppose, we shall never see again. When we first arrived there they swarmed over the vessel like flies, clothed in breech-cloths and tattooing only. For their farewell visit the beachcomber had made them all white trousers and shirts. Every man was as clean as a new pin, and shining with cocoanut oil, their finger nails, even, as carefully looked after as our own. We gave them what keepsakes we could find among our things, and they presented us with tapa cloth beaten out of tree bark, oranges, cocoa-nuts prepared for drinking, some rare shells, and to Lloyd one of them gave a carving done on the bone of one of his ancestors. We had gingerbread and a glass of rum all round, the whole party took a last walk through the vessel, we shook hands, and parted. Hoka, the most beautiful dancer and the most graceful person I have ever seen, dropped all his usual airs and graces and sat most of the time staring on the floor, just as we do when we are very unhappy and distressed, sighing heavily; when he had shaken hands he turned his head away, and never once looked back. Typee, the chief, on the contrary, stood up in the midst of his men, waving his hand, and making gestures of farewell as long as he could see us. As the canoe went off the captain saluted Typee, when all the men uncovered.

Our cannibal friend Koamoa was, I am sorry to say, too drunk to come aboard, and was left on the beach hanging over the branch of a tree. It seems that a Corsican had come over in a boat with a demijohn of rum, which was more than the old chief could stand. Our own Hoka, I fear, believes in eating one's enemies. He had had a quarrel with the Corsican who called him "cochon" and "sauvage." Hoka's reply was "you are more of a savage than I am," whereupon the man struck him a boxer's blow, of which Hoka had no understanding. He said he was going to get a gun soon, and then he could go over to the island where the Corsican lives and shoot him, after which he meant to cut off and eat one of his arms. In the next island we are going to visit, a man whom the whole population hated was killed for vengeance. The question was how should every man have a taste of his enemy without the authorities finding it out. This was solved by filling match-boxes with the cooked flesh, and passing them round. I think the combination of the civilized match-box and the "long pig" very interesting. Three months ago, a little boy was called for at the school by a couple of people who were decoying him into a quiet spot for the purpose of killing and eating him, but he descried their evil intention in time to call for help. Three of the townspeople have lately disappeared mysteriously; they are supposed to have fallen victims to private vengeance. Lloyd has had given him by a native woman an ornament to wear in the war

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dance. It is composed of locks of women's hair made into a sort of gigantic fringe. As many as ten women were killed to make this ghastly adornment, their bodies being cooked for the dancers' feast.

I am glad to tell you that quite suddenly Louis's health took a change for the better, and he is now almost as well as he ever was in his life. It has been a mistake about the cold places; warmth and hot sun is what he needs. Certainly we have found the right place for him; and we both love it. It is hard that we should ever have to go away. Stanislas says that Dominique is still better, and if we conclude to come back here to stay that is the island for us. I think it is very nice of Stanislas to praise another island when he would so much like to have us here. Our next point is Hiva oa, for which we start in three days, taking with us a most delightful person called Frère Michel, who builds churches not to be conceived of. I have made careful drawings of one which will delight your soul, and fill you with pleased laughter. My dearest love to you all, best beloved friends. Louis is away walking in the hills, Lloyd playing on the fiddle.

Ever yours affectionately,
F. V. DE G. STEVENSON.

A sudden shower has blotted my letter almost out.

In the following letter, "his gracious majesty" is Kalakaua, the last king of Hawaii. Ah Foo (or Ah Fu) is a Chinese cook who entered the Stevensons' service for the purpose of the new yachting voyage and remained with them for two years, a model of efficiency and fidelity, and at the same time by his language and ideas on life and morals a source of unfailing entertainment. "Our dear friend" is myself, and the reference is to certain family troubles of which they had just heard from me. The instance narrated of Stevenson's kindness to an unworthy object I naturally leave anonymous. The writer's hope that her husband would give up his purpose of filling his projected South Sea book with scientific theories and historical facts and information, instead of making it a personal record of observation and adventure, was in the issue unfortunately not realized.

HONOLULU.
June 18th 1889.

MY DEAR ONES,

This is about the last chance for a word of good-bye. The sea-chests are all corded up. Louis is resting prior to the fatigues of bidding farewell to his gracious majesty, and we are all in our travelling clothes, while Ah Foo scans the horizon for what he can clap his eyes on. I wish you could see the preparations Ah Foo and Lloyd have made in case of shipwreck. Mysterious parcels of garden seeds and carpenters' tools are stowed away in all sorts of inaccessible places. I am sure they will both be disappointed if we are not cast ashore on a "dissolute island," though I believe Ah Foo would really prefer to trust to his own hands unaided by the arts of civilisation; he can make fire by rubbing two sticks together; he can catch fish without hook or line, and bring down birds with a stone, to say nothing of being able to use a bit of stone for a knife or hatchet in the native fashion, or to walk up the stem of the tallest cocoanut tree. In fact he is civilized just so far as we should like to have him, and a savage just so far as it is useful. He has fallen heir to rice lands, houses and bullocks in China, and his presence is urgently demanded by his relations. After much weeping and tribulation and sleepless nights it was finally arranged that he should start on the cruise with us, remain as long as was necessary to our comfort, and then branch off towards China. His is a sad case; he has almost forgotten his own tongue and has entirely fallen out of sympathy with his own countrymen: he is much more like an emotional pirate in manners and appearance than the suave, soft-speaking elegant gentleman that a man of property in China should be. I am afraid his mother, who seems a stiffly conventional person, will loathe the very sight of him. The second son is holding the property pending Ah Foo's return, and in the meantime is ill-treating and cheating the family. It is that, and not the money, that is taking Ah Foo home. He proposes to go home and "lick um my bludder" until he is brought to a proper sense of his duty, then turn over everything to his mother and come back to the white man's country again. I hope he may come back to us, but where may such Will o' the wisps

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be by that time? With you, I trust. Had we known the truth about our dear friend we should not now be here, we only learned it too late, after we were committed to the cruise. That is the only person in the world for whom I should be willing to have Louis sacrifice himself in any way.

I do not mean to say that Louis is not continually offering himself up on unworthy altars, but not with my consent. You will remember X driving about in carriages while Louis walked, etc.; just the usual thing that that sort of person (one that you always love, worse luck) invariably does. It ended by my forcing Louis' hand, my convincing argument being, "Is it fair to Colvin to jeopardise your health?" Upon that he explained to poor X with the brutal frankness that I advised that he was to spend no money without permission, that abject obedience in every particular was to be exacted from him, that in fact (I think Louis used the words in speaking to him) his neck was to be under Louis's foot, and remain there. Of course that ended X's connection with the cruise for the time. Late that evening he came back to us, I am pretty certain only to say goodbye to us before destroying himself. I never saw anyone appear to better advantage, dignified and sorrowful and affectionate still. He thanked us for the kindness we had shown to one so unworthy, begged us to forgive him. He said he had had an opportunity to retrieve his life offered him, such as he could never have dreamed of, and he had wantonly thrown it away, and that, even, was not what he cared the most for, but the happiness of living with us as he had done for the last three months. With that, he kissed us both and walked away. Had he been maudlin and wept—he was only very pale with trembling lips—or had he tried to defend himself, I should have still held out against him. Louis, I agreeing, went after him and offered him another chance which he had not asked, nor, I believe hoped for. Those who know him best say that there will be no further trouble now. I trust not. No one can help loving the creature, yet I would push him on to his death sooner than he should harm Louis. There I draw the line at philanthropy. There are many things to the poor soul's credit. I fully expected that he would fly to what had been his solace in the past, either drink or opium, but he has kept away from both. He has signed a paper drawn up by a lawyer in terms so frank that Louis was shocked by them, placing himself and his affairs absolutely in Louis' hands, and binding himself to obedience. He is as sweet and affectionate as ever, but somehow more human than before. It was an ugly gulf he looked into that evening, and the memory is with him, but his courage was a thing I shall always admire. That is what I cannot understand, why such almost criminal weakness should go hand in hand with unfaltering courage, really gallant courage. But I am afraid this is not of much interest to you. Still, I thought I should tell you about it for several reasons. I wished you to know that I would not let Louis be sacrificed, and I also wished you to know how much the danger has been reduced, and why I agreed that X should be taken on again. Neither of you, I believe, would have stood it out as hard, as almost savagely as I did, and to the very verge of the grave. Not that death in that way would mean even sorrow, certainly not remorse to me; pathetic in the extreme, yes, but under the circumstances necessary. I believed there was still a chance, and that only was why I bade Louis call him back. This is the last, as he fully realises.

Louis is coming round now to my view of his book of travels, and I think that by the time we arrive in Sydney, he will have forgotten entirely that he ever held any other and will look as coldly upon the scientific aspect as ever I have done. It should be the most entrancing reading that man ever engaged in.

And if you could only see him! I do not think he is much below his old good average of health. It seems incredible and life a dream. If I can only take him back to you like this. But if that is not to be, for a time he has lived the life of a free man, and that is something gained for him. It is a delight to me beyond words, as it would be to you to see him bare-footed and half clothed, flying about with his usual impetuosity, accompanied by no fear of danger.

I must stop now for other things. With dearest and best love to you all, including

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our dear Henry James, to whom I hope to write yet this evening.

Believe me most affectionately yours,
FANNY V. DE G. STEVENSON.

The following letter was written within a month or six weeks of the voyagers' first landing on the island of Upolu, in the Samoan Group, and on the same day with two letters of Stevenson's own to old friends in England, Lady Taylor and Doctor Scott, announcing how the immediate impressions made upon him by the climate and scenery of that island had decided him to settle there for good if he could find a suitable site to build upon.

APIA,
SAMOA,
Jan. 20th 1890.

DEAR CUSTODIAN,

Well, just as we had made up our minds that Samoa was our choice, we discovered by accident the very piece of land that seemed to have been made to order for us. It is already difficult to buy land here, and the difficulties will increase by the action of the new law forbidding natives to sell their lands. This tract consists of between three and four hundred acres, part of it table-land of the richest deep virgin soil; more than enough for a large plantation. The rest is wild and picturesque; great cliffs; deep ravines; waterfalls; one some two hundred feet deep, and everywhere gigantic trees of different species. The whole lying some four hundred feet more or less above the sea level, and commanding magnificent views of the harbour, the sea outside, and the surrounding country. We shall be two miles and a quarter from the town, not too near, nor yet too far. For this we pay ten Chili dollars an acre. I cannot count it up, but seven Chili dollars go to the English pound; with the land goes a herd of cattle. One of our friends has just been in to speak about purchasing the cattle, or at least entering into some sort of arrangement concerning them. He says there are between fifty and sixty head, and they are worth between forty and fifty dollars apiece. The man who owned the property offered Louis seventy-five dollars (dollars are always Chili) for his choice among the cows. At any rate here is a good bit towards paying for the land. A surveyor is now at work searching the boundaries, a lawyer who is most anxious to have us return, remaining on the spot to see that all is done correctly. Every few days the lawyer comes down and tells us of some new and delightful discovery he has made. He says, though he has lived here for a great many years, he has never seen such grand and beautiful scenery, nor better or more available land—think of having three beautiful rivers of one's own, and a waterfall shaded by gnarled orange trees within five minutes walk of one's door—not that we have a door as yet, but we have chosen the site for our house; this waterfall is not the two hundred feet one, but a more modest and restful little fellow with a large swimming-pool at his feet. As I am writing through continual interruptions Louis will look over my letter and correct any mistakes I have made as to facts.

My Chinaman has learned how to take photographs and in a few days will go out to our land and take photographs to send you. He is calling me now to pose for him, saying that the "camphor" is ready. He makes a very economical use of English, one word serving for many purposes. He has learned camphor-wood trunk, so "camphor" is naturally used for camera. "Cocalet" means either cocoanut, chocolate, or cockroach. Sometimes a little confusion arises, but we guess his meaning from the context. Here is another interruption. A madman has come in, and as I can't make Louis understand that he mustn't engage him in conversation, I fear he will never leave. It is very difficult to write under such disadvantages; and good Heavens—Louis is arguing with him. . . .

The hardships of our last voyage were very great, and about too much for me. In fact Louis was the only one who came out of it with any degree of health and strength. The schooner was loaded with green copra (shelled cocoanut) which fermented and filled the vessel with an acrid noisome steam. The floor of our cabin was so hot that I could hardly stand upon it with bare feet, and to sleep in it was impossible. In all, our accommodation consisted of two rooms some eight feet square; one had a counter across it and the other was the room in which we dined—in relays. The captain, it is true, had a tiny cabin opening into the dining-room,

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but it could hold but one sleeper. All the rest of us then had to dispose of ourselves as best we could in the rest of the space. In the trade-room with the counter Lloyd and Louis were supposed to sleep; Ah Foo on the counter, and I on the floor below Ah Foo in a little passage way. All the trunks and the luggage and most of the trade stuffs were piled upon the floor behind the counter, and in one corner were a couple of short bunks. I forgot that the steward slept also in the trade-room. I used to go to bed (dressed) with an open umbrella; when the rain came through the skylight I held the umbrella over my head, and when it blew in at the open door upon my feet I held the umbrella with my monkey toes! but when the sea washed in I had to close the door and then we all began to suffocate. In the dining-room slept Mr. Rick, the American consul for Butaritari, Mr. Paul something I have forgotten, and either the mate or the captain. It was odd that our mate was in a quiver of fear all the time, and yet slept through all his night watches. I am bound to say, however, that he waked quickly. The night we lost our fore-topmast he was lying in the captain's berth asleep. At the first crash of the squall he leaped out of bed, and crying out "This is no time for fooling," thrust the captain on one side and bounded on deck. I was very glad I had my China-boy with me that night. In the great confusion on deck I woke up Ah Foo saying, "I think him got trouble on deck; more better you go and help." Our ship was manned, if manned you can call it, by boys, and when Ah Foo got forward he found them clustered together doing nothing. He asked what orders they had. "Then why don't you do what captain tell you?" When they answered that they did not know how, "then," said Ah Foo, "I lose my head. I say all right, we go bottom now." Fortunately his head was soon recovered, for he put a rope in a hand and telling them to pull way on that, he climbed on top of the galley and did exactly the right thing, for which the captain afterwards presented him with a sovereign.

Ah Foo is coming back to us after he arranges his affairs in China. He says he wishes to attach himself to us for life, which alarms us a good deal, for he has already shown symptoms of becoming the old attached servant. At Apemama he was very ill once. Instead of telling us he went on like a martyr, a very sullen martyr, and when Louis finally spoke sharply to him he became rigid with dignity, replying, "Yes, Mr. Stevenson, I heard you. I very sick; more better you get a knife and come kill me now. I no can work;" after which he retired to the kitchen and wept miserably. The moment a servant begins martyrdom is the moment, I fear, to part. Very soon the martyr is an absolute monarch, and the family are his slaves. Ah Foo having learned English from people who issued orders, knows nothing about making a rĕquest; the effect on strangers must be very extraordinary when he comes into the room where Louis is and abruptly orders him out. His strength of politeness is "more better you go out now." To this manner please add the appearance of an unusually stalwart pirate. I wish you could have seen the countenance of the captain of the schooner when Ah Foo issued orders to him; between surprise, rage, and bewilderment he was absolutely dumb, and to the last day on board he was still unprepared and at Ah Foo's mercy. At this moment Ah Foo is away developing a photograph of Louis' private secretary, his first attempt at photography alone. If we can get a print in time I will enclose one. The secretary, who usually comes clad in an undershirt and a strip of curtain stuff, is gorgeous in the photograph with all sorts of finery. The undershirt is cast aside, leaves are bound round his loins, beads and parti-coloured leaves are twined through his hair, and round his neck he has a borrowed chief's necklace of large white teeth, to say nothing of a bead bracelet borrowed from a lady. He looks much better in these borrowed plumes than when dressed as the secretary. He is a full-blooded native, and the stupidest I know. We have another acquaintance, I do not know whether to call him a friend or not, an exceedingly clever fellow named Siteone. Siteone is a redoubtable warrior, and is covered with scars and wounds, one very bad one in the shoulder still not out of the dangerous state. I would betray Siteone's confidence to no one but you. When he thought, and we thought, we

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were about to leave Samoa for ever, while talking about the likelihood of more trouble with the Germans, he told me that at the very beginning the Samoans meant to fall upon the whites and massacre all, friends and foes alike, fire the town, and take to the bush when they would become wild people again. A few days ago Louis was speaking to him about our projected house and said that he meant to make it very strong in case of another war. Siteone was very much embarrassed and hardly knew where to look. I am trying to make a little portrait of him (he is a handsome fellow) but the difficulties are very great. In the first place the paints become liquid in the heat, and run like water. Then I have only two old brushes, little camel-hair brushes in the last stage of moulting. I mean to try to learn something about water-colours, but fear the difficulties may be insurmountable. I had a sort of hurdy-gurdy hand organ which Siteone coveted and wished to buy from me. He first came with a present of a kava bowl that I know cost him fifteen dollars; that was followed by a spear that cost him five, and still the music box remained under Ah Foo's bed. Apparently becoming alarmed lest he lose that and his costly presents too, he began to haunt the premises with little baskets. He was rapidly falling away and growing haggard with anxiety, so yesterday the music-box was handed over to him; and now I expect to see him no more, and my poor little portrait must remain as it is. Among other interested offerings he brought a photograph of himself which he was careful to inform me cost a dollar. Unfortunately it does not look in the least like him, but his costume of leaves and flowers, and his sister's silver necklace and locket, are gorgeous in the extreme.

Since the departure of the madman we have had two more visitors; the resident missionary of the London Missionary Society and a Catholic priest. In Honolulu there was a missionary whom we liked very much, and here is another almost his twin, a very clever and interesting man—and the odd thing is they look like you, have much of your manners and speak with your voice. This man is English, named Clarke, the other, the superior one, an American named Damon. Perhaps you have missed your true sphere and should by rights be building coral churches in cannibal islands. Speaking of cannibalism reminds me of a gruesome thing told me by a native in the bush where I stayed for a couple of weeks. During the war whenever a German or a Tamesese man was killed his head was cut off and carried off as a trophy. If the man wasn't dead but only wounded, they killed him. The head, when cut off, was taken up in the teeth of the conqueror and brought in as a dog fetches a bone.—I have belied my Siteone, for this moment he sends in a lot of fresh fish, every colour of the rainbow. It must have been a savage sight when Siteone had a head in his teeth. We were alarmed the other day at the condition of his wound, and rather advised him to go to the German doctor, who is an excellent surgeon. He explained that he was waiting for an English man-of-war to come in, intending to ask the ship's surgeon to perform the operation. He had the greatest confidence in the German's skill, but feared his vengeance. As Siteone said, when he was unconscious with chloroform, and the doctor stood over him, knife in hand, was it not natural that he should remember some of the incidents of the war, and very possibly the knife might be used at least roughly. Louis went round to the chemist who dresses Siteone's shoulder, and he assured them both that it was perfectly safe to wait yet longer. "How did you get that scar on your temple, Siteone?" I asked. "I was drunk and fought; get cut with spear." "And those scars on your side?" "Some man shot me there." "And those?" "Oh, that was some kind of a sickness." The kava bowl is a really beautiful thing, carved, with six legs, from a solid piece of wood, and coated over the inside with the kava,—stained is hardly the word. I have drunk kava, but noticed no effect whatever, though I took at least a teacup full. If you know the taste of burgundy pitch that is its flavour exactly.

More visitors; a young lady of ten or thereabouts (ten here is equal to fourteen in England) at each door, singing, and twisting their pretty little hands about. In the bush I used to have a little party every evening; three lovely little seraphs, and one grown girl of extraordinary

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beauty. They sat in a row on the floor, a fine little naked boy within reach in case they became embarrassed, when he received a sounding slap. As long as I let them stay they sang and danced like little angels; a handkerchief round the loins, and wreaths, was the evening dress, except for the young lady, who generally came in a cotton chemise. Once or twice she made a morning call in a piece of gunny sack, but never without a handkerchief tied round her neck by the two side corners so that the square end covered her breasts.

I am assured that I shall like the natives very much when I really know them; perhaps I may, but I have my doubts. They are a very different people from the Marquesans, the Tahitians, or even the Low Islanders, all of whom I liked, and many of whom I loved. Would you could see the flag I designed (made on board an American man of war) for our admirable king "Tembinoka." It has three crosswise stripes, orange, red and green (he is king of three islands); across these is an immense black shark (the royal family claim to be descended from a shark) with open mouth, white teeth, and a white eye with a black pupil. I mean to make him also a palace flag, and a coat of arms with the motto "I bite triply." Of all kings I have met, and funny as it sounds I have met a great many, he is the most kingly.

You must not think that life on board the *Equator* was unmitigated misery; on the contrary there were many mitigations. We had two birthday celebrations, one Louis's, for which we killed our pig, a present from a native missionary in Butaritari, drank champagne, toasting all our friends, and sang songs prepared for the occasion. Then we fished for sharks, a wildly exciting sport; I felt no qualms about killing the shark, I even caught one myself, and have his teeth as a trophy. There were times when large sharks were hanging round the vessel. One day a big fellow that we thought was dead suddenly leaped upon the deck, knocking Ah Foo down, and was very near going down the companion-way. Every few days, Ah Foo speared one or more albacore or dolphin or porpoise amidst the wildest enthusiasm. Even the chance of a shipwreck was a stirring thing; the captain declared that I was bitterly disappointed that it didn't come off and I had not to unmake my parcels of shawls and medicines. The night we were prepared to take to the boats I held the ship's cat in my arms all night lest she might be forgotten in the confusion. We played cards in the evening and gambled for cowrie shells, and I became quite an expert at a game with draughts. The Captain and Lloyd sang, and Lloyd played upon his little Hawaiian guitar. Louis's pipe lost its voice, which was a misfortune. Sometimes the consul and Mr. Leonard sang, and often we would get much amusement from the singing of the crew. The captain was an excellent story-teller, and the greatest fun when he didn't mean to be; so altogether in spite of bad weather, and cockroaches the size of toads, which gnawed our nails and noses and pulled our eyelashes while we slept, we passed the time more agreeably than you could think. Still there were hardships that we could not have borne a great while longer.

Affectionately yours
FANNY.

APIA,
SAMOA,
January 1890.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

The cutter is going out very soon to meet the mail steamer, so I write to you with a stupid headache lest I miss the post. In the beginning let me beg of you to find out when the mail steamers leave for New York, and send your letters to us marked "via San Francisco." If you post your letters short of almost the exact time to catch the New York mail-ship no attention will be paid to the "via San Francisco," but they will be sent anywhere to the colonies, where they will probably lie and decay, or go to the lighting of some postman's fire. At least there is small chance of our seeing them. Letters sometimes do arrive, however. A friend of ours received a very important business letter, requiring his immediate presence in England, just two years after it had been posted in London.

Louis is gone up to the colonies to get the sea air there and back. He still keeps very well but rather overworked his brain lately, so is trying his remedy for everything, the sea. I was not well enough to stand the knocking about of the ship, so perforce had to stay at home. I have

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been very ill since Louis went, but of course he doesn't know that. It was a little alarming to find my head going wrong in the middle of the night and no one on the premises but an imbecile drunken German man, and some fifty yards from the house, a young Samoan chief about seventeen years of age. The chiefling is all that one could ask and much more than anyone could expect. I wish you could have seen the wise youth the other day sitting in judgment to decide a family quarrel. It came about in this way. My best working-man, who has long shown a burning desire to become what Louis calls "an old and attached," threw himself on his knees before me saying, "I belong you now." "No you don't belong me," said I; "you can't unless *I* say so." "That's all right," returned Lafaele, "you all the same my mother now. You savvee I no belong this island. I Fituna man. Long time ago, I leetle young boy; one American whaler man he stealee me. Long time I go catch whale. By and by Captain he go home, no want me any more; he put me shore in Apia. I no got father, I no got mother, I no got brother, I no got sister. I no got friend neither. My wife, she Samoan girl, she no good; she no like me any more; she like Samoan man. I no got nobody; I allee same one fellow." The latter expression means "I am alone." Fortunately, for my heart was melting towards Lafaele, who had not, in his sorrows, forgotten to dye his hair rust colour, and bedeck it with flowers, to say nothing of being rubbed down from head to heel with scented oil (spots of which he left on my floor) fortunately the young chief (named Simele, possessing three titles, but called Henry for short) came in at the critical moment. "I must look into this thing probably" (properly) said he. The wife and her family were sent for, and after they and witnesses on both sides had been examined, Henry came to the conclusion that there had been a general family quarrel in which Lafaele was more to blame than the others. It ended in every one confessing their misdeeds and a happy reconciliation all round. So Lafaele is no more "allee same one fellow," and the day of his attachment to Vailima is put off indefinitely. Henry is civilized beyond oiling down, and yet, as I see him just now, you would probably think he looked as much of a savage as the rest. He is clad in a very small red and white waist-cloth, a necklace of red berries is round his neck, hanging low upon his brown chest, and on his head he wears a wreath of fine fern-leaves. He has cut his hair close everywhere except just over his forehead where a crescent tuft is left. In this tuft he has stuck a large scarlet flower. He stands on a stump and is directing his men with many gestures and the loud imperative tones of his voice reach me here. He speaks with less than usual of the rich thick sweetness of the Samoans, and is altogether of a tougher fibre than ordinary. His ambition is to "learn to do all things in the manner of high English chiefs." The most deadly reproof we have at our command is "Henry, that is not Alii in England," (Alii means literally princely). We are building part of our house, the expense and difficulty being so great at this time of year of getting up the building material, that we thought it better to make only a beginning at present.

I cannot tell you how glad and proud I am that my boy made so good an impression on all our friends, particularly in the Monument. Had he failed then I should have been disappointed indeed. Do not, my dear, dear friends, think that there is anything but love and loyalty in my heart for the Monument. That friendship is one founded on a rock, and will endure unchanged so long as Louis and I live. It is not possible that it can be otherwise.

I was both saddened and in a manner relieved when Louis finally broke with Henley. I never liked his influence over Louis, though it was impossible not to like and admire many of the man's qualities. Well, that page is turned over. I suppose Lloyd has described my desperate engagements with the man of genius over the South Sea book. Many times I was almost in despair. He had got "Darwin on the Coral Insect"—no, Darwin was "Coral Reefs"; somebody else on Melanesian languages, books on the origin of the South Sea peoples, and all sorts of scientific pamphlets and papers. He has always had a weakness for teaching and preaching, so here was his chance. Instead of writing about his adventures in

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these wild islands, he would ventilate his own theories on the vexed questions of race and language. He wasted much precious time over grammars and dictionaries, with no results, for he was able to get an insight into hardly any native tongue. Then he must study the coral business. That, I believe, would have ruined the book but for my brutality. We had stopped when cruising in the *Janet Nicoll* at a most curious and interesting Island. We were all going ashore together, but to my surprise Louis refused to start with us, but said he would follow in a second boat. Lloyd and I spent several hours wandering over the island, having some odd adventures and seeing many curious things. But no Louis. At last we gave him up and went down to the beach to return to the ship. There was that gentleman on the reef, halfway between the ship and shore, knee-deep in water, the tropical sun beating on his unprotected head, hammering at the reef with a big hatchet. His face was purple and his eyes injected with blood. "Louis, you will die," I cried, "come away out of the sun quickly." "No," he answered, "I must get specimens from this extraordinary piece of coral. I can't take the whole of it, for it's too heavy, but after two hours' hard work I have got off bits showing the different sorts of formation. I still haven't got all there is to be got, and the work is so hard nobody will help me." He then showed me the fragments that he wished me to take to the ship; for dinner, fatigue, nothing should get him away from the important discoveries he was making. I looked at his specimens with contempt. "Louis," I said, "how ignorant you are! Why, that is only the common brain coral. Any schoolboy in San Francisco will give you specimens if you really want them." It was horrid of me, but it was true, and it had the effect of stopping off the coral interest. I showed him on board the very *Janet Nicoll* a picture of brain coral, then called "the common brain coral."

Always, please, fall on me when his work goes wrong. He will stubbornly hold to his own position, but is apt to give way if he thinks I am getting the blame. That truly dreadful "Mrs. Stevenson senior," which I thought had been changed, was left over for the time when he was fighting to keep his book impersonal, that he might feel free to fill up with scientific interests. And oh, my dears, he is an artist, and he knows nothing about science; not even so much as I do, and Heaven knows I am very ignorant. He holds a most vexing theory at present. I plunged into the work of the plantation with so much interest that he says I have the true peasant nature, and lack the artistic temperament, therefore my advice on artistic matters, such as a book on the South Seas, must be received with extreme caution. He says I do not take the broad view of an artist, but hold the cheap opinion of the general public that a book must be interesting. How I do long for a little wholesome Monumental correction to be applied to the Scotch side of Louis's artistic temperament; let us have, I pray you, all we can get, though it is so long on the way as to be almost too late. Never had any man such enchanting material for a book, and much of the best is to be left out. "Very well," I say, "if you will not, then I shall. I'll gather together all my letters, and publish them with my drawings wherever they will fill up a gap you have wantonly left." My letter must go. Dear love to you all.

FANNY.

In February, 1890, the Stevensons left on an excursion to Sydney, intending this to be the first stage on a return, of shorter or longer duration as it might turn out, to England. But very soon after landing in Australia Stevenson fell ill again with one of his old prostrating attacks of fever and hemorrhage from the lungs. The idea of coming on to England was of necessity given up, and that of fixing his permanent home on his new property in Samoa took more positive shape. In the meantime his customary unfailing remedy in the shape of a fresh ocean cruise was resolved on, and this letter relates how berths were secured for the purpose on a trading steamer of alluringly ambiguous business and destination.

SYDNEY,
April 12th,
1890.

BEST OF FRIENDS,

I fear it will be a disappointment that we are not to be in England as soon as we

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expected. Louis has taken his first bad cold, most probably that dreadful influenza. He is better, though very weak, and the doctor said it would be suicide to start to England now, or to stay on here just as the bad season is coming on. At the critical moment, I found a steamer of five hundred tons, the *Janet Nicoll*, which is about starting out on a cruise in the South Seas of from two to four months duration. I got our steamer tickets—already bought—advanced, and took passage for our party to the South Seas. I had only thirty-six hours to arrange everything in. . . .

I am more tired than words can say, but very thankful of getting a change for Louis so comfortably. The vessel goes a rather mysterious cruise, and will give no information, even to us, of her business or of what islands she will take us to with the exception of Savage Island, Penrhyn, and Apemama. We are not even allowed on board until two hours before leaving lest we let some information leak out. At the present moment the labour league is doing all it can to prevent the *Janet Nicoll* leaving, because of her carrying Solomon Islanders as sailors. There will be no other passengers besides ourselves, with the exception of a young man in process of becoming a beach-comber, who is to be dropped in the Gilberts. We shall have nice large cabins, and an awning is always kept up over the house. There are also two bathrooms. We have not been used to such luxury. Louis has been staying in the country and will not come to town till the steamer is about to start. It is odd that he had an attack of asthma the other night; I suppose only accidental.

Of course this cruise will give additional interest to the book. I am very glad you spoke of the historical and scientific question. It has been rather heavy on my mind. If I were the public I shouldn't care a penny what Louis's theories were as to the formation of the islands, or their scientific history, or where the people came from originally—only what Louis's own experiences were. And no one has had such experiences. All the South Sea books speak, by hearsay only, of the terrible Tembinoka, but we threw ourselves into his arms, and went and lived with him for months, and learned to love him almost as much as we admired him. I have sent him an ensign that I designed, and we shall carry with us his palace flag. What a surprise it will be when we steam into Apemama and hoist his flag, which we mean to do. Our photographs have all been finished up, and we have really lovely and wildly interesting pictures. The camera goes with us this time. I feel so ashamed to tell you that we are off again, for I know how you were looking forward to meeting Louis; but then I know, too, that you love him with a generous and not a selfish love. The best of our affection goes to you, dearest and kindest and truest of friends. Please say that. Louis may have messages, but he is not here, so I must just send this note as it is.

Most affectionately yours,
FANNY V. DE G. STEVENSON.

APIA, SAMOA,
[November or December 1890.]

DEAR FRIEND,

Things are going on as usual with us, as no doubt Louis has written in his diary letters. I wonder if he told how my dear old Lafaele wished to punish a man for stealing his pig? Fortunately it occurred to Lafaele to ask my permission first. He is the medicine-man who cured the maniac boy. He knew how to prepare a deadly poison, from leaves in the bush, and he thought it a good idea to drop the stuff, under cover of the night, into the stones where the family cooked their food. The next day, he assured me, the man and his entire family to the nursing babe would be dead with no evidence to show how they came to their fate. Had you seen Lafaele kneeling at my feet and gazing up into my face with such a sweet pleading expression you would hardly have thought that he was begging permission to commit a wholesale murder. Please don't tell this tale to anybody. If it got out something unpleasant might happen to Lafaele and I should not like that. Our black boy, Arak, not long since begged me to ask Louis to lend him a gun as he wished to hunt black boys in the bush. I tried to make him feel sorry for his countrymen, poor starving runaways, but it was of no use. "What for he run away then?" was his only answer. He

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has assured me that he would go a long way from the house, as he knew very well that the ghosts of people who had been killed haunted the spot of their deaths, and were very unpleasant in their ways. I wonder, also, if Louis told you how Arak was attacked by a party of his hereditary enemies, three of whom were carried to the hospital afterwards rather seriously damaged, and how Arak in his excitement had to be allowed to come up to my room, where he spent half a day dancing and singing in the fashion of his island to celebrate his victory. The dancing was a dramatic representation of head-hunting, and was almost alarming. When he began to writhe along the floor, twisting about the furniture with his protruding, burning eyes fixed on mine, getting nearer and nearer to me, I began to feel as though I might become a victim to artistic zeal.

We are going to finish our new house which will be very comfortable. It will be done by the end of January, and oh, if we could but have a friend visit us, what inconceivable joy! The moment Louis gets out of the tropics he falls back to where he used to be, and everything has to be done over again; but within his degrees of latitude he is reasonably well, and can live like a human being. A visit to us, now, would be very different to what it used to be. This place is damp and never dry, and not too hot, especially up on our hill. But I suppose such happiness cannot be for us. I must not think of it.

Ever Yours,
F. V. DE G. STEVENSON.

There followed, as all the world knows, four years of happy and ardently active life for the couple in their island home. By way of supplement I append, as promised in my prefatory note to these pages, a letter written from San Francisco within a year of Stevenson's death.

7, Montgomery Avenue,
SAN FRANCISCO.
Sept. 6th. 1895.

DEAR FRIEND,

I have just received your letter asking about adding the poem addressed to me, "Dusky, trusty," etc., to the new edition. Do just what you think well to do. It is a very beautiful thing and I do not think it would be bad taste to publish it. As to the other "Oh God, if that were all," I agree that this should be kept for the Life. But there was another that Louis rather liked—I *think* it was called "In praise of dark women"; what do you think of adding that? I only suggest the looking at it. I shall, as I have always done, feel sure that you have done right, whatever your views may be. . . . I have had a very nice letter from Burlingame saying that he was about to bring out a new complete edition of Louis's works called the Thistle edition. Since his letter came, he has sent me the first four volumes; very handsome—an imitation of the Edinburgh edition.

I am glad you like the photograph of the portrait. I think I can put the blurred place right. It can do no harm to try as it would not be spoiled, charcoal rubs off at once. I think there are indications of the parts rubbed off. It is a great chance that I have it at all. If I had only known when I sat "idly scratching" that day. The canvas is much dilapidated, having been lying about in Bob's place all these years.

In turning over some old papers Lloyd came across the rules and regulations of the war game that he and Louis used to play together when Lloyd was a boy. He thought about writing a paper about the game for *St. Nicholas*, but wishes to ask you first if he should. In the notes to the child's letters to be published in that magazine he refers to the game at some length. Not too long, I think, considering that boys read the magazine. I have just discovered that he has sent off two notes without my seeing them, which annoys me; I like to be sure that they are all right. I hope you will tell me very soon what you think of the lecture scheme. I hear of several others proposing to lecture on Louis's life in Samoa, but in particular is a Mr. Chalmers, the head of the Mission, a fiery little man of real genius, whose lectures are said to be superb. Aunt Maggie has met him in Edinburgh, but seems to prefer his wife. Chalmers, she says, never spoke a word, but sat stupidly silent. He has an absolute hatred of the English matron, and I am afraid that was the view he took of Aunt Maggie. If you could meet him you

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would find him more interesting than almost anyone you ever met. He is more of an explorer than a missionary, and with absolutely none of the narrowness of the usual missionary. The missionary society in Apia was shaken to its foundations when he was there. The natives were forbidden to dance, and Chalmers danced the Highland fling on the missionary verandah before a great crowd of them. He also smoked a pipe in public when smoking was considered one of the seven deadly sins. If he lectures in England I am sure that his lecture will be worth hearing. . . .

A curious incident took place a day or so ago. It seems that an Indian boy who had been brought to Samoa when a child, when he was adopted and reared by the natives, thought it a good scheme to stowaway on a ship and come to America. Naturally he was thrown out on the wharf like spoiled fruit. The poor wretch wandered about shivering in the cold, sleeping in doorways, and eating what refuse he could pick up, until he was nearly dead. "It is a strange place this," he said, "why in Samoa, everybody loves me; but here not one man loves me! When I asked for some bread nobody said 'come in, poor boy and eat and rest while I get you some clothes;' no; they all said, 'go away.'" He looked all along the streets for a cocoanut tree or a breadfruit but could find none. "I walked seven miles, one day, and there was not a cocoanut," he said. At last when he had taken a cold and felt dreadfully ill, Belle passed him, and his quick eyes caught sight of the South Sea earrings. "There," he said, "I looked up to the old man (South Sea for God) and said, 'Now God, help me' and began to sing a Samoan song." Naturally Belle turned at once; when he saw her face fully, he cried out her Samoan name "Teuila." Of course he is with us, sleeping in a camp bed in the kitchen, and acting as our servant, until we can persuade some ship to take him home. It is a pretty story, is it not? You never saw anything as like a lost dog as when he came, nor anything as like the dog found as he is now; our clothes are brushed threadbare, and our shoes are blacked until they are stiff. But he thinks this a wicked, hard-hearted country. "I am only twenty-two," he said, "and I didn't want to die, but nobody cared. The people can't love each other as we do in Samoa. It was so strange to find that no man loved me. It made me very much afraid." At this moment he is eating a huge watermelon, the first fruit that he has seen that is the same in Samoa.

Give my love to all, and excuse this paper. I have no other in the house.

Ever affectionately yours,
FANNY V. DE G. STEVENSON.

Fanny Stevenson, as every reader knows, survived her husband nearly twenty years, in the course of which, after the island home had been finally left and dismantled, she made at different dates various sojourns in England and on the continent of Europe, besides travels in Mexico, but chose her more lasting abiding places in California. The latest of these, at Santa Barbara, seems to have been an almost ideal home so far as concerned charm of situation, aspect, and climate. But none of us who knew and cared for her could at any time have failed to realize that her heart's home was with him she had lost, and that such words as these, which she had written to me in the early days of her widowhood, held deeply true until the end: "I am here as you see in San Francisco living with a friend in three little rooms, Lloyd, Belle and myself, cooking over a gas stove and washing my own dishes: but how little would I care for that if Louis were here too. I believe for him, all is for the best; he went as he wished to go, when he wished to go, leaping off from the highest pinnacle with the great drums beating behind him. Could he have arranged his own life and death, how little things would have been changed. With such thoughts I try to console myself and pretend that I would not have had it different. It is hard to believe that I am to go on indefinitely and always alone; it seems impossible. After all these years of preparation I was not ready when the time came. That very day I had said to him, 'I am not a coward; for a woman I am brave.' Vain words; where is my courage now? I am not altogether selfish in my grief, for I do think of the others who loved him, more particularly of you. . . ."

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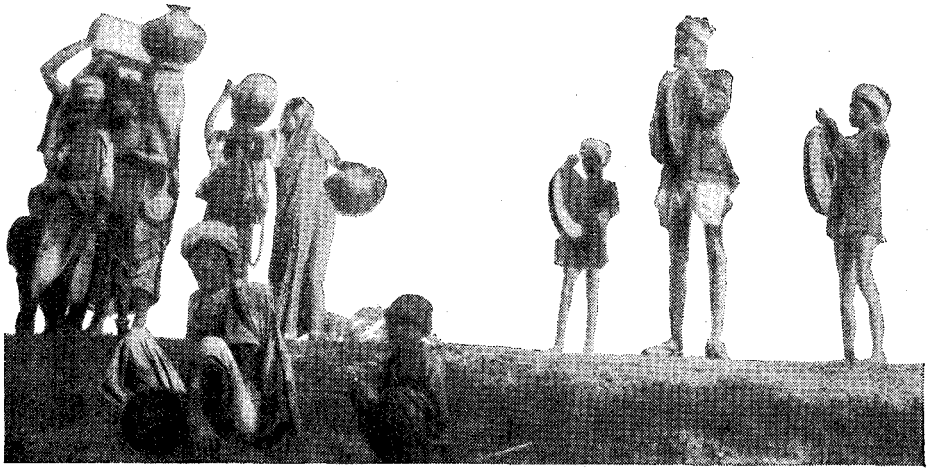

Drummers summoning the beaters.

"In the Land Where the Elephants Are"

BY KERMIT ROOSEVELT
Author of "The Happy Hunting-Grounds," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS MADE BY MR. ROOSEVELT AND MR. D. S. ELLSWORTH

I

IN October, 1922, my business called for a trip to the Far East. During an interim in some negotiations I managed to get off in the mountains of Korea, but, although I had a most interesting trip, I was unable to come up with the Korean tiger that braves the bitter cold of the snow hills. This made me all the more keen for the hunt I had planned in India.

My friend Mr. C. P. Perin had spent many years of his life there, and when he heard that I was going he offered to arrange a tiger-hunt for me in Mysore State, where his firm had erected a blast-furnace for the government. Although our arrival in India was delayed many months we found everything ready—to borrow a Hindustani word that is so comprehensive and all-embracing that there is no English equivalent, the bundobust was complete and perfect. When we landed in Colombo we had only to telegraph Mahaboob Khan, the shikarry who had shown Mr. Perin such good sport, and let him know the day we would arrive.

Mr. Gudkov, who was in charge of the Mysore Distillation and Iron Works, wired asking us to be his guests at Bhadravati, which, he added, we could make our headquarters during the hunt. We came up by rail to Madras, and thence to Bangalore. The Mysore Government officials had been most kind in offering us every facility for the hunting, and we spent an interesting day going around the

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workshops and plants where this progressive state educates its citizens in handicraft and stimulates the cultivation of native industries.

I was unable to express my thanks personally to the maharajah, for he was away at the hill station of Ootacamund, but I later enjoyed a couple of days as his guest at his capital at Mysore city.

A night's journey from Bangalore landed us at Bhadravati, where we were met

Village women watching us start off for a beat.

by our fellow American, Mr. Gudkov, and taken to his comfortable bungalow, which had been built by Mr. Perin, with all the luxury of running water. Mahaboob Khan was on hand, thin and wiry and efficient, and after breakfast he motored us off some miles to where we could have a few practice shots with our rifles. B. had a well-balanced little Mauser that chambered government ammunition. Preston and Ellsworth each had a 405 Winchester with the addition of a Mauser and 30 Winchester, respectively, for small game. I had my 405 and my Springfield, so we had only the two sorts of ammunition, 405 and government, for it is far simpler to have as little variety as possible in your ammunition.

Our plans were to use Bhadravati as a base, to which all information as to the localities where tigers were killing could be sent, and to be ready to sally forth as soon as the news came in. Mahaboob Khan's bundobust left nothing to be desired. All the forest guards within a radius of forty miles had been provided with water buffalo to tie out in likely places, and in the event of a kill they were to send a runner in to the nearest telegraph office with a wire to us. Although there was a good telegraph system in service, there were no telephones.

In Gudkov we found the most kindly of hosts, possessed of a hospitality that withstood the trial of extreme irregularity in his guests. Except for the fact that we were always going somewhere, and that we could be counted upon to be at no place at any set hour, there was nothing established about our movements. We got up often as early as three and rarely as late as six, and went off by motor to some likely small-game country. We endeavored to be back by noon at Bhadravati, for we could rarely count upon news of kills reaching us before then. If there were a kill reported we would bolt some food and start off again. For the first ten days we had two cars, so that we could

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Villagers gathered to see the start of a beat.

divide up localities to more advantage. When we gave up our extra car we all piled into one, except for the occasional borrowing of a motor from Gudkov.

We generally managed to separate for still hunting in the morning or evening, or sometimes both. We would go off each with a local shikarry—what we used to call a shenzie in Africa—and wander through the jungle with a delightful uncertainty of what we might come upon, and with the possibility of anything from a tiger or bison to a mouse-deer. It was, unfortunately, the worst time of year for stalking, for the monsoon does not start in Mysore until the last half of June, and no rain had yet fallen, so that the leaves which covered the ground were hard and brittle, ready to crackle at the least touch.

I had read a great deal about hunting in India, chiefly books from father's library, ones filled with delightful colored illustrations of wounded tigers attacking elephants. The first hunting book I ever remember reading was that classic of Sanderson's, "Thirteen Years Among the Wild Beasts of India." Father had given me his copy not long after I had learned to read. I brought with me from his library Colonel Pollock's "Sporting Days in Southern India" and Inglis's "Tent Life in Tiger Land." Sanderson's book was the best known in Mysore, and I found that Mahaboob Khan owned a copy, which he read assiduously. In the way of modern books I had Hubbock's "Forest Life in India" and Fletcher's "Sport on the Nilgiris," which we all read with much interest.

The only book about hunting in India written by an American that I had read was Hornaday's "Two Years in the Jungle." Mr. Hornaday spent a number of months in 1874 and 1875 collecting big game in the districts immediately south of Mysore. Mr. Theobald, who was a great friend of Hornaday's, is now living in Mysore, and has made a number of expeditions with Mr. Perin. Any American contemplating a hunting trip in India should without fail secure a copy of "Two Years in the Jungle," for not only will he

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enjoy it greatly, but he will learn much that will prove of the greatest value.

Pollock's book is most delightful reading and doubly enthralling since it spoke much of the very country in which we were. When he was hunting here in the eighties our town of Bhadravati was known as Benkipur, the name being eventually changed because it was identical with that of a large town in Bengal, causing confusion in the shipments of supplies to the iron plant.

Pollock describes a nullah near Benkipur which was the home of a famous man-eater, credited with more than a hundred human lives. He went after this tiger but failed to find him, although he bagged a tigress. We found that the reputation of the man-eater was still alive, and were told how its familiar spirit was a raven which perched on a tree overshadowing the road, croaking to attract the tiger's attention when one of his victims was about to pass.

It was in this very nullah that I saw my first tiger. A number of kills had been reported, so Mahaboob Khan took me on a stalk in the late afternoon. We had not gone far when we came upon the remains of a jungle-sheep, or muntjac, that had been killed the previous night. The jungle-sheep is really no sheep at all, but a true deer, *cervalus muntjac*, the sole representative of his genus in India. Part of the kill had been carried off, and this trail we were able to follow, picking our way with the greatest caution through the dry leaves and sticks that were ever ready to advertise our presence to our quarry. We had gone perhaps fifty yards when we heard a peacock calling, which Mahaboob Khan whispered to me betokened the presence of the tiger, so we proceeded even more cautiously, if that were possible, until Mahaboob, who was leading, stopped short in his tracks, pointing straight ahead and motioning me to shoot. We were among some bushes and stunted trees. About thirty-five yards ahead of us was the bank of a nullah, and just at the edge of this bank, among the tall grass and bushes, I could make out a section of tiger, about the size of my two fists. What part of the animal it might be I had no means of knowing, but I felt sure of one thing, and that was that if I hesitated or tried for a better shot, there would be little or no chance of seeing the tiger again. Aiming for the centre of the patch of stripes, I pulled the trigger. A deep growl of pain and anger, the sound of a scrambling fall into the nullah, and all was quiet.

Neither of us had seen the tiger go, and the shikarry was as much in the dark as myself as to what part of the animal I had shot at. We crept cautiously to the nullah's edge and peered over, but nothing was to be seen. On the spot where the tiger had been lying there was some blood which Mahaboob at first thought came from the lungs; this we disproved. After waiting a little while we pushed cautiously on, casting up and down the nullah, and then along the farther bank. Aside from one pug mark, in the bed of the ravine, which showed the tiger to have been a large one, we could find no further trace of our quarry, for the ground was baked hard except for the loose sand in the gully which had been trod by game and cattle until it was a network of indistinguishable patterns.

Mahaboob had great faith in the fact that no matter where my 405 had hit it should account for the tiger on the spot, but I have known game carry off the bullets of far heavier guns, and while I had every confidence in my rifle, I well knew that the tiger might go a long way. Not finding any further blood trail did not discourage me, for I have seen a lion, mortally wounded, go a hundred yards, and leave no sign of blood, until it dropped dead. Our worst enemy was darkness, for the short twilight of the tropics was upon us. I doubt, however, if we could have made any headway even had we had the full day before us, for, as it turned out, the tiger had gone nearly two miles, and was only discovered a couple of days later by the pariahs of a neighboring village seeing some vultures circling around, and going to investigate in the belief that a tiger had killed one of the village herd. The skin was, of course, practically spoiled, but such as it was I was glad to have it. As far as we could judge, mine had been a gut shot.

Mahaboob Khan had arranged the placing of his ties skilfully, for during the first week there were only three days

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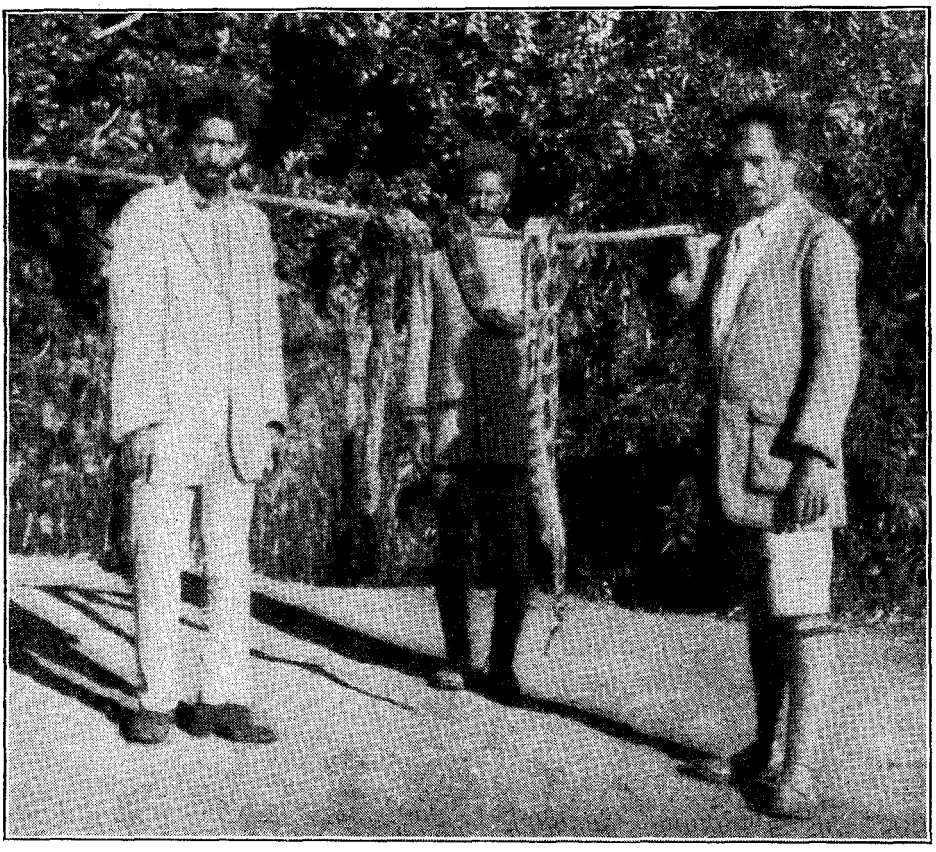
when no kill was reported. The drives we made in the localities of these kills naturally resembled one another closely. We would get the khubber (news) around eleven; an hour's run in the motor would take us to the village whence the word came. There we would find the local forest ranger waiting under the village peepul-tree, with the village elders grouped about him. Upon our arrival two or three men would start beating buffalo-hide drums to summon the beaters. If the lie of the land called for more men than our village could supply, they were gathered from near-by huts.

When all was ready we marched off under the guidance of the local shikarry, who would in the meantime have gone over the situation with Mahaboob, who in turn explained the general nature of the drive to us. The tie had been placed near water, so that the tiger would not have far to go to quench his thirst after he had eaten his fill. It was then believed and hoped that he had chosen some suitable spot close by, of which there were many, to lay up during the day and sleep off the effects of his feast. The tie was either a buffalo or a bullock. Our shikarries much preferred setting out buffaloes, for they held that buffalo meat contained some curious drugging power that forced the tiger to lay up before he could go far. To the best of our observations this was pure superstition, for every time except one, when the tiger had killed a buffalo and we were told that we were certain to see him, he proved to have gone beyond the radius of the beat. The theory may possibly arise from the superiority in size of the buffalo, and the fact that a tiger who has eaten the better part of a large buffalo



Mahaboob Khan and the forest guard with the python I shot when in pursuit of the wounded gaur.

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is less apt to go far for his siesta than a tiger who has made his meal off a bullock.

Most of our drives were along ravines which still contained isolated pools of water near one of which the kill had been staged. On either bank the jungle would run out for perhaps half or three-quarters of a mile to where it dwindled off into low scrub or open plains. The four of us were placed on either side of the nullah in the manner best calculated to command the possible exit of the tiger. Sometimes we would all be perched among the branches of trees; at other times one or more would be on the ground. If there had been sufficient time or if the drive had been planned out before the kill, the forest ranger occasionally had pukka machans built. A machan is really nothing but a platform; it is either built in a suitable tree, or in the event that there is none such at hand four bamboos are stuck into the ground, and the platform is built on them. Another form of machan we used was merely a ladder with a broad rung to sit upon. This could be stood up against a tree which of itself offered no conveniences in the way of branches. One always feels that one is giving the tiger more of a chance if one stays on the ground during a drive, but there are two disadvantages in so doing. The first is that should the tiger come along not far in advance of the beaters, and you take your shot (often the only one you can get) before he goes past, the bullet may travel on and find its home in a beater. If you are shooting down from a height, any such possibility is greatly minimized. The second disadvantage of being stationed on the ground is found in the decreased range of vision. Without actually trying it out, it is difficult to realize how much advantage in this way is obtained by being even a few feet up. Clumps of bushes which had formed complete barriers no longer obstruct the range in the least.

Mahaboob Khan and the forest guard with my bison.

Of course the most satisfactory way in which to bag your tiger is the manner in which I was fortunate enough to get my first—by stalking. Next to that is by driving and shooting from the ground or a low machan. Shooting from elephant back is the most picturesque method of pursuit, but it entails practically no risk to the hunter from the hunted, except

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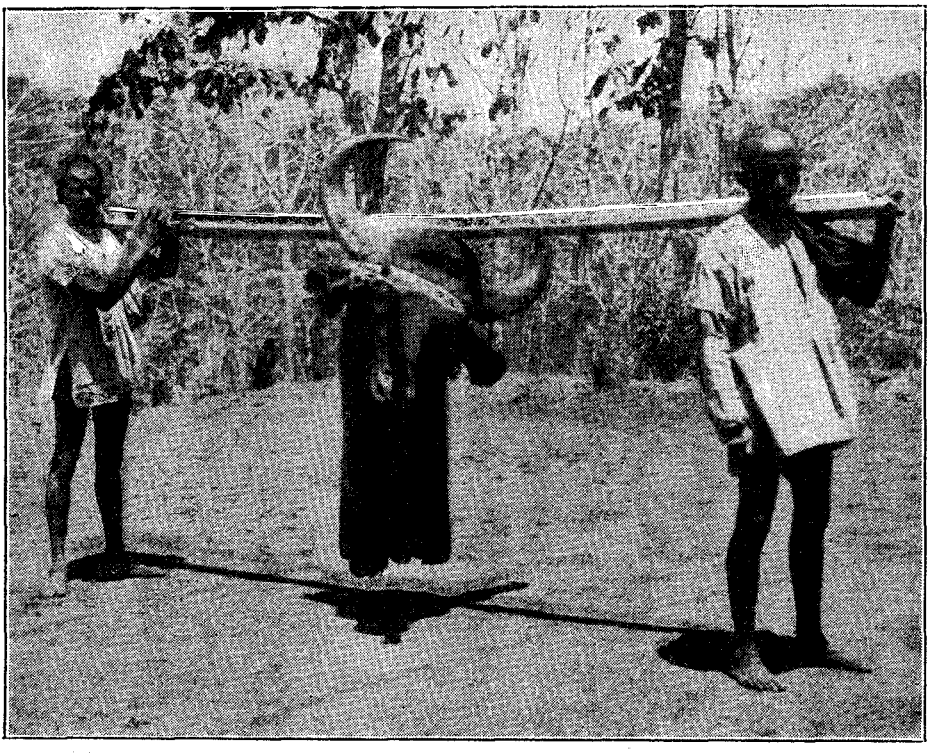

Bison or gaur head.

The head of my bison or gaur being brought into camp.

possibly when a wounded tiger is followed into dense jungle. Even then, should the tiger attack, he has first the elephant itself to cope with, and can rarely reach the hunter with his first spring. Badly broken elephants may be a cause of danger if they take fright and bolt. I should much like to see a large drive with elephants, but more as a spectacle than as a method of shooting tigers.

To go back to our drive: once placed in the selected trees the shikarries leave and take up posts on either flank to act as stops and try to prevent the tiger from breaking out to one side before reaching the machans. It is usually a good thing to select a likely native, and put him up the tree above you. Two pairs of eyes are better than one, and some natives possess extraordinarily keen vision. If you divide your horizon there is less necessity of turning your head, and by the motion bringing yourself to the notice of the quarry. You must choose your native well, for some of them become very fidgety, and not only keep shifting their position, but start coughing and breaking off twigs and bits of bark. In that case, if a stiff admonition has no effect, the best thing is to send him down and off. I had often read that the cat family never looked up high enough to pick out any one in a tree, but this I am certain is not always the case, for I heard of a number of authenticated instances where the tiger was seen carefully scanning the trees, and once a jungle-cat came and stood under B.'s tree and looked straight up at her. He made her out perfectly, but for some obscure reason was not in the least concerned at her presence there above him.

The period during a drive when time passes slowest is immediately after you have taken your post and before you hear the shouting of the beaters. Even during that time, if you keep your eyes open, you can find much of interest in the jungle life that is going on around you. Lizards will be chasing each other like flashes of lightning round your tree or over the dry

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leaves, among which they make noises out of all proportion to their size. Birds are calling, and if you don't move they will often fly over and perch on your tree. Best of all, however, are the monkeys. I shall always think of India as the country of monkeys. Everywhere else that I have been where monkeys made their home, no matter how numerous they might be, they were by no means a common sight. In Brazil, even in the unexplored parts, they were rarely to be seen except for a moment as they flashed through the tree tops. There were times when it was more than the mere sight of them that we wanted, and their invisibility seriously affected our depleted larder during the descent of the River of Doubt. Of those we did get, nothing was wasted! In Africa, in certain districts, we found baboons common, but they are such loathsome animals that no one cares to watch them. The beautiful long-haired black-and-white colobus monkeys were rare and wild, and even the little gray *Cercopithecus johnstoni*—what we called the organ-grinder monkey—was timid and not too often to be seen. I have found it the same in Sumatra, Java, the Philippines, and in many countries, but in India monkeys are everywhere visible, and you can watch them playing as long as you choose. Troops of the Bandarlog disport themselves along the roadside. It was mango season when we were in Mysore, and they had gathered from far and near to eat the fruit of the mango-trees that lined the highways. Often we would come upon them scattered over the road, and they would scamper off to the trees, the babies clinging tightly underneath their mothers. Sometimes they would turn to scold us, at other times they would pay no attention. These were the common monkeys of Mysore, *Macacus radiatus*. In other parts of India we came upon monkeys along the station platforms, in the temples, in the pines of Simla, and, indeed, everywhere.

I enjoyed watching them most when I was waiting to hear the beaters begin. You could see them in every attitude and occupation. The silhouettes of those sitting motionless and upright on a branch with their tails hanging straight down reminded one of the Japanese drawings of Sosen. The agility and care with which they leaped from tree to tree or scaled the intricacies of a clump of bamboo, was a never-ending delight. Sometimes a number would stand along a branch and leap over each other with springy staccato movements. The wails with which a misbehaving youngster received the admonitory cuffing of his elders made it difficult for the onlooker to keep silent.

The minute that the beaters were heard, my monkey friends would come to attention. Sometimes they would desert me and move on immediately; at other times they would chatter briskly in conclave before deciding upon a plan of action. Invariably some individual, more consumed with curiosity than the rest, would wait behind until he could stand the uncertainty no longer, when he would launch himself in pursuit of his comrades amid a great crackling of dead wood and swishing of green boughs.

As the beaters drew nearer other game would come by; first there would be the birds—hawks and owls and jungle-fowl and peacocks. These last were the most beautiful sight as they flew past, their tails spread, their gorgeous plumage blazing in the sun. The jungle-fowl kept to the ground as long as possible, and made so much noise in their scuttlings from cover to cover that they often seemed to predict the advent of something more exciting.

The birds would often light on the tree where one was stationed, and if one remained stock-still they would not fly on until the approaching beaters bade them do so. During one late afternoon drive B. had an amusing experience. It was almost dusk, and she said that she had the sensation you sometimes have in a theatre when you feel that some one is looking straight at you and turn around to catch the eye of a friend. The feeling was so strong that she involuntarily turned and caught sight of a big owl on a branch above her, his great round luminous eyes staring straight through her.

One could never foretell what would come next in a beat. Lovely spotted deer (*Cervus axis*) would often pass underneath and sometimes stop only a few yards away to gaze back in the direction of the beaters. The smaller muntjac (*Cervulus aureus*) would frequently come through, neither so graceful nor beautiful as his larger cousin. A mongoose more

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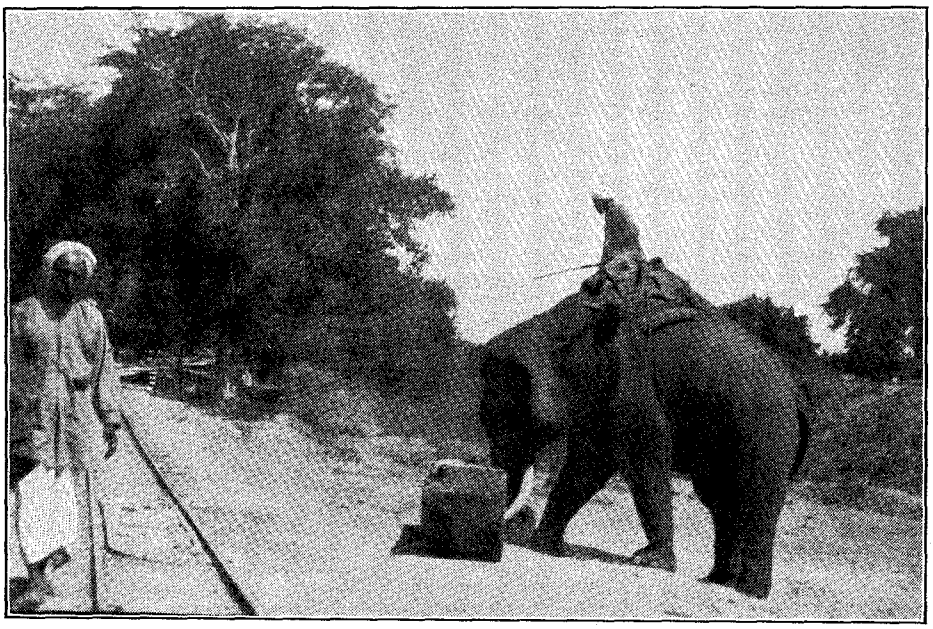
than once passed by, as did the striped hyena. In one drive, when B. and I were stationed together, a diminutive mouse-deer (*Tragulus meminna*) scurried past. This little fellow is no larger than a hare; he is brown above and white below; on his side and throat are white spots and bands. He cannot, however, compare in grace with the African dikdik, though in size there is little to choose.



Elephant rolling teak logs near Bhadravati.

Pig came by occasionally, and once they had started they went on through without pausing, evidently possessed of no curiosity to see what might be making all the noise behind them.

When we were going up to take our positions for the first drive of all, I was walking some distance ahead with Mahaboob Khan and the local shikarry. As we approached a clump of bamboos I caught sight of a leopard sitting on the farther side of it. He bounded off as we approached. I could have had a good shot, but since we had been assured that the tiger that had made the kill was still in the nullah and not far away, I refrained from shooting. I felt certain that whether the tiger were there or not, if it failed to be in the beat we would one and all be convinced that my shooting had driven it away, and I did not wish to sacrifice a good chance at a tiger, for I had already accounted for leopards in Africa.

As a matter of fact, no tiger put in his appearance, and it was not until our fourth drive that we had one in the beat. We happened to be all posted on the same side of the nullah, "staggered" in the direction from which the beaters were to start, the post farthest away from the beaters being within twenty-five yards of the nullah. It was there that I was stationed. The open country began almost at the rim of the opposite bank. I had suggested that one of us be left there, but the shikarries felt that it offered a poor chance at best, and any danger of the tiger breaking off in that direction could be controlled by placing reliable stops. Not ten minutes after the drive had started we could tell by the excited shouting of the beaters that big game was afoot. They had come upon a tigress with two well-grown cubs, and she was engaged in what is known in military terms as causing a diversion in order to enable her young to make good their retreat. She charged straight back at the beaters, but they held their ground, shouting, waving their staves, and beating drums. When

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she retreated she made a stand in a large thicket, half a mile below me, from which for some little time she refused to budge. I would have gone to investigate, and possibly got a shot had I not been afraid to leave my stand empty in case she should slip through while I was making my way to the scene of action.

Ellsworth was the first to catch sight of her; he was about four hundred yards in front of me, but the farthest out of any of us from the nullah. He had a fleeting glimpse as she leaped across an opening between two clumps of bushes. A moment later I heard her roaring, and a fine sound it was, for she was thoroughly angry. I could see only the farther bank of the nullah, and I could tell that she was coming up on my side, the way by which her cubs must already have passed, unknown to us. I jumped hurriedly down from my tree and ran to where the ravine made a sharp bend, enabling me to command both sides. Unknown to me, two of the stops had moved forward in the bottom of the ravine, and when the tigress caught sight of them she turned with deep, coughing grunts up the opposite bank, straight toward one of the beaters. He was up a tree in no time, and the tigress had broken through to safety. All that I had seen was a momentary flash of her tawny length as she disappeared over the edge. I might afterward have tried a chance shot ahead of her, on the remote possibility of turning her, but I was too uncertain of the location of the stops to risk it.

We tried another beat in the direction she had taken, but she had evidently decided that the course of wisdom lay in putting plenty of ground between her and the scene of the beat.

The natives had certainly behaved with the utmost courage, and it was only our bad fortune or poor management in not having a rifle posted on the far side that was responsible for our not having a shot. If we had been equally fortunate in our beaters elsewhere we should in all probability have accounted for more tigers. After the driving had finished for the day, the beaters all gathered around the forest guard, and he wrote down the names of those that had taken part in the drives. When we had finished putting out our ties in their neighborhood they would come in for their pay; eight annas, about sixteen cents, was the day's wage, unless one of the sahibs got a shot at a tiger. In that event it was doubled and each man drew a rupee.

The caste system of India is such a maze of intricate interweavings that it is impossible for the casual hunter to unravel it. The broad distinctions between Mohammedans, Christians, and Hindus, each with certain individual religious restrictions, are easy to master. Neither of the first have caste distinctions, but the Hindus are networked with them. With the two highest castes, the Brahmin and the Rajput, we did not need to concern ourselves when we were off shooting, but their elimination did not seem to simplify matters. There were villages of Londharis and Lingayats, none of whom could intermarry. In many villages there were also Mohammedans who were, of course, obliged to keep to themselves. Then every village had a few families of pariahs or outcasts belonging to it. Sometimes one such family would belong to two villages, and perform certain menial and scavenging tasks from which the Hindu religion withholds its followers. These pariahs live in huts at the outskirts, so that they will not contaminate the villagers. One of their perquisites is the hide and such flesh as remains of any of the village cattle that have been killed. They are therefore always on the lookout for kills, and it was thanks to this that they discovered the carcass of my first tiger. It was a mystery to us to make out how the different little groups in the smaller villages managed to keep their identity, and the fact that we could not learn of intermarriages taking place would prove either that marriage was invariably a strictly commercial affair with no personal equation entering into it, or that the caste lines imposed by their religions were so powerful that they dominated completely individual attraction.

Next to tiger we were most eager to shoot gaur, or bison. It is more commonly known in India by the latter name, a misnomer due to ignorance, for it is no relation whatever to the American bison. Its scientific name is *Bos gaur*. It is credited with being the finest member of the bos family, but I am not sure that I would personally award it precedence over the African buffalo. In the Malay

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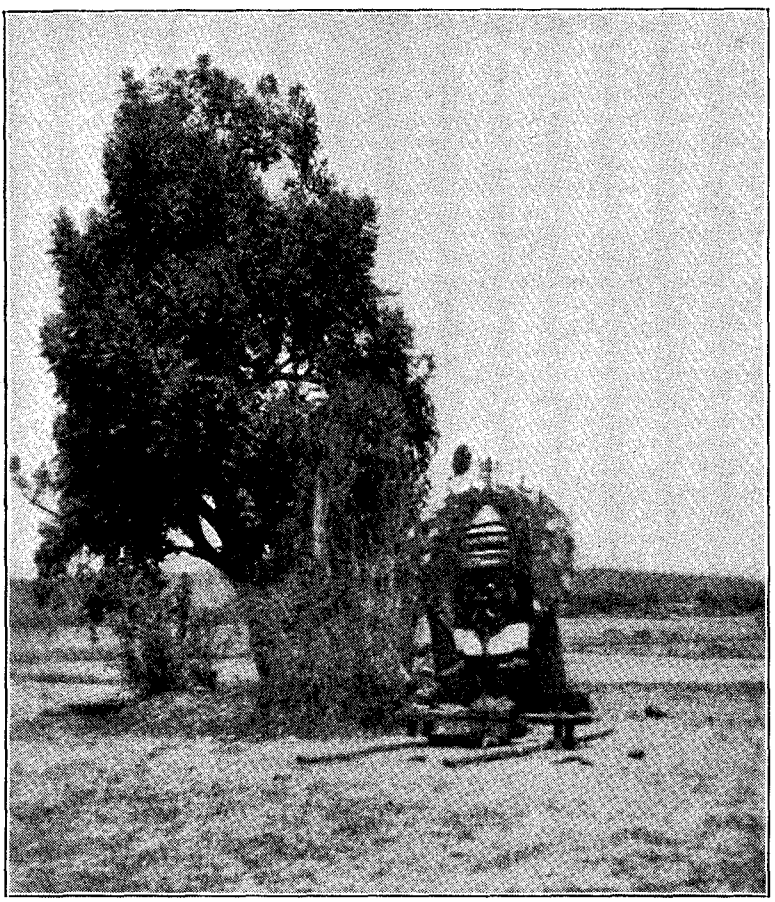
peninsula it is known as the sladang. It is unquestionably a very fine animal, and gives an overwhelming impression of power. Its massive body is supported by legs that seem too slender to sustain it, and when tracking the game the hoof-prints lead you to expect a far smaller animal.



Mari, the god to whom Mustapha sacrificed a sheep after I shot my bison.

It was near a little forest outpost known as Sukulhutti that I accounted for my bison. After a long day's beating and a lengthy chukker to distant parts with the purpose of making sure that ties were really being put out, Mahaboob Khan and I set off in the motor with our bedding rolls, a thermos bottle of coffee, and some hard-boiled eggs. We had various misadventures, and it was not until one o'clock that we found ourselves on the trail up to Sukulhutti. We met with two or three jungle-cats crouching beside the road, their eyes gleaming in the reflection of our lamps, and a couple of axis deer bounded along beside us. At length the bells of the shackled elephants, tinkling as they swayed sleepily from side to side, warned us that we were approaching the rest-house, and soon we could make out the shadowy forms of the great beasts that the Mysore Government uses to drag lumber out of the jungles. We threw ourselves down on our bedding and made the most of the few hours that intervened before dawn.

At a little after four we tumbled out, and had a welcome cup of coffee while waiting for sufficient light to follow the trail. A local shikarry named Mustapha went ahead with me, while Mahaboob Khan and the forest guard followed some distance behind. Picking our way as cau-

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tiously as the gray light would permit, we struck off along a foot-path made by the elephants in their work in the jungle. I was anxious to go slowly, for I didn't want to come upon game until I could see more distinctly, and when we started it was impossible to make out the fore sights of my rifle. While we were threading our way along the side of a hill, we heard something moving below us in a grove of young teak-wood. I was the first to make out a large black object; it was still so difficult to distinguish anything that I thought it was a big boar. I pointed it out to Mustapha and he agreed with me that it was a pig. Just then it moved, and as it disappeared we caught sight of a gleam of horns. It was not more than forty-five yards away, and, watching closely, we soon had another glimpse of it. It was not moving, and I could not make out which end was which. I did not like to risk waiting, and I knew that a well-placed shot would be effectual in either case; so, aiming at what I thought was the shoulder, I let drive. The gaur failed to place us and crashed off along the hillside. I got in a second hasty shot, and although I could not see the animal as it ploughed through the underbrush, I could tell from the slowness with which it was travelling that my first shot had crippled it, at any rate temporarily. We next caught sight of it on the side of a ridge about three hundred yards away. My shot had broken a hip, which made us feel confident it could not go far. I got in three more shots. Two took effect, and the third went wild. Our quarry disappeared in a bamboo thicket by the side of a stream running along the valley at the farther side of the ridge. The blood spoor offered little difficulty, and we soon heard the bison forcing his way through the bamboos ahead of us. He made an effort to cross over the farther ridge, but a lucky shot broke a fore leg, and although he made game attempts to get at us, his fighting days were over. A fine animal he surely looked, as he lay there in the bamboos; an old solitary bull, very black except for the white stockings on his legs and the curly white hair covering the high frontal ridge, from the base of which the horns sweep out to either side.

When we were following his trail down from the hillside we all but walked on top of a nine-foot python; knowing that the gaur was too badly wounded to escape, I had shot the python, and we now left Mustapha to watch over the gaur while Mahaboob Khan and I slung the snake on a bough and carried it back to camp. I had no idea that it would be so heavy, and we were glad to rid ourselves of our burden at the rest-house.

I wished to take pictures of the gaur, so while we were waiting for the sun to become strong enough to offer any chance of success, we went off with the forest guard to investigate a tiger cave about which he had told us. It was quite close to one of the principal logging trails, and the tall trees rising on either side, with the early morning sunlight filtering through, made a most delightful walk. We came upon two or three troops of monkeys, great gray langurs, twice the size of those that we were accustomed to meet with along the roadside. We stalked the caves in due form, but of course there was nothing in them. They had, however, been in frequent use, at which one did not wonder, for they were most comfortably laid out, and any tiger might be proud of their possession.

We returned to the gaur, and, after taking the photographs, started to get the head-skin—no light task, for he was lying on a slope, and rolling him over up-hill proved most difficult. When I had succeeded in severing the head, two stout foresters slung it on a pole and bore it into camp; I don't know what the weight might have been, but it was certainly not negligible, and I should not have cared to have undertaken the task.

At the suggestion of Mustapha, who hailed from a near-by village, we arranged that a fat sheep should be sacrificed to the village god, Mari, a large effigy of whom we found in a field close by.

When we got back to Bhadravati, we found no news of kills, so with Ellsworth's help I set to work to finish the skinning. We were unable to get any natives who knew the least thing about properly preparing skins. We could only trust them when it was a question of paring the hide or performing some other equally simple task. They were not even sufficiently intelligent to pick up our methods, something that the African native was quick to do.

(To be concluded in May number.)

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So close they sat . . .

Harbin Night's Entertainment

BY GEORGE MARVIN

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JOHAN BULL

IT was so cold in Loubat's box at the Pristin Opera House that we sat huddled in our fur overcoats, a cold automatic in each one's pocket. Petersen blew his nose at inappropriate intervals; and the lips of Zimmerman, the beef contractor, as with appropriate words he handed the cognac flask, made semi-articulate lateral movements across his face. Prince Mistchersky, Russian consul at Kwang-cheng-tzu, habituated to worse privations, smoked contentedly a procession of warming cigarettes.

Flanked by his two mistresses, the French on his right the German on his left in an entente nominally cordiale, old "Falstaff" Loubat, his face shot up with smallpox scars, glared unwinkingly at the stage. So close they sat, these three, that their enormous pelisses made together one magnificent exhibit of looted Russian sables. Gabrielle, the brunette remnant of a stranded theatrical troupe, stratified except for her seeking eyes which were perpetually roving, gripped her red lips with her teeth to make them redder.

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Drawn by Johan Bull.

We fled as though pursued by wolves.—Page 437.

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Elsa's heavy hair, loosely coifed, overflowed her fur collar in waves of marcelled yellow. The derelict of a German operatic company which had followed the Russian army and foundered in Siberia, her childish profile, with chin uplifted and lashes shadowing her cheeks, was more rapt with the music than with the cold. Guiltless of paint or rouge or other artifice, these two children of delight held their own in Harbin—barring Port Said, the toughest cosmopolis in the world—because of unmitigated priceless health and youth. Everything else old Loubat bought for them.

On the stage "L'Amour d'Enfer," sung in French, told in Russian music the story of "Faust," the half-dressed singers deriving from their theme calories which we did not feel, though we warmly applauded each climax by beating our gloved hands together, pounding each other on the back, and stamping our numbed feet on the bare floor.

During the entr'actes our entire party adjourned to the shooting-gallery underneath the stage, where, with small-calibre rifles, we broke white-clay manikins and rang gongs by hitting bull's-eyes on the breasts of disreputable females of painted cardboard. Partly to impress the crowd of drunken bystanders pressing round us and volunteering remarks in several languages, Loubat and Mistchersky drew from their pockets and fired with great accuracy their Luger automatics. Gabrielle shot as well as the men with the rifle, her coat thrown back to nestle the butt against her silky shoulder. But the German girl would not fire; instead she gulped her vodka and made slow dance steps in her pink slippers while she mutely watched the rest.

As it progressed, the opera thawed gradually. The music of the last act was sung with fervor and wildly well. The orchestra, liberally replenished with vodka and with the end of their ordeal in sight, arose to valedictory heights. Slavic threnodies inspired the dank smoke-fogged air of the Pristin Opera House and transformed its bleak board walls to cathedral choirs. At the end of "Marguerite's" swan-song she was borne slowly, by unseen wires up to the parapets of a back-drop heaven where chorus angels received her, singing most melodiously together. Even Zimmerman was held by this and Mistchersky's cigarette went out, though the French girl kept right on biting her lips and estimating things with her eyes. Elsa turned a tear-streaked face away and her shoulders heaved under their burden of looted sables.

II

It was a relief to be out under the frosty November stars. Loubat was continuing his party at the "Portsmouth" café chantant, and in the seething hubbub and fighting round the opera-house doors he stood, monolithic, sorting out his guests for the drive across the city. This was a matter of two by two, because only two human beings can get into the passenger seat of a Siberian drosky, and they have to be put in with a monkey-wrench and held in by mutuality and a bandaging lap-robe.

Thus I found myself mosaicked with the German girl as our yelling isvosjik lashed his Mongol ponies into a mad gallop and we tore off helter-skelter after the others, bound across the trans-Siberian railway cutting which, like a gorge, divided the Pristin from the glittering mushroom Russian town on the farther side. Because I spoke German and she spoke nothing else I supposed our partnership was due to recognized language affinity, but we had hardly weathered the first corner on two wheels when she turned her face, transfigured by the moonlight, and said:

"You see, he cares no more for me now. It is always the French girl Loubat chooses for himself." Then she leaned forward and spoke to the isvosjik, giving him an address I did not catch. "You will not mind?" she asked. "You will come with me for a little while?"

Naturally one ought to have "minded" a little. Almost immediately our Jehu changed his course, abandoning the tail-end of the free-for-all chariot-race to charge away at right angles into a narrow side street. We were streaming off into a part of the Pristin where people from the Russian city never went alone after dark if they could avoid it, where you carried a gun in your hand and shot for reply if you were spoken to. Moreover we were expected at the "Portsmouth," where both my partner and the French girl had nightly engagements to sing and dance,

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Drawn by Johan Bull.

"Let us go back—back to the Hell."—Page 437.

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and I on this occasion was supposed to be Loubat's guest of honor.

But on we fled as though pursued by wolves, skidding round unbanked corners and rattling down long deserted streets of silvering moonlight, farther and farther into the mongrel city of sudden death. Other considerations faded; I was aware only of the rush of headlong pace, the eager nipping air, the ghostly neighborhoods streaking by, the sense of inscrutable adventure.

Finally we pulled up before a long row of what looked like wooden bath-houses, a thousand miles from any beach, and, disentangling ourselves from the lap-rope, stepped down on a street corrugated with frozen ruts. The German girl approached one of the bath-houses and opened the door with a key, motioning me to enter ahead of her. Before doing so I took a quick survey of the neighborhood and up and down the dream avenue by which we had come. Not a living object was in sight except our three smoking ponies and the isvosjik suddenly gone motionless and inarticulate as though frozen on his seat. In the right-hand pocket of my overcoat I slipped the loose glove from my hand and gripped the handle of my Colt. I had never seen any of my new acquaintances before that night.

The bath-house opened on a long corridor like a bowling-alley with a lantern glimmering at its far end. There we turned to the left and I found myself opposite a row of dim doors in the right-hand wall, one of which Elsa unlocked. She disappeared alone into a black hole of Calcutta whence there came, after a moment, the sharp scratch and yellow star of a lighted match. Then white hands fumbling with a lamp and—I was in her bedroom. A strange bedroom for such as she.

There was nothing in it but a bed, a wash-stand, a wardrobe, and a cross. No photographs or knickknacks on the walls, no clothes draped and hanging around on hooks or furniture, no feminine paraphernalia. One other thing, a chair, just one near the door, and on this I sat as bidden. Where the air came from I could not see, for no window was visible; but air there was, as fresh and clean to breathe as the room itself was neat and clean to behold. The cross, carved roughly out of some dark wood, hung on the wall at the foot of the bed over which a white unwrinkled counterpane had been drawn. And against the spotless pillows rested humanly side by side two dolls. The eyes of one were closed as though she slept; the other's stared brightly open, and both wore snow-white frocks which seemed to have been just washed and ironed and tied with blue ribbons.

Quite ignoring me the German girl threw off her enormous fur coat and shone forth sylph-like in an evening gown of pink, cut extremely décolleté. This she also removed and, standing before the pier-glass in the wardrobe door, let down the masses of her hair which tumbled below her hips. As though witnessing some incantation, I dumbly watched her while, with long caressing strokes, she brushed her hair, head bent far to one side, and then with swift deft touches rearranged it from the elaborate coif of the early evening in smooth waves parted and drawn back, like a peasant's, from her forehead to a simple knot low on her neck. Then she took out of the wardrobe a black velvet dress without a stitch of adornment on it except a bit of white lace at her bosom and sleeves. This she put on, hanging round her neck, afterward, a gold chain with a locket on the end of it which she thrust down under the lace on her breast.

When her toilet was completed she pressed down her toque, also of black velvet, on her sleek head, gathered up again her huge coat of Loubat's sables, and, with an impulsive gesture, came close to the bed. A sudden tenderness possessed her face and figure. Bending forward she slowly kissed each doll on its upturned face.

"*Entschuld'gen Sie mich, Herr,*" she said, and the German words were the first she had uttered since we had entered that room: "*Diese sind die einzige Kinder die ich ehe haben werde.*" Forgive her! "These are the only children I shall ever have." She tried to smile and the effort was a grimace sadder than her tears. "Come now," she said, "let us go back—back to the Hell."

The automatic in my pocket became suddenly an insufferable joke. I fumbled for cigarettes and matches before she extinguished the light. But I changed my mind. You cannot smoke in a shrine.

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Boycotting the Dollar

HOW THE EUROPEAN LABORER IMPROVES HIS LIVING CONDITIONS

BY WHITING WILLIAMS
Author of "What's on the Worker's Mind," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

"DO not waste the bread!" Thus appeals a poster from the walls of restaurants and hotels all over Belgium. "By saving bread you decrease the amount of wheat which must be imported. You accordingly maintain the value of your money."

This putting of economics on the breakfast-table is only one of a great multitude of straws which catch the eye even of the careless observer as he travels over the Continent to-day. They tell of the blowing of a new wind—a wind laden with the good tidings that nearly all the peoples of Europe are to-day beginning to build out of their lessened post-war materials a firmer and a fairer future than they could have dared to picture a year or two ago.

Such tidings are assuredly welcome to every American interested in the revival of what has been ever since, say, 1917 nothing less than a seriously sick civilization. Nevertheless, there are certain phases and by-products in this remarkable revival which for reasons to be mentioned later should, I believe, give to every serious-minded American legitimate cause for disquiet in his thought about himself and his country's position in the moral and commercial world of to-day and to-morrow.

First, about those straws.

Perhaps the most outstanding change in the post-war landscape for the traveller who recalls his pre-war Europe is the war garden—the universal, the ubiquitous, war garden. Even in the old "'fore-fourteen" days the average Continental city, town, or farm looked a perfect monument to diligence and frugality, with its every acre of ground crowded into its due service for either shelter or food. To-day it is evident enough that the vast hunger of the dark war days pressed an enormous additional acreage of tiny plots into new and life-saving performance. Hardly one of all those square yards but is still on the job. Every one of them that demonstrated its usefulness in increasing the country's ability to live and fight in those days is now being made to help the nation to carry on within the narrow limits of its own resources and so to hold up the value of its money by decreasing the amount to be purchased of its neighbors.

To an extent never known before, also, those little tracts have been given an opportunity to perform their huge aggregate of service by organized large-scale industry. In France, Italy, and to a considerable extent in Belgium and Germany, war-time demonstration of the war garden's usefulness, as a means of getting the utmost out of the narrow margin of their restricted hereditary environment, helped to persuade many of the larger industrial establishments to move away from the city out into the country; while near Nevers, four hours south of Paris, the post-war days of economic reconstruction saw such enterprises as the Paris, Lyons and Mediterranean Railway building, in brand new villages, new and highly efficient shops set most artistically in front of little gardens and at the edge of great open fields. The same savings both of plant operation and of living costs are, of course, much more apparent in the "reconstitution" of the devastated regions of the north of France.

Even in Germany one legitimate result of the abysmal fall of the mark has been this same increase of the country's re-

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sources through the improvement of its working and living conditions. The brick and stone of new factories and new homes for workers and their foremen have been among the best possible factors for getting value out of a money which always grew less and less valuable the longer it was held in an individual's or a company's pocket. In France the government combined still another purpose with its building of new homes in factory "city-lets" situated in the midst of the thrifty possibilities of the countryside. At Bourg la Reine, for instance, a model *cité ouvrière* just outside Paris, the cost of rent was definitely made a means of improving and increasing the industrial resources of the country by means of the stimulation of the birth-rate. As the housewife, her little vegetable garden behind her delightful little four-room home in the midst of the freshly built and painted little Spotless Town, explained:

"Only 900 francs do we pay for it the year. But that is because the *bon Dieu* has sent us six children. If we were so unfortunate as to have received only, for instance, four, then it is that we should have to pay for yearly rent the sum of 1020 francs."

In these new villages, and also alongside these universal war-gardens at the edge of the cities of present-day Europe, another feature of the landscape makes its unexpected appearance for telling the story of reviving peoples. That feature is not new north of the English Channel, but it is an astonishing thing in its present frequency between the Channel and the Mediterranean—astonishing and significant. I mean the city and the village sport field.

The model city for workers built outside Paris by the French Government.

This new piece of outdoor social furniture has perhaps made most amazing post-war progress in Germany. There it has naturally followed the abolition of military service; some of my miner friends in the Ruhr last September were quick to say that in some cases the new sport clubs were fostered by the monarchist party as likely to prove useful in the day of the longed-for call to arms and revenge. But in France, Belgium, Italy, and elsewhere sport has come with little, if any, military tinge, and with an almost equal rush in these last few years. If possible, Italy is a little more sport-mad than any of her

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neighbors. On almost any road near the industrial centres, of a Sunday afternoon, racing bicyclists in annoying numbers drip sweat as they bend double over their handle-bars. The automobile races at Monza, near Milan, last summer drew over 40,000 visitors, including the honorable "Duce" Mussolini, for witnessing the contest for "*Il Gran Premio d'Europa.*"

This new interest in outdoor effort would be good medicine for sick peoples if it did nothing more than to rebuild the national physique depleted by the strains of the war. It would also serve a very useful purpose if it did no more than to bring European women into a larger measure of outdoor freedom and equality, such as they are now beginning to enjoy in the sport fields or simple stadiums of, say, France. But to-day in Europe those athletic fields which now dot the landscape are doing an immensely bigger thing. They are bringing the various peoples together upon an extremely popular and significant platform. In actual practice their various athletic associations are now operating nothing less than a veritable League of Peoples—a League of Peoples at Play.

"Great excitement prevails," so reads the column of a local newspaper of the Ruhr, "and endless discussion is now going on as to the probable winners this coming Saturday, when the Hamburg Sportverein plays football with the Zurich 'Old Boys.' It must be remembered, however, that even in case of the victory of the Hamburg team, they must then go up against the Zurich 'Young Fellows,' if, as now is believed probable, these latter prove the victors over the 'Swiss Grasshoppers.'"

The value of such good-natured international rivalry becomes all the more apparent when in the next column is seen a news item or editorial which breathes in every line a bitterness toward nearly all the nations of the globe. Nor does that bitterness prevent the use of an amazing amount of English. Besides naming the teams, such as the "Old Boys" or "Grasshoppers," according to the titles they chose, even the most chauvinistic of journals on the Continent does not hesitate to head its columns and despatches with such universal terms as "Football," "Box," "Lawn Tennis," "Golf," "Records," and so on. Everywhere the language has followed the game as completely as Scotch—I do not mean the beverage—has been imported in the golf bag. So our tongue and our exploits come upon the lips of great numbers of our European friends. For over there, as well as here, many of the newspapers which are read by the greatest number of average citizens are those which pay most attention to the world of athletic achievement. On the whole, such readers are a little more likely to become wholesomely internationalized than if they were to read only such highly local and parochial sheets as pass to-day, for instance, for the best French newspapers.

Somewhat the same international aspect is to be noted for the sport of Belgium, where the post-war revival of morale is both cause and effect in a considerable extension of pigeon-racing. Of a Saturday or Sunday afternoon the station master in some small town across the border in France or Germany or Luxembourg is likely to use his spare moments providing excitement for a group of sportsmen in, say, Brussels or Antwerp. In line with careful instructions given him—along with proper compensation—he takes the crate of Belgian-owned homing pigeons out of the station and he proceeds—after carefully correcting his watch with Belgian time—to put this particular bird or that into the air at certain designated instants. A few hours later the owner welcomes the arrival of his pet at its "home" in the cote erected perhaps upon the roof of his apartment. Instantly unfastening the number with the moment of its release from the tiny carton on the bird's leg, he proceeds to solve the mystery of those iron tubes which excite the visitor's curiosity as he sees them projecting from numerous high roofs in Belgian cities. He encloses the bird's tag and the precise times of release and arrival in a little ball-like receptacle and starts it rolling through the tube. This projects it out into the middle of the street, where it is caught by a waiting messenger boy. This incipient sportsman darts off like a flash. A few moments later he comes panting into the restaurant where the real sportsmen have assembled. Breathlessly

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the receptacle is opened and the number and flying time as noted are read to the expectant crowd. Thereupon the wagers pass from hand to hand of the crowd of men and boys who have made their bets only after they have made and preserved for weeks the most careful records of the performance of this bird and that.

"The well-known 'Pegasus' (or, perhaps, 'Evening Star'), winner in a long series of contests," so the leading newspaper is likely to set forth, "has been sold by its popular owner, Mr. Dash, to Mr. Blank for what is considered one of the most sensational prices to date. Exact details are not known, but it is believed to be well into the thousands of francs!"

Such winged aristocrats of sport do more than help to revive the old satisfactions of the pre-war world. They are, of course, not to be confused with their humbler brethren which share, along with a surprising number of rabbits, chickens, and perhaps pigs, the tiny cage crowded up close to the little war garden of so many workers' homes. But sooner or later they all together face the day when they will do their part in helping their owners to a little larger amount of economic elbow-room by lessening the butcher's bill.

Alongside the pigeons, the sport fields, and the war gardens should be seen another though less obvious post-war factor for helping Europe to make the utmost out of her war-torn assets and so to bring back all the more quickly some of her old hope and courage. This is the well-nigh universal progress in the direction of temperance and at least partial prohibition.

Some of the homes built in Germany with falling marks, for the workers.

A recent study made by the French Government in two of her most industrial federal states, or departments, revealed that the consumption of alcohol has lessened since pre-war by 20 per cent per inhabitant. Credit was formally given to the war garden, the model homes, and the other advantages which came with peace, including particularly the move of industry into the country. There nobody has the same desire or occasion to spend time in the *estaminet*. In Belgium it has for some time been against the law to buy spirituous liquors in a saloon or in any place to be consumed upon the premises.

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Even the department stores and other places cannot sell less than two litres to any one customer. This has resulted in the importation of considerable quantities of heavier ale and beer from England and of heavier wines from Spain and Portugal. Nevertheless, all observers agree that the law has greatly reduced drunkenness throughout the country and especially among the workers. In Italy one of the ways in which Mussolini has exercised his dictatorial powers has been to curtail the hours during which alcohol in any other form than the usual light wines and beer can be sold in the numerous drinking places. In Bulgaria also the last two years have seen a very genuine spread of local option. All this has only been in line with the similar reduction of the per capita consumption of beer and liquors in England following upon the continuance of the war-time restriction of the open hours of the public house.

This general temperance movement has undoubtedly been one result of what is itself to be reckoned an important factor in this revival of Europe's morale. I mean the generally improved conditions of the lower groups of workers. Even more universal than the war garden throughout the industrial world of Europe, as well as in America, has been this phenomenon: the unskilled social-bottom worker, the common laborer, has practically everywhere come into a better living than he was able to enjoy before the war. His improvement has been both absolute and relative. He is not only better off than he was before, but he has also made more progress away from his pre-war standing in the line than has the skilled or the semi-skilled worker above him. The reason for this comparative and absolute improvement is the same in Europe as in America. The making of munitions in all these countries forced the engineers to design machines which were so "fool-proof" that they could be operated by men who had previously never known any tool except the pick and shovel. High piece-rates had also to be offered for the same purpose of obtaining maximum hurry-up output. As a result, the machinist, the clerk, the teacher, and other members of the so-called middle classes found themselves occupying a less favorable position than previously. They found themselves, that is, closer to the bottom of the social ladder simply because the bottom had been cut off. Those conditions of work at high wages do not exist to-day for the common laborer, but he has not yet retired to his old place at what used to be the bottom. And because he is living better he finds it easier to resist the mocking allurements of old John Barleycorn and, therefore, easier also to make more than ever before of the resources of his still humble and restricted and still war-wounded lot.

That elevation of the world's social bottom is in itself worth being called at least a partial social revolution. But with it have come certain other outstanding changes which followed close upon both the peace and the war.

For one thing, the demand for munitions aroused everywhere in the world's factories a great interest in the care of the worker as an indispensable social and national asset. It was surprising this past summer to find that in Italy and Belgium as well as in France and England the same causes produced there just as they did here a rapid development of what is still called over there by the name of welfare work. It was nothing less than amazing to inspect, for instance, a tire factory situated in the fields outside of Milan and to come upon a war-built plant amazingly similar in lightness, airiness, safety, and general attractiveness to the same kind of establishment here. Still more amazing was it to find dozens of children receiving instruction in well-kept day nurseries, located, of course, at the edge of elaborate sport fields and tennis courts provided for the workers close to the most modern of shower-baths and rest-rooms.

Such activities are hardly less valuable from the standpoint of man-saving and national frugality than the everywhere marked general improvement of factory safety. All of them are much the same sort of social tools for bettering the future by making the most out of little as is the *supplement familiale* paid by the French, Italian, or other Continental employer to his workers according to the number of their children. Of the same sort also in the way of help toward proper adjustment to the difficult financial conditions of

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these times is the general practice by which these employers add to the regular pay envelope a "cost of living" supplement based on the statistics supplied by the proper government department.

This increased care for the nation's productive human beings is by no means left to the good-will of the employer. As in Belgium, the peace found many peoples convinced as never before of the sovereign

Besides serving as a League of Peoples at Play, sport is now bringing European women into a larger measure of outdoor freedom.

service performed for their national salvation by their workers. It also found some governments full of fear that the example of Russia might spread. As a result, a large amount of legislation proceeded to express these new recognitions of service and to express them in the way of insurance against these new fears. Thus, Belgian laws proceeded not only to grant political representation to workers and to their unions on a basis never known before but also to legalize such matters as increased security against accident, ill health, and over-sudden unemployment. In both Belgium and Italy laws were passed which prohibited the discharge of any worker without an amount of notice which varied with the importance of his job and the length of his service. In Italy, for instance, your household servant must be given eight days' notice. If immediately discharged he or she must be given not only the wages for these days but a "food allowance" for that period.

"You Americans," so the head of an Italian factory explained one day, "have a proverb about counting one hundred before you express anger. Sometimes I come down to the plant here so angry that I should like to discharge everybody. But with our present law I have to count, not one hundred, but two hundred thousand! That's the number of *lire* it would cost me to discharge everybody I might wish to."

Unfortunately, this is often taken advantage of by the worker who wishes to leave but who now considers such action on his part to be an expensive luxury. Accordingly, he is likely to begin a well-calculated programme of inefficiency and misbehavior in the hope that this will bring dismissal and with it the desired hundreds of francs for the weeks or months as legally required.

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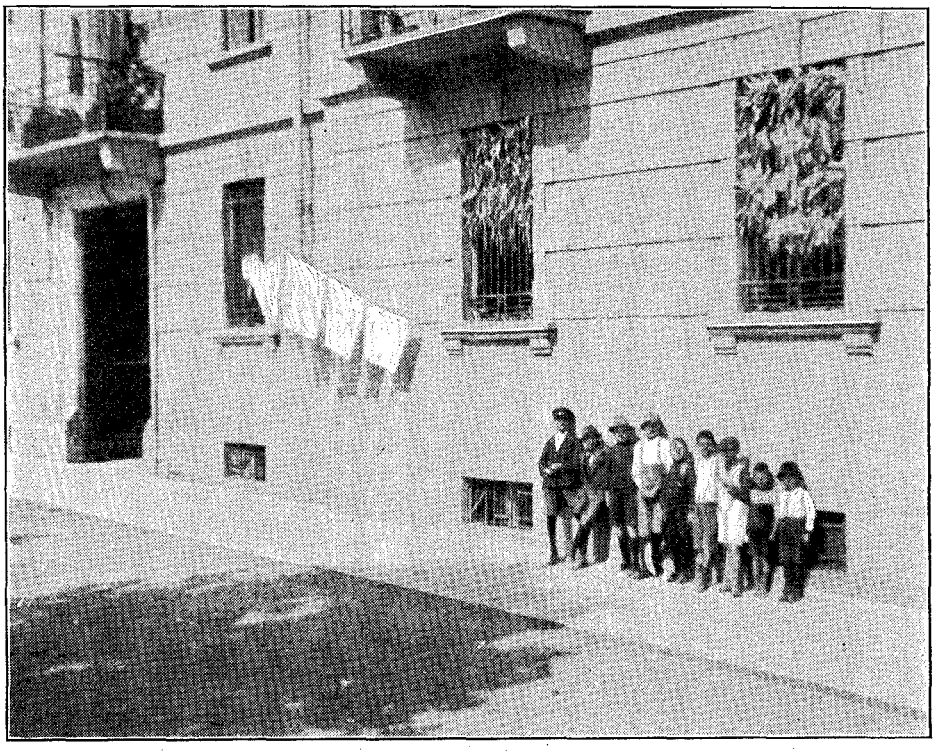

This big flat for workers was built by the city government of Turin, Italy.
In the windows is hanging corn that will be used during the winter.

So one could go on enumerating efforts of our European neighbors to enjoy a maximum of sustenance, strength, and self-respect and so to secure a maximum of personal and national security, within the limits of an economic environment always meagre and made immensely more so by the war. The fairly general abolition of the tip would deserve to be counted in the list. Throughout Italy as well as in Germany, Poland, and certain other countries, the payment for "service" is now supposed to be written into the bill to the tune of a ten or fifteen per cent supplement. Not everywhere is the plan as generally observed as is the other result of the same "social revolution" in Italy and elsewhere; namely, the present freedom of the male servant to wear, if he chooses, a mustache! But both of these changes along with all the others denote the same trend, the same universal ground-swell of fresh vigor in the great mass effort to find in the post-war peace a firmer and a better future in spite of all the losses and catastrophes which have followed 'fourteen.

This mass movement it is that such thoughtful leaders as Mr. Benes, Prime Minister of Czechoslovakia, have in mind when they set forth their judgment of Europe in opposition to the pessimism of many American visitors and to the more or less purposeful blindness of those Communists who, in Germany, for instance, are genuinely convinced that not only all of Europe, but also America and the entire world are in the last stages of economic and social disorganization and chaos.

"Yes, the financiers might prove that its banking and general economic condition are not as good as might be hoped for," so he described one middle-European country after another last summer, "but the truth is that the mass of the people there are feeling enormously better about the future than ever before. Everybody there is rested now, after going through terrible times both during

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and since the war. They are now willing to believe again in themselves and so to work—to take a chance. So their real assets are greater than before, simply because their morale is coming back to normal."

Other statesmen confirm the same conclusion from those same straws which blow to-day across the face of most of Europe. Europe's material situation is not yet good, but Europe's *mood* is better than it has been in years. The Continent is catching its second wind. Europe is enjoying a revival of morale. Like Italy, much of the Continent has had its fever and its delirium, first of post-war fatigue and disillusionment and then of communistic anarchy. But like Italy, it has survived to come into the enthusiastic refreshment and invigoration of new-found wisdom and rediscovered resources of body, mind, and soul. Even Russia is enjoying the thrill of realizing that the worst is over!

"We don't see," said the head of a great Italian concern which ships its motors to all parts of the world, "how you Americans can possibly compete with us in any foreign market. You see, you are too rich; you cannot even *think* of economy. But *here* we have no material resources, so we *must* make our products economically, and to run economically. All the rest of the world likes that—all except you."

In his voice and "between the lines" I caught that same disquieting factor which stands behind those Belgian restaurant posters and their plea for the utmost measure of self-help. Among the financiers that same factor is openly named in a now quite general European movement to "boycott the dollar"—to buy as little as possible from the country to which they nearly all owe money.

That plan undoubtedly represents good economics; it will all the sooner bring the day when the debtors can pay off their rich creditor and so help the world to enjoy again the old-time economic normalcy. To our farmers and to the heads of our great factories and their employees that plan is rightly enough disquieting. But there is another and deeper sense in which it should prove equally disquieting to every one of us.

What has happened is that America has encountered one of the greatest conceivable opportunities to bind Europe to her with those hoops of steel which are forged when persons or peoples go through the high moments of supreme test and strain *together*—met the chance but missed it! In the great moments of the war we were with them for the fusing of new and nobler loyalties—nobler because less national and more human. But in the tragic post-war months of exhaustion and hopelessness, we remained afar off. To her surprise, Europe has found the sources of her present strength of mind and spirit within herself. Her centuries of habitude and training in getting much from little have stood her in good—in surprising—stead. But her discovery of this unexpected ability to manage and of the new courage and hope to which it has given birth has not increased, but lessened, her love and respect for us. Certainly not in a generation has the moral leadership of America in Europe been so far below its former level as to-day.

To regain that leadership in a reviving Europe and an organized world may not require, necessarily, the immediate joining of the League of Nations, though that result is, I believe, more likely than is generally believed. But it certainly does demand our membership in the world court and, throughout an otherwise needlessly long term of years, the active and consistent demonstration of such a spirit of international co-operation as will follow from our better understanding of the fact that we have more precious gifts to make to Europe—just as Europe has more precious gifts to make to us—than gold alone.

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The Changing Country Press

BY CHARLES MOREAU HARGER

"HERE shall the press the people's rights maintain, unawed by influence and unbribed by gain." Do you remember the inspiring motto? It was inscribed on a ribbon scroll, held in the beak of an attenuated eagle precariously perched at the head of the *Weekly Palladium*. In the eagle's claws were bundles of spears and he dared the world to question his power.

You do not? Well, maybe it was before your time. You are probably more familiar with a simple heading flanked at each end by the statement: "Guaranteed Largest Circulation in the County."

Whatever the faults and limitations of its individual membership, the rural press as a whole has exerted a powerful influence in the making of the nation. Coming as it does close to the hearts of its readers, the old home paper—even if its policy be not always commended—commands respect and confidence. The mere incident of a statement's publication gives it, to the average person, prestige far above that accorded when repeated by word of mouth. Somehow it then becomes the utterance of an entity outside the very human publisher whose weaknesses and prejudices are familiar; it assumes a mysterious importance. This curious phenomenon is more clearly observed in the rural community than in the rushing city where the daily newspaper is read hurriedly and with minor interest in its expressed opinions. To the family in the country town or on the farmstead the weekly visit of the village paper is an event; in the city home, the coming of the damp sheets is an incident.

Cartoonists' jests and the comedians' quips have visualized for the public a ridiculous and peculiar type as representing the country editor's personality, but his readers know him and are not disillusioned. He is close to his constituency. Further, it is a constituency with more leisure than any other, more time for reading the news and opinions of the day. This was particularly so in the period of the country newspaper's earlier period, when papers were few, news currents slow, outside attractions limited. Then the editor of the county-seat weekly was a personage. He led his little army of subscribers through the intricacies of political strategy, and thundered columns of editorials in each issue, discussing the mightiest problems of the times fearlessly and exhaustively. Indeed one finds often in those early-day papers more columns of editorial opinion than of news and advertising combined. The idea of "covering" every happening in the community worthy of mention had not then been born. The country paper was a vehicle of opinion and a mode of political leadership. Its mechanical equipment consisted of type—often set by the hand of the editor himself—and presses that painfully and slowly smeared the unwieldy sheets on publication day, barely in time to complete the week's task.

Then came the invention of the "boiler plate" and of the "patent insides." The former furnished the country paper plates from which the effect of type could be secured and at much lower cost; the latter gave the papers to the publisher with half the surface already printed. With these advantages the hamlet without a paper soon became a novelty and a sizable town felt that two or three were needed. In 1922 there were in the United States 14,663 weekly publications, including some weekly magazines of the cities, but mostly country newspapers. To these should be added several thousand small dailies published in country towns and which are in effect rural journals. Rising costs for paper and labor in war time eliminated thousands of superfluous papers; it was found advisable to consolidate rival sheets and make the supply fit the demand, in order that the publisher might live. That

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procedure is yet in operation, and with the inroads made on the country journal's field by fast trains and improved circulation methods of the city papers, it seems likely that the rural press has passed the peak of its plants' numbers.

But quite another modification has come to the country press in the past two decades, one having to do with editorial method and its relation to the progress of public affairs. Perhaps this has been insensible to the publishers themselves; perhaps it is due partly to the exigencies of financial influences—for a paper that is not a financial success is not any kind of a success, and it has required expert management to make a country paper earn profits during the past half decade.

Whether or not he realizes it, the influence of a local editor's utterances are measured largely by the success with which he conducts his own business. He can with poor grace point out financial paths when he is a living example of inefficiency; if his paper evidences distress, he may thunder all he will and yet produce little effect, because the publisher has demonstrated his inability to manage effectively his own business affairs.

The change, however, came before the high price for news print—it was coincident with the arrival of the primary as a substitute for the old-style party convention. Partisanship in politics was in early days a fetich of the country paper. It supported unquestioningly either the Republican or Democratic party. In instances it announced at the top of its first page "Republican in Politics," or "Democratic Always." Twenty years ago the State chairman could sit down with a directory of the papers of his State and unerringly classify them as supporting one party or the other. It would be merely guesswork to-day. The editor's politics may be known, and probably is, but that does not mean that his paper is taking much part in the furtherance of any political organization's ambitions.

The coming of the direct primary brought the fashion of political advertising. Candidates, compelled to appeal to all the people, saw the advantages of newspaper publicity. Hence John Citizen, candidate for coroner, had his picture taken, and his solemn face, followed by a heart-rending appeal to give him every vote, decorated the pages of the local journals. Then "Honest Tim" Callahan had a larger picture and blacker type to tell the voters that he was in fact the people's choice.

At the beginning the advertising contests were confined to the primaries, and usually to the papers of the candidates' politics. But primaries are deceptive things and party lines are not drawn very closely at the polls, hence space in the opposition paper was also utilized. From that came advertising at the general election and, as the ballot is there a blanket page, papers of all politics become picture-galleries during the few weeks before election.

He would be a poor editor who would be influenced by the fact that the opposition candidates give him liberal advertising contracts, but he realizes that whatever he may say against their ambitions will be offset to some extent by the laudations appearing in his advertising columns. Or, by the consolidation of plants, he may have the only paper in the town. Under such condition it would be a weak business policy for him to use his exclusive privilege for partisan advocacy. Hence the tendency to report all meetings, give the news information of each party's activities and stop—in short, be a "newspaper" rather than a party organ. Advocating principles and forming party policies, once the pride and satisfaction of the old-time editor, have given way to a more complacent policy, calling for less strenuous effort and arousing less antagonism.

However, the matter has another side. The modern country editor does not take merchandise from the dry-goods merchant or the shoemaker in exchange for advertising; he does not receive potatoes and sausage on subscription. If his paper is anything more than a patent-medicine repository, he does business on a business-like basis, with a cost-accounting system that enables him to receive for his services a legitimate and living wage. The early newspaper was notably careless in finances and consequently ever struggling with its expense account and often dependent on political patronage for its existence. The modern publisher either

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carries on his business at a fair profit or he quits. It is possible that because he is absorbed in the financial side of his business, he is less inclined to spend hours studying public questions and evolving profound discussions of their relation to party progress. He finds satisfaction in added self-respect and personal freedom from party-boss dictation.

Is definite political leadership in the country paper effective? Formerly the farmer, for instance, miles from the centre of population, doubtless gained from the editor's discussion a certain definiteness of opinion. He might agree or he might not, but he was given the impetus to sincere thought, and governmental policies or social measures received attention that better fitted the reader for exercising the franchise.

Nor is it apparent that the advertising so liberally carried on during the primary and election campaigns assists the average voter in selecting his ticket from the long list of candidates. The advantage of first place on a ballot accounts for tens of thousands of votes in any State campaign, and rotation of names in the counties to give an equal chance in this lottery of selection is necessary. A considerable portion of the voters apparently cannot be trusted to make a discriminating choice. Evidently the laudatory publicity marked as paid advertising has not impressed itself on the holders of the franchise. But what old-time reader of the paper with its thundering editorials failed to have a definite determination as to his selection of a ticket—a choice less difficult perhaps because of party ballots?

To be sure, the editorial column has not been eliminated entirely, but one is more likely to find in it clever comment, brief sayings that have no bearing on governmental and social development, short essays on "The Coming Eclipse," "Will Babe Ruth Repeat?" "Hollywood Romances," or "Swat the Fly" than any mention of the League of Nations or the Farm Bloc. This sort of pleasant discussion is doubtless soothing to the readers. It has the merit of awakening no animosities, it calls only for a cheery disposition and a sense of humor. Neither encyclopædia nor statistical report is needed. Likewise the brightest of the sayings may appear in the "colyum" of the city paper, no mean honor, while once in a hunter's moon the local movie screen may flash a paragraph among the "Fun of the Times."

While the rural local paper is thus drifting away from positiveness and earnestness in discussing matters of public policy, another class of publications is missing no opportunity. The so-called "farm papers" have made wonderful gains in the past decade. A circulation of half a million to a million copies for a single journal is reported. These publications go into almost every farmhouse in the country. It is not uncommon for an agricultural county to receive more copies of one farm paper, published hundreds of miles away, than of all its local papers combined. These journals specialize in their editorial pages, written by the best obtainable talent and maintaining a constant devotion to the ideals supported by their publishers. Reaching into every phase of governmental activity, they discuss legislation as it affects national affairs, and only incidentally the section in which the local paper is most interested. In other words, the home constituency may depend for its discussions of government on a publication with which it is only remotely in touch, rather than with one whose editor is close at hand and which is the news purveyor of the farmstead.

What psychological difference may exist is not difficult to comprehend. Readers are swayed in masses rather than in units. Local conditions and local needs receive less attention while larger problems are submitted. The producer following the plough or the harrow across a wind-swept field is less likely to be influenced in his home policies by the far-distant broadcasting of editorial ideas than by a discussion that reaches him from his home community centre.

Then, too, it is found by the local paper that a large circulation of outside papers decreases the home support. More families than one realizes subscribe for but one paper. The farm papers make a subscription rate often far below the cost of the white paper contained in a year's issues, finding their income in the advertising. This latter gives the mail-order

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house and the specialty concern a direct access to a nation-wide constituency and the notable growth of the shop-by-mail system is evidence of how effective has been the effort. Naturally this reduces the trade of the local retail merchant, lessens the progress of the interior town, and diminishes the advertising patronage of the home paper—the circle is complete, so far as the business end of the country journal is concerned.

This, however, is not a matter to be cured by partisanship in editorial columns or the publication of "heavy editorials" upon world problems. Indeed the lessening attention given to this feature of the country press, perhaps, has been influenced somewhat in the local publisher's consciousness by the counter-attraction of our widely circulated papers of national scope. The curious temperament of the rural mind, leading it to suspicion of trade methods and frequently assuming that "big business" has in some manner an interest subversive of that of the average citizen, makes it peculiarly susceptible to leadership that promises to "do something" for the producer. The farmer has listened to many siren voices, ranging from cheap money to price-fixing and from co-operative merchandising to pooled marketing, and in most instances he has not found in the country press other than news stories of such events as take place, with little positive opinion as to the wisdom or folly of any given course. Possibly he considers that the local paper has little weight in such discussion, distrusting its sources of information. It may be that the country editor feels his impotence through his limited field. Yet it is true that discussion would in a large sense have a helpful influence in determining the path that should be taken. It would assist in welding local opinion into a unified movement and so enhance its power in the larger arena.

No implication should be drawn that the modern country editor is of less educational or mental caliber than was the thunderer of early days. On the contrary, he is likely to have the more complete equipment. College and university schools of journalism are numerous, and a large portion of their graduates go into the country-newspaper field; even high schools are teaching this profession and turning out embryo publicists with more equipment in writing than had many a self-made publisher three decades ago, even after years of experience. The country paper of to-day is a better paper than was its predecessor; its news is fresher, better written, and more abundant; its appearance is more attractive. The typesetting machine has become so common in rural print-shops that the "plate" service and "patent inside," once a boon to the publisher, are in comparatively small demand.

From a financial point of view, in business efficiency and in the completeness with which it reports the news—from the painting of Aunt Melissa's fence to the session of the Rotary Club—the modern country paper shows a notable progress over its predecessor. Probably there is a subconscious feeling on the part of the editors that the incursion of the city dailies into the local field, the large circulation of the farm papers, and the magazine reading constantly increasing among the rural population make it less necessary to devote effort to the opinion side of the paper. Rural carriers take city daily papers by the hundreds from every town of size. These issues are delivered before noon over most of the routes. The readers have the general news and its interpretation long before the local paper can reach the farmstead. Asked especially of the home paper are the intimate happenings, the doings of neighbors, and the activities of local organizations.

Yet the country paper that prints a well-digested, timely editorial, discussing earnestly public matters, secures a reaction. The congressman reads it and "sits up and takes notice." The publicity departments of the corporations and utilities gather from it what the people of that section are thinking. A half-dozen editorials from country papers in a State will have more effect than all the heavy utterances of a city journal. To the astute student the latter is discounted because of the interests popularly supposed to be represented by its ownership; the former is taken as representing the people, it gets back to the "grass roots." The country paper to-day is seldom the "organ" of any institution or faction. Time

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was when it was considered good politics for office-holders to own and subsidize a country paper. That day is past. Politicians have learned that the home public quickly discriminates in its acceptance of the printed page. It knows who owns the paper and what political interests are behind it. So the country press is unhampered; its expressions are those of the editor himself; it speaks only for him and is influenced only by what he conceives to be the best interests of his community.

Because of that position, he may exert a profound influence. The average circulation of the country paper exceeds that of a similar journal a generation ago; it has a larger constituency. It can mould this when it will. Frequently the editor wills. Let a local problem arise and he turns from the news to the editorial page and fills it with old-time scathing, greatly to the delight of his readers—for the public, despite its expressed desire for peace, dearly loves newspaper quarrels. Perhaps it enjoys them because they are so rare. The newspaper feud is a thing passé in the country press. References to "our esteemed but loathed contemporary" are eliminated from the columns of the well-conducted paper. The editor dwells in harmony with his journalistic neighbors. He considers his publishing enterprise a business and conducts it as he would a factory or a store. Because of this attitude, the country editor has taken a larger place in the affairs of the community. He may not be so powerful as a political oracle but he does have good credit at the bank and his columns have weight, provided he does not allow personal prejudice to overshadow the public good.

The country press, as it grows into a more stable economic position, with the number of its plants finally coming into a sound ratio to the possible support, has possibilities for evolution in its opinion-making function. The rural paper of the future cannot be expected to lessen its intense interest in the news columns. Rather it will develop it to greater efficiency as a means of permanent establishment, for here the city daily cannot compete. But also it will take a larger part in earnest discussion of government, following the example of the old-time publisher. That development would add materially to the clarification of many public questions; it would make the path of the radical and the demagogue hard; it would bring to legislation and the administration of government an inspiration and helpfulness.

The country editor has in his hands a powerful lever. Perhaps he is too busy just now to use it; but if, when the final form of the rural paper is established, and it is determined whether or not the city journal is to dominate the rural field, whether the paper or magazine of national circulation is to make local publications' existence precarious—a condition that is exceedingly unlikely because of their inability to fill the very human need of home news—there beckons a larger service for the community and for the broader undertakings in social betterment. The old motto, "We Are Here to Stay" yet stands at the masthead of the country editor's ship—in truth, if not in printed phrase. The period of readjustment through which the rural press is passing will in the end make it more powerful than ever in its history.

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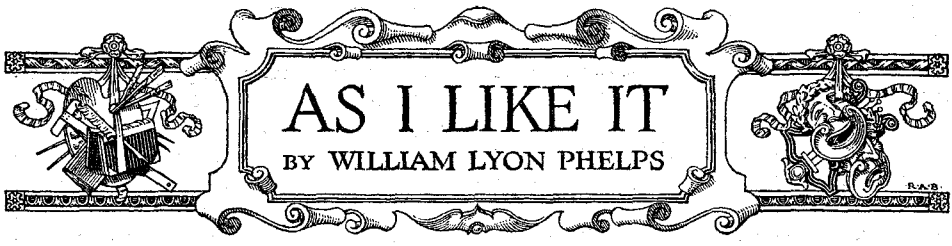

WHEN Frank Swinnerton was lecturing in New Haven last autumn, he had a good deal to say about Compton Mackenzie. Mr. Swinnerton's lecture pleased me, for it was exactly the kind of discourse I find most profitable. Instead of reading a critical essay on modern fiction, he had the courage to talk intimately about the personal peculiarities of his friends Arnold Bennett, John Galsworthy, and Compton Mackenzie, thus giving his audience information that only he could give and which, for obvious reasons, could not be found on any printed page. Mr. Mackenzie, who, in addition to being an original and brilliant novelist, is an authority on chorus girls and the Catholic movement in the Church of England, has lately conceived such a passion for the music of the needle that he has founded a monthly magazine, called *The Gramophone*. Not long after Mr. Swinnerton's lecture, I received by the telepathic route a message from a stranger to me, Mr. Frederic H. Powell, of Washington. He enclosed a copy of *The Gramophone* for December, with an interesting letter, from which I quote:

> If you are not, yourself, interested in canned music I am sure you know some one who is, and who in turn might pass the discovery along, which I have made, *i. e.*, the superior, or at least more modern, quality of music recorded in England. I might add that the Victor, Columbia, and Æolian companies will fill orders from their English catalogues. The 14 double disc recording of "Die Meistersinger," making it practically complete, is a tribute either to the musical appreciation or the silent heroism of the English according to one's point of view.

I myself became a convert to the gramophone by an accident. I managed in some unknown manner to acquire a severe case of pinkeye, so severe that the physician would not let me go out in the cold air, or read, or smoke. I therefore bought a machine, and spent hours listening to Beethoven, Wagner, and other composers interpreted by symphony orchestras, as well as to opera excerpts and songs sung by Caruso, Chaliapin, and other artists. There must be an immense number of people who are forced to stay indoors for more or less protracted periods. If they cannot play any musical instrument, the gramophone is a pastime and an education—and education and happiness mean about the same thing.

There is an enormous difference of opinion about the value of mechanical music. It is never so good as the individual performer. I had always rather hear a great singer or a great pianist than hear their whirling records. But when man's presence is impossible, the disc is a good substitute; though piano records are the least satisfactory. I have never heard a piano reproduction that did not sound tinpanny. The late Professor Horatio Parker, whose standards in music, as in everything else, were both lofty and uncompromising, had an absolute contempt for all substitutions. A colleague on the faculty once had the temerity to ask Parker's advice in buying a player-piano; and Parker replied in withering tones: "Why don't you consult a mechanic?"

Gramophones, like motion-pictures, books, sport, Paris, and other objects, can be a means of elevation or the contrary. The majority of motion-pictures are probably vulgar, silly, and debasing; and the motion-picture habit is more destructive to the mind than a drug; yet there are some pictures which no one ought to miss. The purpose of Mr. Mackenzie's magazine is to emphasize the educational, joy-giving possibilities of the best records. He takes pains to point out that the periodical has been subsidized by no one except himself; that it is not an organ of any manufacturer; that the editorial staff has not the slightest relation to the advertisement staff. "We are not a paper for the Trade; we are a paper for the Public; and I have myself been a ser-

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vant of the public too long not to be aware by now of my responsibilities."

He and his contributors are therefore free to recommend any records that they have tried and found satisfactory; and in every number there are admirable suggestions. The fact that the whole opera of "Die Meistersinger" is now available is of first-rate importance. I am certainly going to buy it. There is a good deal about music as well as about machines in this magazine. Mr. Mackenzie says that Percy Scholes's new book, "The Listener's History of Music" (which I have just ordered), "will lend a new interest to many of your records, and teach you, as it has taught me, more about music than any book I have read for some time."

One of the most interesting articles is contributed by F. Foster Williams, and is called "Records and Music in Germany." Mr. Williams is an Englishman who fought in the war, and this article describes his recent peaceful invasion of Germany, whither he went in search of new records; he returned with a huge number, and the way he eluded the Belgian customs is particularly amusing. He speaks in the highest terms of two great German singers, now members of the Metropolitan Opera House in New York, Paul Bender and Michel Bohnen, and recommends some of their records.

It is interesting to observe that two English novelists, Compton Mackenzie and Archibald Marshall, have collaborated on a book, "Gramophone Nights," which contains thirty-one programmes, selected and arranged "one for each night of the month, with introductions, explanations, and descriptions."

Mr. Bok's peace prize has been awarded, and there is, as there was bound to be, much disappointment; for there were many who seem to have expected some ready and easy solution of the greatest problem in the world. Nevertheless, the offering of the prize was itself a valuable contribution to the cause, for which all lovers of civilization should be grateful. Only good can come from constant discussion; for the more war is discussed, the more absurd it will appear. The campaign of education will be greatly assisted by a huge referendum; and if an enormous majority should declare themselves to be in favor of some practical plan of peace, the pressure on Congressional and Presidential opinion ought to be productive. The real difficulty is of course, in the human heart; until that time comes when the majority of people will actually be willing to make one one-hundredth of the sacrifices for peace that they joyfully make for war, all peace plans will have a flavor of impractibility. Even now, it is unfortunately true that the man who invents some new destructive weapon seems to the average citizen more *practical* than the man who proposes some scheme for world-peace.

There is much talk of outlawing war; of declaring war to be a crime and those who promote it to be criminals. But alas! the moment war breaks out, no matter for what reason—and there was no reason for the World War—those who then oppose it seem to the vast majority of their fellow citizens to be worse criminals than robbers and murderers. Fighting is a natural instinct, which, like all natural instincts, must be controlled by reason, morality, and religion. When nations adopt the code that now prevails among enlightened individuals, war will cease. In my judgment, the only way to stop war is to believe in Christianity. The Founder of Christianity has given us all the knowledge that is necessary on this as on every other moral problem; he was the wisest and most practical teacher that the world has ever known.

A valuable book has recently been written by Philip Kerr and Lionel Curtis, called "The Prevention of War." A long review of it in the Literary Supplement of the London *Times* ends with this astounding paragraph:

> But if the other nations will not willingly accept the Anglo-Saxon gospel, then indeed we have left for us as the sole resource the last tremendous conception—one which we feel convinced is far from the conscious thought of our authors—that the time will come when the English-speaking race, tired and wearied of the follies of the rest of the world, will join together to impose their will upon it and by sheer force create a unity which will give to them the opportunity of teaching the lessons of freedom.

For sheer national conceit, for an exhibition of the religion of nationalism which has done more to cause modern

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wars than any other impulse, for self-righteous Pharisaical complacency, I do not know anything that can surpass this pronouncement. Are we then spotless, and all the rest of the world living in sin? Is war a monopoly of Frenchmen, Germans, and Italians? How about the Mexican War, which, in the opinion of General Grant, brought down upon our country the tragedy of the Civil War? How about the Boer War, which was assuredly one of the causes of the World War? I believe with all my heart in the union of English-speaking people, but we should first repent of our sins before presuming to instruct others.

It is just such paragraphs as I have quoted that inflame the resentment of other nations. I did not know whether to laugh or to swear when I read in Lloyd George's recent volume that standing armies must everywhere be abolished, because they are a menace, an incentive to war; but that navies should not be abolished, because they are purely defensive.

I do not agree with the common saying that the next war will destroy the world; this old world has lived through so many appalling catastrophes that I think it will go on existing after the next big war. The Thirty Years War set Germany back two centuries; but she became rather formidable again by the year 1914. Still, it will be such a disaster that what we call civilization will not deserve to survive, whether it does or not. If the black or yellow or brown race secures the control of the world, it will be because the white race has demonstrated its incapacity. It is internal strife, and not the foreign foe, that conquers any country or any organization. When William was making his plans to invade England, Harold was engaged in a fight to a finish with his own brother. In a world full of sin, scepticism, and downright unbelief, we find the Christian Church in the twentieth century engaged in an incredibly silly civil war between parties that call themselves Modernists and Fundamentalists.

Although the Bok prize plan has many merits, and was selected by a competent jury as the best out of a vast number, and was won by a man who commands universal respect, Charles H. Levermore, it has been greeted by some "practical" men with ridicule. It is well, therefore, to remember that even the silliest plan to promote peace is not nearly so silly as war. A competition among idiots in a lunatic asylum could not produce a scheme more absurd than the one which has been generally adopted by statesmen.

As a candidate for the Ignoble Prize, I suggest all pictures of Still Life. You know what I mean, for it is, for some unknown reason, a common mural decoration, especially in dining-rooms. There is a table, usually covered with a checked table-cloth. On this stands a large basket of fruit: oranges, peaches, bananas, apples, and grapes. This basket is usually overset; so that out of it come tumbling apples, peaches, oranges, bananas, and grapes. This is thought to be Art; it is in reality so stupid and tiresome that how people can endure looking at it three times a day and every day in the year is an unanswerable question. There is only one thing worse in a dining-room than pictures of fruit, and that is pictures of huge dead fish, with their horrible mouths agape. *De gustibus non disputandum.* Some people love to have large fish served on the platter with the head conspicuously there; I have seen game-birds and chickens brought on in that fashion, which makes the taste of Salome more intelligible.

The Ignoble Prize continues to draw many candidates. I have just received a letter from Mr. Gordon Paul Grainger, a Harvard graduate, who suggests Rodin's Thinker, "because, like Rodin, he is a faker. Only a Rodin would ask you to believe that such an individual could think. Rachmaninoff's Prelude, because in the scale of gloom it represents absolute zero. It should be adopted as the official anthem of the Despair School now so rampant." I can easily understand these suggestions, but I was bowled over by the following sentence in the same letter: "'The Canterbury Tales,' because there is not a single poetic epithet or simile in the entire poem." And this proposal comes from Harvard—the home of Child and Kittredge! My own belief accords with that of Walter Savage Landor, who said that Shakespeare, Chaucer, and

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Browning were the greatest of the English poets as interpreters of human nature.

The death of Basil Gildersleeve removes one of the best classical scholars. His appointment at the new university of Johns Hopkins was an illustration of the foresight, insight, and judgment of Daniel Coit Gilman. Gildersleeve had in a high degree the three qualities that, taken together, make the ideal college professor. He was a profound scholar; he was an inspiring teacher; he was a striking personality. He was a poet and a humorist; his influence was as wide as the world. It has always seemed strange to me that any man could devote his life to the study of Homer, Euripides, Aristophanes, and Plato and yet be dull. There are, however, many melancholy examples. How do they, living in daily contact with such poetry, drama, wisdom, humor, philosophy, with such immortal representatives of all that is most human in humanity, contrive to be themselves either inhuman or dehumanized? Of the enormous number of undergraduates exposed to scholarship, only a small proportion catch it; but this fact is not nearly so astonishing as the fact that teachers of classical literature, who are exposed every day to the finest illustrations of men and women, should themselves remain as juiceless as a Saratoga potato.

I suppose the answer is to be found in the tragic capacity of nearly all persons to live two lives that never harmonize—the ideal and the ordinary. Many a clergyman who is really inspired in the pulpit and when reading the Bible in his study, shows in daily life petty vices of meanness and jealousy and conceit; how astonishing that one who lives in the spirit should be so picayune! Many a business man who is kind, considerate, even jovial outside of business hours, wears a hard mask and is merciless when dealing with any "business proposition." I shall never forget an occasion when I entered the office of a bank president who was a friend of mine, and we talked for some minutes in the easiest, most agreeable manner. Then, although I wanted no favors, I merely happened to make some allusion to business. Instantly his face hardened, his lips came tightly together, and there was a gleam in his eye like a sword. He was exactly like a duellist suddenly challenged. I said to myself, "Thank God, I am not in the power of this man!" There were two men before me, the unofficial good fellow and the official man in armor. So, I suppose, there have been many professors of Greek, who, alone with their great authors, are full of inspiration and elevated by beauty; while in the routine of the classroom, and in their daily dealings with men and women, betray no sign of possessing a human heart. I hate a professional manner. I see no reason why so many individuals should put on an expression as a soldier dons a uniform. I do not see why persons should not be natural at all times and under all circumstances.

There must be many professional teachers and preachers who would love to be good fellows, would give everything in the world to be natural, only they don't know how. Dickens said that a common mistake in judgment was the confounding of shyness with arrogance.

However this may be, Gildersleeve was always and everywhere as human as Euripides. The most exacting scholarship never quenched his humor and his sympathy. One of the chief inspirations in the life of Walter H. Page was this classical teacher; and Page was only one out of so many!

I hope that somebody at Gildersleeve's obesquies read Browning's "Grammarian's Funeral."

The death of Maurice Francis Egan, poet, critic, diplomatist, American gentleman, was a distinct loss to our age. He was a man of the world and a man of God. Religion in him illumined his whole life; if, as Samuel Butler the novelist said, "the chief duty of a Christian is to be happy," Egan did his duty thoroughly. I am glad that he published in his old age his "Confessions of a Booklover," and no one enjoyed more than he the typographical error of his lecture announcement in Virginia, which made the book read, "Confessions of a Bootlegger." He loved books and he loved people. He was a perfect dinner companion. He was American Minister to Denmark when the University of Christiania celebrated its

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centenary, in 1911; and I am quite sure that many delegates remember how much he did to make his colleagues enjoy that memorable week. That was the most charming academic festivity I ever fared forth to see—what fun we had! Minister Egan, Provost Smith of Pennsylvania, Dean Carpenter of Columbia, and I were all in the hotel immortalized by Ibsen—I shall not forget Egan's comic despair at the sight of his bill, which, because of the dignity of his office, was longer than his arm. There too I met those splendid British scholars, W. P. Ker and C. H. Herford, both of whom filled me with envy by their knowledge of Norwegian. I grew even more yellow when Ker was called upon to speak, and addressed the polyglot assembly in "marble's language, Latin, pure, discreet." That was also the only occasion when I shook hands with a king and queen, and I bethought me of the Scriptural phrase, so happily quoted by Franklin: "Seest thou a man diligent in his business? He shall stand before kings."

Among the new books, there is one in French which should not be overlooked or unbought by any one interested in modern drama. This is "Henry Becque, sa Vie et son Théâtre," by Eric Dawson, formerly professor of French literature at the University of Mississippi. It is a volume of about 250 pages, with a valuable bibliography, and contains the best account of the life and career of the founder of the modern school of French realism. "Les Corbeaux" is one of the most powerful and one of the most germinal plays in the French language. It leaves an indelible impression, and unlike most plays of its time (1882) seems to-day not old-fashioned or obsolete. Its author had a bitter and tragic life, and, although he "fished the murex up," he was forced to dine on porridge, whereas the modern Hobbs, Nobbs, Stokes, and Nokes have terrapin and claret. Had the later French dramatists followed Becque in sincerity and truth, they might to-day command the intellectual respect of the world. As it is, they are clothed in purple and fine linen and fare sumptuously every day, while French drama is bankrupt. Professor Dawson has written an admirable book, one that ought to increase the number of Becque's readers. Henry Becque was strangely neglected by the public. I remember when I was in Paris in 1903, Antoine making a public protest. He said that Becque's grave had fallen into decay with the body it contained. His protest accomplished something; for, a few years later, a monument was erected to Becque in the city of Paris; his tomb was restored; and now his fame grows brighter every year. Becque found the persons in his plays more real than the people on the street, and he made them so. He lived with them. Just as Barrie, while writing his dialogue, grimaces and attitudinizes as his speakers are supposed to do, so Becque wrote his plays in front of a mirror, where he tried out every gesture. I do not know why such a ridiculous collocation of words should occur to me, but I shall never get rid of them unless I write them down, so here they are. Remembering that La Fontaine wrote fables and that Becque wrote "Les Corbeaux," I cannot get this absurdity out of my head:

"Maître Corbeau, sur un arbre perché,
Tenait en son Becque un fromage."

In the summer of 1913 I made a pilgrimage to Château-Thierry purely to do homage to La Fontaine, little knowing what the immediate future held in store for that town.

The latest travesty on the Bible is described in the *Reformed Church Messenger*. It is a book by a woman of good intentions, called "Bible Stories in Rhyme." The reviewer quotes a columnist, who adds the volume to the Worldsworst literature:

"Why can't bunglers leave the Bible alone? And why must innocent children be treated as idiots?" and adds:

This, of course, is strong language; but if you doubt that there is provocation for it, take a look at this stanza:

"Lot's wife was changed to a pillar of salt;
She disobeyed God, so it was her own fault.
She turned back, her old wicked city to view
While fleeing from Sodom, how sad, but how true."

Or this:

"Shadrach, Meschach and Abednego,
Are three funny names, but this I know—
Of three braver boys you never heard tell;
When thrown into a furnace they didn't even yell."

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Among the scores of autobiographies recently published, I have obtained much delight out of "Garrulities of an Octogenarian Editor," by the famous publisher, Henry Holt. Although he never forgave the faculty of Yale for their bad teaching, or the students because they did not elect him to a Senior Society—curious how that latter disappointment rankles in the minds of so many men—he has done one loyal and valuable service to Yale of which I find no mention here in his book, though it deserves recognition. During his long career, he has given to the Yale University Library a copy of every book he has published, a gift now amounting to many thousands of dollars. Let me recommend his example to all other publishers who are college graduates. Let every publisher give to the library of his college one copy of every book that bears his name. Mr. Holt's book suffers by the repetition of facts and conversations, owing to his method of making his chapters verbatim reprints of his magazine articles; he should have gone over the entire copy before final publication and cut out the dittos. But, notwithstanding these and other defects, it is a splendid record of a splendid life. The author is so lovable, so warm-hearted, and possesses such a genius for friendship, that his account of the men he has known would restore even a cynic's faith in human nature.

It is interesting to observe all through Mr. Holt's books his continual onslaughts on Christian dogma, which he thinks utterly incredible, while believing with all his might that the Society for Psychical Research has proved the doctrine of human immortality! I have seldom known any one who rejected religious creeds who did not swallow something which to the religious mind is either very shaky or absolutely incredible. Such tricks are played with reason. We cannot live without faith. Those who have no Christian faith will often believe in spirit séances, and those who believe neither in religion nor in mediums will have supreme faith in themselves, which is perhaps the funniest thing in the world.

Yet, after all, Mr. Holt is a good Christian, though he does not know it; for he believes that love is the greatest of all forces, which is the one fundamental Christian doctrine. That, as Browning says, is the one fact best worth knowing, the only fact that makes us truly wise. And so far as I can see, Mr. Holt lives up to his creed. Any one who believes that and follows it is a genuine Fundamentalist.

Speaking of religion, there is a small but important book recently published called "The Comfort of the Catholic Faith," by the Reverend Doctor Frank M. Clendennin. This is not Catholic propaganda, but a broad-minded, spiritual book. I heartily recommend it. I have also been interested in reading a novel by a Catholic priest, Father Barrett, of Hartford, called "The Winter of Discontent." It is a story written to oppose the increasing fashion of easy divorces, but, although the moral and religious bias of the author is clear, he tells an interesting tale, and his characters are living people. I shall await his next book with high expectation.

For those who like a rattling story of adventure with an ingenious plot, let me recommend "Cat O' Mountain," by Arthur Friel. I had never heard of such natural scenery in the State of New York, but the author makes it real. Every chapter has a thrill.

I have received, as was to be expected, innumerable letters about cats and dogs. Many of these came from cat-lovers, commending me for my cat eulogy in the January number of SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE. Others were from dog-lovers, who felt that I had not treated the canicular question with due justice. In opposition to my statement that the dog will not hunt alone, two correspondents wrote that they had dogs which went off hunting woodchucks. Yes, but they went in pairs, not alone. One of the worst things that can be said about dogs is that they are like small boys—they draw each other into evil. It is a commonplace in a sheep country that if you own two dogs you must either keep them in sight or keep one tied up. No man could possibly admire my splendid Irish setters more than I; but any of these noble dogs, absolutely trustworthy alone, will, if left unwatched near another dog, steal away with his col-

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league by some secret signal and kill sheep. It was a terrible sight to me to behold a lamb, with its throat torn to pieces by my dog, who, when in my company, seemed to possess all the virtues. But he sneaked off with another dog, and lacerated and killed a number of lambs and sheep. I paid the indignant farmer, and did not kill the dog, for I regard an Irish setter as more valuable than a sheep. He may not be so commercially valuable, for he is not so good to eat; but he has a greater and therefore more valuable personality. It may be that dogs have saved many human lives; but it is certain that they have killed more human beings than they have saved. They are by nature destructive of both inanimate and animate objects. One woman wrote me, giving an instance where a cat had tormented a little puppy; but for one instance of this, think of the number of beautiful cats that have been wounded and slain by dogs. Yet, in a fair fight, the cat will often win. Mr. John S. Coburn, the admirable New Haven apothecary, used to have a long yellow cat that was a match for any dog in the world. One day, when the cat was apparently asleep in a chair, a student came into the shop with a bull terrier. He warned Mr. Coburn to look out for his cat; but he was told to look out for his dog. The terrier made a sudden rush at the apparently sleeping cat; when, just as he was about to bite, a yellow paw, moving swifter than the arm of Sullivan in his best days, caught the dog on the side of his face and, the door being open, the terrier ran a mile at his best speed.

At this moment I receive a letter from a dog-owner, who informs me that she knows of a dog who will hunt rabbits *alone*. So that's that.

Mr. Karl O. Bonnier, the leading publisher of Sweden, resembles all other intelligent men in being a reader of SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE; he has just sent me a book of 250 pages, called "En Katt," by Henning Berger. I shall have to learn Swedish in order to read this. But every one should buy this book for the sake of the remarkable cat-pictures, of which there are forty. No knowledge of Swedish is necessary to enjoy these illustrations or to discover that the cat is highly appreciated in the Venice of the North. As Mr. Bonnier has a branch house in New York, this brilliant book may easily be obtained by Americans. Mr. Bonnier, who was an intimate friend of Strindberg, and who publishes a beautiful edition of that writer in nearly a hundred volumes, is about to print all his hitherto unpublished letters. They will certainly make interesting reading.

To return to dogs and cats. As Keats said of Greek mythology, I hope to touch the subject once more before bidding it farewell. Let me merely say now, in answer to scores of letters defending the dog, that my tribute to cats did not mean that I had ceased to love the only worshipper of man. Notwithstanding his grave faults, the dog is irresistibly lovable. Even the worst dog is far better than the worst man; in this respect resembling many of the old Calvinists, who were in many respects superior to the God they adored.

My present Irish setter, Rufus H. Phelps, is, so far as I know, entirely free from blood-guiltiness. He is a beautiful and wholly admirable dog. Furthermore, he is the most literary dog I have ever known. He has been stroked by W. B. Yeats, patted by Hugh Walpole, petted by G. K. Chesterton, caressed by Joseph Conrad, and kissed by John Galsworthy.

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THE FIELD OF ART

BY ROYAL CORTISSOZ

FURNITURE—if I may risk a figure that through the association of ideas might seem a little absurd—furniture is in the air. So is wall-paper. So is silverware and so are window hangings. In fact, all the appointments of a well-regulated American home are being discussed as they never were before. The American home is being made over, and the interesting thing about the transformation is that it is proceeding not on an artistic impetus alone, in the strict sense, but from the adjustment of the practical and mechanical genius of the country to ends both artistic and commercial. How irrelevant that last word must sound in the ear of the dilettante and how wholesomely apposite it really is! Undoubtedly, when Benvenuto Cellini fashioned the great saltcellar at Vienna he made it beautiful because he loved his craft, but he did the best he could with it, too, because he was "filling a job."

It is possible to be too romantic, too sentimental, about the ideals of the craftsmen of the past. Good art in industry has always been a matter of good business, and disciplinary pressure from without has been pretty nearly as important as inspiration surging from within. I do not doubt that when Oeben and Riesener labored across the years on the prodigious desk in the Louvre they had a salutary consciousness of the fact that they were carrying out a commission for the King. In short, artists though they were, they had a sense of trade responsibility. It is an ancient faith. Observe, in M. Saglio's concise summary, the rule of law followed by the mediæval French *huchiers*, or cabinetmakers:

> No one could aspire to the title of a master cabinetmaker who had not served an apprenticeship of six years, at the end of which he would have to submit to an examination before a selected jury, and be called upon to execute in the house of one of them, without any assistance, a masterpiece on some prescribed theme that should test to the uttermost his power of dealing successfully with the difficulties of his profession. The manufacture of any furniture in wood except in the licensed *ateliers* was strictly forbidden, as was also the buying or selling of anything produced elsewhere. To set against these restrictions, master cabinetmakers were bound to send forth none but work of the highest quality, alike of material and execution; it must all be in *bon bois loyal et marchand*, under penalty of having anything inferior publicly burnt before their doors, and having to pay a fine of ten crowns.

Now it would of course be appropriate to dilate upon the artistic conscience of the cabinetmaker here suggested, appropriate and just. But do not let us forget his solicitude for his bill. He knew perfectly well that if that was to be cheerfully and promptly paid it would be because he had satisfied a customer, met an obligation in the open market.

♣ ♣ ♣

I KEEP the economic aspect of the subject in mind because it made so deep an impression upon me when I saw at the Metropolitan Museum in New York this winter a remarkable exhibition of American industrial art. It was an exhibition of beautiful things, and what made them significant was their representation of that intensely American factor in modern life, quantity production. They came in a series of shows having a certain historical status. The American craftsman is no new type. We have had our famous pioneers in carpentry and cabinetmaking, in glass and pewter, and so on. Paul Revere is remembered not only for his historic ride but for his silverware. There are collectors who specialize with something like religious passion in the furniture of Duncan Phyfe. In 1909, when the Metropolitan Museum held its great exhibition commemorative of the tercentenary of the discovery of our river by Henry Hudson and the centenary of Fulton's first use of steam in its navigation, a goodly proportion of the space was given to early American furniture and utensils. These things could not promote the revival, out of hand, of Colonial ideas and types of craftsmanship, but they did have a constructive in-

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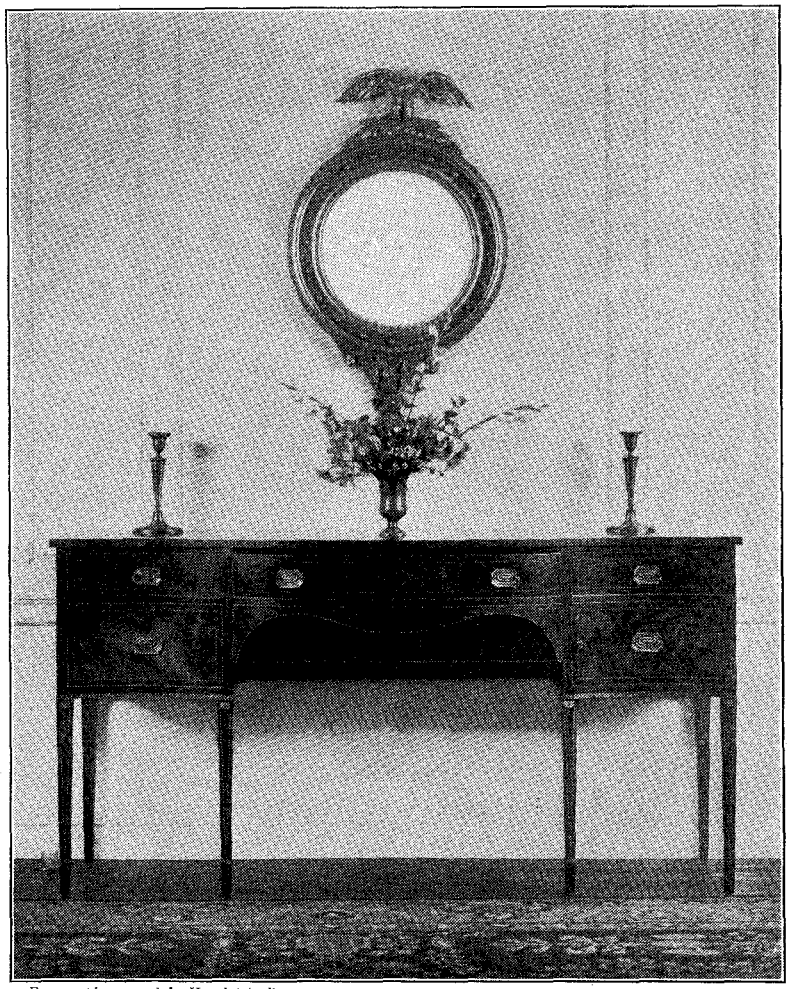
fluence. They had some effect upon style in current manufacture and they had more in setting people thinking. They have been thinking ever since, and this is where the Museum again comes in.



From a photograph by Hagelstein Bros.

Hepplewhite type of sideboard.
Designed and made by the Kensington Manufacturing Company.

Recognizing in the most liberal spirit the force of that clause in its charter which dedicates it, among other things, to "the application of art to manufacture," it has for many years steadily developed its collections of industrial art. More recently it has actively pursued the subject in those administrative ways which can do so much to make an institution of tangible service in the community. It has done everything possible to encourage the practical student. It has lent all the facilities in the world to the designer and manufacturer. An extraordinarily rich library has been placed at their disposal, to reinforce the aid embodied in the collections. An efficient staff has always been on the spot to lend willing co-operation, and in 1918 one of its members, Mr. Richard F. Bach, was appointed Associate in Industrial Arts to preside over the department and in every way to further its usefulness. He frequents shops, factories, and designing-rooms, knows machinery as well as men, and in the pres-

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ence of a brocade or a cretonne or a wall paper, to cite only one or two examples, can tell you how the thing was made and exactly what progress it stands for in the history of its particular craft. The Museum not only has an amazing number of trade papers in its files but keeps in touch with their editors. It welcomes the manufacturer, and the manufacturer, it is good to know, responds with growing enthusiasm, though it would be, perhaps, too much to say that the trade in toto is as yet aware of what art can do to bring culture and commercialism together. The modern manufacturers have not by any means renewed the solidarity of those mediæval *huchiers* to whom I have alluded. Some of them harbor jealousies of their rivals. Some of them are fearful of exhibiting outside their own warerooms an object of their making; they shiver at the thought of the possible snooping of one of their ideas. The middleman, that portentous phenomenon, is occasionally an obstructionist. There are, indeed, divers reactionary elements with which the Museum has to reckon. But the good work has gone on in spite of them.

A Charles II type of chair.
Designed and made by Schmieg, Hungate & Kotzian.

Seven or eight years ago the Museum opened in a small way an exhibition of manufactures based on study of the collections. Annually this demonstration has been repeated, always increasing in scope, until, in 1922, the largest single gallery in the building, the familiar one reserved for special exhibitions, was assigned to the purpose. There were twenty-six exhibitors in the first year, thirty-seven in the second, seventy-eight in the third, and so on through a scale always rising. Hundreds of pieces are now shown. Hitherto the policy of the Museum has adhered to the point that all of the work shown should be work influenced by study of its collections. This was a reasonable and desirable attitude. It was important for the Metropolitan to affirm the nature and value of its resources; as Mr. Bach has expressed it in the *Bulletin*, to broadcast Museum usefulness to the manufacturer, "in the wings of commerce and along the crowded channels of sale and purchase." Nothing could do this better than an annual collection of objects giving the most tangible possible of evidences of contact with the collections. I have followed the shows from the beginning and have seen the remarkable growth they have registered.

IT has been a mixed growth and I cannot forbear deviation here into a curious phase in the development of American

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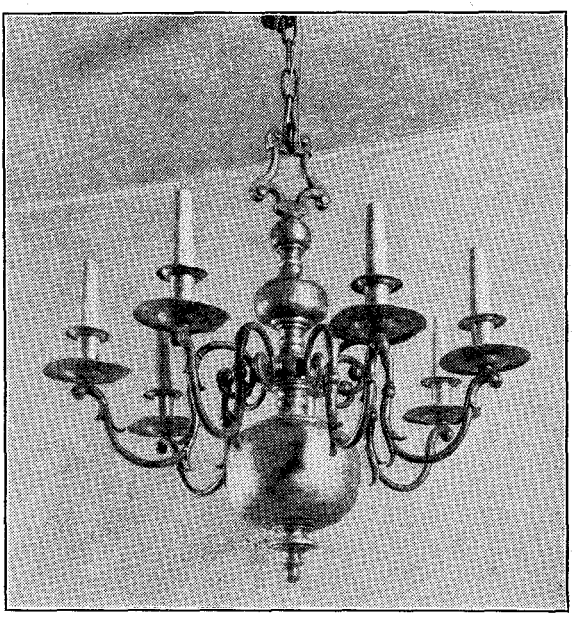
taste. That taste, after all, must have a lot to do with the proceedings of the manufacturer; and he has been seriously affected by our cult for Europe. It is a cult that under the right hands may promote exquisite emulation of a Renaissance Italian interior, French or English precedent, or under the wrong hands it may bring about nothing more than the accumulation of exotic and expensive junk. There is the classical anecdote of the lady who was showing her new house to a friend and opened a door, saying: "This is our Louis Quinze room." Quoth the visitor: "What makes you think so?" I remember an eighteenth-century French room "somewhere in the United States," a little affair in Reckitt's blue and chalk-white. It added a new shudder to life. One sees an "Italian" drawing-room sometimes that looks like nothing on earth so much as a hotel lobby. I have detected some reverberations from that meretricious world in the exhibitions at the Museum. At any rate, they have indicated a marked dependence upon the historic model, not so much emulation as imitation. But a change has been going on all the time, and the particular exhibition which has inspired this essay took memorable account of it. It released the manufacturer from any obvious alliance with the Museum collections, permitting him to submit objects simply of American design and manufacture, with emphasis on the point that they illustrated quantity production. This last term was interpreted to mean either the production of many identical pieces at one time from a single design or the production of identical pieces from time to time according to the same original model or pattern. Finally, I must note that the exhibition was restricted absolutely to work falling within the year 1923. The subject was thus brought up to date in the fullest possible sense. The public was shown on a large scale what I may call the high lights in American industrial art.



Hammered pewter-and-brass chandelier.
Designed by W. W. Kantack, and made by Kantack, Heath & Warman.

It is the broad illumination they cast rather than their character in detail that concerns me here, but I confess it is tempting to pause upon a few specific items. I simply can't resist the temptation to pay a passing tribute to one man whose memory the show brings back to me, the late Edward F. Caldwell, one of the most charming artists I ever knew. I used to know him in the old days when he designed fixtures in the firm known, I think, as the Archer-Pancoast Company. He used to do things for Stanford White. White had a wonderful way of attracting the best workers. If he designed a panelled room, it was executed for him by the old Austrian Joseph Cabus, one of the finest cabinetmakers we ever had. His houses were painted by John Sarre, who came from the Isle of Guernsey, and brought a marvellous French touch to his work. When White was looking for fixtures he went to Caldwell, and there was simply nothing that Caldwell could not do. He knew all the historical styles, and he had invention of his own. Thirty years ago he made chandeliers that are beautiful works of art to this day. He started a business of his own and this firm, Edward F. Caldwell & Company, splen-

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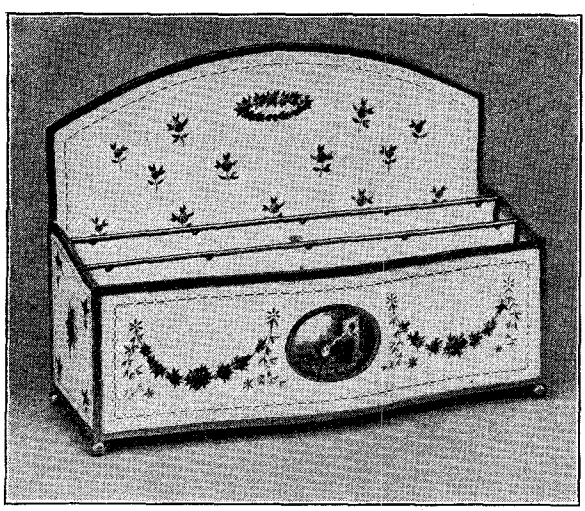
didly carries on the tradition it owes to him. In the exhibition I am traversing it illustrated his principle of doing many things well. It sent andirons and a fire-screen, and offered, besides, the appointments for a desk, boxes and so on done daintily in "Battersea" enamel. In the one instance you had strength, in the other delicacy, and in both you had good design. That was Caldwell all over. It would have tickled him if he could have lived to see the ideal which he followed in rather lonely fashion now being recognized by an ever-growing company. There were other things recalling his tradition in the Museum exhibition. One of them was a chandelier of hammered pewter and brass, designed by Walter W. Kantack, and made by his firm, Kantack, Heath & Warman. It was a shining example of what has come over American manufacture, the vitalizing of old European idioms of style in work so sound and so beautiful that you had no thought of



Stationery box in "Battersea" enamel.
Designed and made by E. F. Caldwell & Company.

mere imitation but were simply conscious of the American designer and craftsman falling naturally into step with their predecessors and taking beauty in their stride.

There is surely no reason why they should be original at the expense of immemorial convention. That way there often lies nothing but strained fantasticality. I remember the splash that was made in the Salon by the French craftsman Carabin. No wonder he got himself noticed! He would carve a goblin atop a chair-back or reveal him climbing up over the edge of a table. Then the craze for *l'art nouveau* set in and furniture abroad looked more or less like the notorious "Nude Descending a Staircase." In the earlier exhibitions at the Museum there were repetitions, as I have said, of established motives, but, thank heaven, there were no freaks. There wasn't even the ghost of one in the eighth show, the show this winter. It was sane, conservative, a model of good taste. Did it disclose anything like genius? Hardly that. A William Morris turns up only once in a generation. There are some wall-papers of his that have never been rivalled. In design and in color he made them fairly superb. Yet there were some fascinating wall-papers at the Metropolitan, shown by fully a dozen firms. And in the textile field our American manufacturers need hardly fear comparison with Morris. The makers of rugs and velvets, tapestries and damasks, cretonnes and silks came magnificently into the foreground in a group so large and imposing that I do not pretend to enumerate its members. All I can do is to render homage to the beauty of their fabrics, the sound design in them, and the high character of their manufacture.

THE matter of design inevitably first attracts attention, and this is a matter which is being taken more and more seriously. A recent incident makes this manifest. Not long ago Mr. Michael Friedsam, of the Altman firm, offered to the Architectural League an Art and Industry Medal to be awarded annually to the man doing most to apply artistic ideals to commercial production in America. This golden tribute, which Mr. Friedsam proposes to maintain in perpetuity, was bestowed for the first time only the other day. It went

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to Mr. Henri Creange, who as Art Director of Cheney Brothers has had an immense influence upon the creation of beauty in their fabrics. I saw the result of his activity at the Museum show and I have observed it elsewhere. The Cheneys have done enchanting things, and it is

From a photograph by Hagelstein Bros.

A Charles II type of coffee-table.
Designed and made by the Nahon Company.

patent that they could not have done them to the same extent without Mr. Creange. In industrial art, as in painting or sculpture, you are always coming back to the individual, and there the subject involves a grave problem. In his invaluable report on "Art in Industry," a volume indispensable to the investigator, Mr. Charles R. Richards has among his "Conclusions" a significant passage. "We must have better designers," he says; "not that we have not good designers in the art industries to-day, but we have not enough of the highest training or capacity to meet the advancing demand. Our manufacturers in certain industries go to France and other countries for their best designs, not because they can thus obtain them more cheaply, not even because of the prestige of Paris, but because they can find there better designs." Mr. Richards places the emphasis upon the need for more training. He says that only a minority of the designers in our art industries have received this aid to development. It is in the hands of the art schools to a large extent, but episodes like the exhibitions at the Museum have a strong contributory influence, and the pioneer work done at the Metropolitan has been more extended throughout museums elsewhere in the country than can be indicated within the limits of this brief article. American industrial art has still much to achieve, but it has already fixed itself on the map, and it will hold up its head with just pride in the forthcoming international show at Paris.

On that occasion it may be constrained, no doubt, to recognize the fact that it has more to learn than to teach in respect to design. But where manufacture is concerned it may safely take a bolder stand. I have touched on the subject of "quantity production." It not only means the

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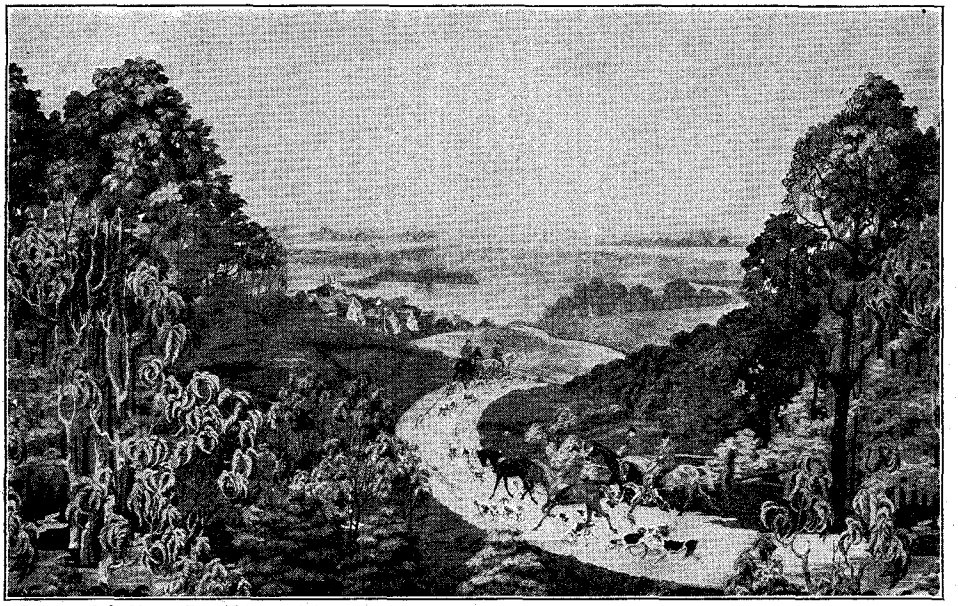

Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

Wall-paper panel in a series of four.
Designed and made by M. H. Birge & Sons Company.

taste of industrial art in America but means also our national traits of energy and ingenuity. The enthusiast for taste, for purely æsthetic issues, may wince a bit when you tell him that the lovely things at the Museum, the films of lace, the exquisite silver and glass, the handsome furniture, the bewitching cretonnes, represented the triumph of America's mechanical genius. But that, in cold blood, is precisely what it did; and in that, to my mind, lies the hope of American industrial art. You cannot expect a race that applied the steel-cage principle to the building of the skyscraper to function in the mood and manner of a mediæval craftsman. Now and then some individual may arise in whose bosom there glows the old fire. Invariably, when I go to an exhibition of the Architectural League, one of the first things I do is to see what has been done by Samuel Yellin. That masterly worker in wrought metal is a Renaissance artisan born out of his time. I can conceive of Yellin as the leader of a group, the founder of a school, and I would be grateful for such an eventuality. But he would make a great mistake who, in appreciation of the maker of a single beautiful object, would sniff at beautiful objects perfectly produced by machinery in large quantities. Make no mistake about it, they spell delightfully one of the finest, most genuine impulses of the American soul. To undervalue them would be like undervaluing the railroad, the reaper, the Hoe press, the telephone, and the flying machine. When I think of American industrial art as I saw it at the Museum and remember that, thanks to the machinery behind it, it was meant not for the connoisseur alone but for the multitude, I feel that I have been in the presence of a truly vital expression of American life.

A calendar of current art exhibitions will be found on page 19.

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THE FINANCIAL SITUATION

New Influences in the Season's Business Outlook

THE STOCK MARKET AND THE "OIL SCANDAL" AT WASHINGTON—POLITICAL POSSIBILITIES AS CONSIDERED IN WALL STREET—THE JAPANESE LOAN

BY ALEXANDER DANA NOYES

IT is the teaching of experience that a year does not have to be very far advanced before some new turn of events gives somewhat altered shape to financial expectations as they were entertained when the year began. Underlying facts and tendencies on which prediction had been based may remain unchanged; the larger movement in finance and industry may continue quite in line with judgment expressed beforehand; yet something will almost inevitably occur—perhaps wholly unexpected, perhaps insufficiently allowed for in financial calculations—which will create a new point of view for all the markets. The tradition has been fulfilled in an interesting way this year. That developments in home politics and in European finance would largely dominate the financial situation of 1924, nobody had doubted. But, on the other hand, nobody had imagined that events in either field would take the direction in which they were suddenly swung by the "oil lease disclosures" at Washington and the work of the Dawes committee on German reparations. Each of these incidents had some effect on financial sentiment and financial markets; how lasting an influence, we must wait to see.

When the Unexpected Occurs

When the Public Lands Committee of the United States Senate first brought to light, in January, the scandals surrounding the Teapot Dome, the idea that the disclosures would have any great effect on the financial situation did not enter the financial mind. No such view was taken of the investigation, even when the statements of the leading oil promoter regarding money delivered to Secretary of the Interior Fall while still in office, and Fall's refusal to answer the committee's questions on the ground that it might incriminate him, had created a political sensation of the first importance. Washington itself was at the moment chiefly concerned with conjecture as to what would be the effect of this scandal on the political fortunes of other public men, directly or indirectly connected with the lease of government oil lands to private corporations, as a result of which the whole scandal had arisen.

IT is not necessary here to go over the unpleasant story. Had it not been for the astonishing facts elicited regarding this money payment—made not in checks but in currency carried on a railway train in a suit-case, as if for use of bootleggers or "boodle aldermen"—the main question of the oil leases might have been more temperately discussed. But the lands involved had been formally withdrawn from lease or sale by previous administrations as an oil reserve for public emergencies. The reversal of that policy was based on a doubtful construction of a Congressional statute which had been little noticed when it passed; it was carried out without publicity.

The Scandal of Teapot Dome

Even the President's Cabinet as a whole was not consulted, and the lease of these reserved lands to private corporations was arranged in absolute secrecy. These facts, when combined with the very unpleasant facts elicited by Doheny's testimony, necessarily threw altogether

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into the background the contention of numerous disinterested men that, waiving the question of the policy adopted, the leases were themselves entirely fair to the United States Government. That was no longer the paramount question at issue. Congress and the press were now concerned altogether with the suspicion that government property had been unlawfully disposed of, in a conspiracy involving use of money.

Washington Disclosures, 1924 and 1872

WHETHER the excitement at Washington would have risen to quite so high a pitch if this had not been a Presidential year, one may reasonably doubt. The facts elicited, although in several directions bad enough, were hardly of the scope to warrant the hysterical outburst of suspicion, innuendo, and open accusation which struck in every direction. The "oil-lease scandal" was commonly referred to as the worst political disclosure at Washington since the scandals of the Grant administration, and most people familiar with political history agreed that no other episode of the intervening half-century had produced a deeper impression on the public mind. Yet it was necessary only to recite the successive discoveries of 1872, repeatedly made in the face of perjured testimony by implicated public men, to understand that the situation of 1924 was far less grave.

What was brought to light and placed on the record in 1872 was that the head of the Union Pacific Railway's construction company had himself been elected to Congress; that a block of the company's very valuable shares was placed unreservedly in his hands; that they were sold at a nominal price to certain Congressmen whose votes would be useful in blocking measures hostile to the company. The Congressional investigating committee found that the Speaker of the House had taken some of the stock and had publicly denied having done so; also that half a dozen other members of each house had similarly committed themselves, in one case the Congressman in question having borrowed from the Union Pacific promoter the money with which to make the payment.

Later on, it was found that the wife of the Secretary of War had been offering to applicants for lucrative post-traderships the virtual assurance of appointment for a money consideration. On top of this it suddenly leaked out that the President's private secretary had been sharing in the profits of a group of illicit whiskey distillers. It is easy to imagine how this series of disclosures was received by the American people; more particularly when it came along with exposure of the intrigues by which powerful and disreputable speculators in gold had intrigued with government officers to promote their schemes for depreciating the market for United States currency, with public knowledge of the plundering "Tweed ring" in New York City and of corruption of the judiciary which had followed.

Various Aspects of the Oil Land Episode

IT is probable, looking at those earlier episodes in retrospect, that they were a not unnatural outgrowth of the "profiteering" and wild speculation which had accompanied the war and depreciated money, of the political disorganization, the high cost of living, and the mania to get rich quickly which always contaminate the atmosphere of such periods. To a certain extent it might be argued that similar influences had prevailed in the actions brought to light by this year's Washington disclosures. High cost of living, the spirit of speculation, political unsettlement, and the craze for a short cut to wealth had undeniably affected moral standards; if not in the past year or two, at any rate in the two years after the armistice.

The mere fact that the Attorney-General and a United States Senator should have bought stock in an oil company negotiating for public lands, when even the ordinary course of events might have brought its relations to the government before Congress or the courts, showed bluntness of moral perceptions, even though the stock was purchased in open market with the personal funds of such officials. Somewhat the same lack of perception was displayed by a former Cabinet member who, as a practising lawyer, accepted very large contingent fees from one of the same oil companies, though at

(Financial Situation, continued on page 66)

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SINBAD AND THE ELEPHANTS.

From the series of eight decorative panels by J. M. Sert, in the residence of J. M. Cosden, at Palm Beach.

—See "The Field of Art," page 571.

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